The Choral Hymnal.

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1814-1882

MINISTER OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY,
1839-1882

The Choral Hymnal.

BY

PROFESSOR S. LASAR.

BIGLOW & MAIN, Publishers,

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TABLE OF SUBJECTS.

Morning, 1–11, 61.
Evening, 12–19.
The Lord's Day, 20–23, 19, 192.
The Opening of Divine Service, 24–26.
The Closing of Divine Service, 27, 28.
The Holy Scriptures, 29.
The Holy Trinity, 30–34, 198.
God the Father, 35–38, 174, 179, 181.
Praise to God, 39–54, 24, 174, 187.
Jesus Christ the Son, 55–60.
Praise to Christ, 61–65, 75, 121, 147, 212.
Prayer to Christ, 66–79, 145.
The Advent, 80–85, 121.
The Nativity, 86–107, 263.
The Ministry, 108–110.
The Passion and Crucifixion, 111–122.
The Resurrection, 123–130.
The Ascension, 131–134, 170.
The Holy Ghost, 135–141.
Hymn of Invitation, 178.
Hymns of Penitence, 142–146, 150.
The Christian Life—Consecration, 150, 154–157, 175, 189–191, 215.
Strength, 148, 151–153, 181, 218, 221.
Submission, 154–159, 161, 175, 179, 180.
Prayer, 162–166, 173, 183.
Communion with God, 167–173.
Holy Aspiration, 147–149, 155, 176–178, 184–188, 193, 260.
For Times of Bereavement, 194, 195.
The Church Militant, 196, 197, 225.
Missions, 199–201, 207.
Almsgiving, 205.
The Church Triumphant, 219–225.
General Praise, 202–204, 206, 208, 210–214, 228, 235, 238.
Victory, 216, 217, 220.
Heaven, 222–224, 226–228, 233.
Occasional Hymns—The New Year, 209.
Harvest-tide, 234–236.
For Times of Public Thanksgiving, 235, 238.
National, 237.
Special Hymns for Children, 239–259.
Processionals, 32, 35, 45, 54, 56, 59, 61, 81, 83, 84, 152, 153, 215, 217, 219, 220–223, 225, 227, 232, 261, 262, 264, 265, 266, 267.
Chants and Chantwise—No. I. to XII., pp. 264–267; No. 211, 228.

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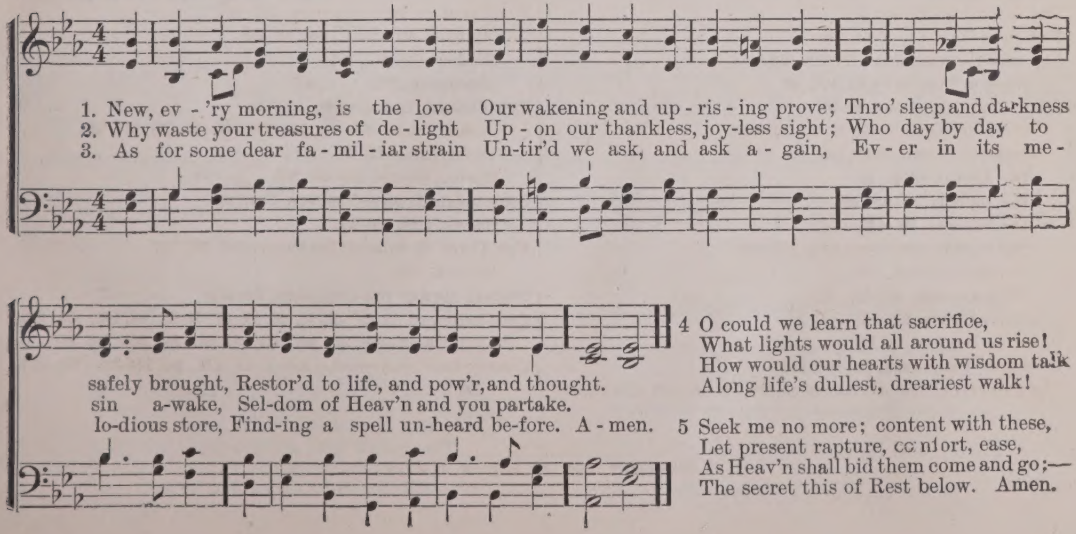
The Choral Hymnal.

MELCOMBE (Nazareth). L. M.

"*My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.*"

The Rev. J. KEBLE. 1827. Abr. S. WEBBE. 1700.


1. New, ev - 'ry morning, is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove; Thro' sleep and darkness
2. Why waste your treasures of de - light Up - on our thankless, joy-less sight; Who day by day to
3. As for some dear fa - mil - iar strain Un-tir'd we ask, and ask a - gain, Ev - er in its me -
safely brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought.
sin a-wake, Sel-dom of Heav'n and you partake.
lo-dious store, Find-ing a spell un-heard be-fore. A - men.

4 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

5 Seek me no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heav'n shall bid them come and go;—
The secret this of Rest below. Amen.

9833

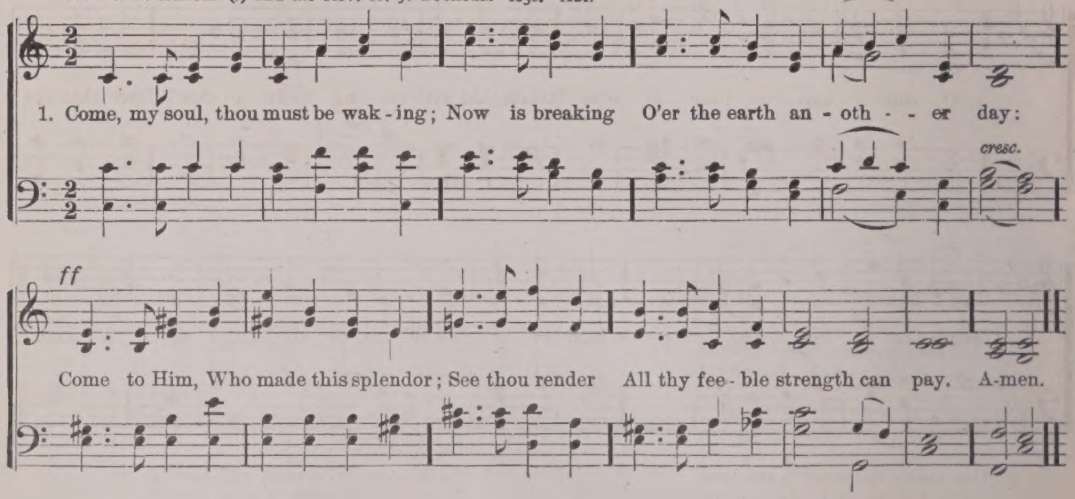
2.

CANITZ. 8,4,7,8,4,7.

"*In Thy Light shall we see light.*"

F. R. L., Baron von Canitz, 1689.
Tr. Dr. T. Arnold (?) and the Rev. H. J. Buckoll. 1838. Abr.

Sir J. Stainer, Mus. D. 1872.


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - - er day:
cresc.
ff
Come to Him, Who made this splendor; See thou render All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A-men.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of Thy powers;
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

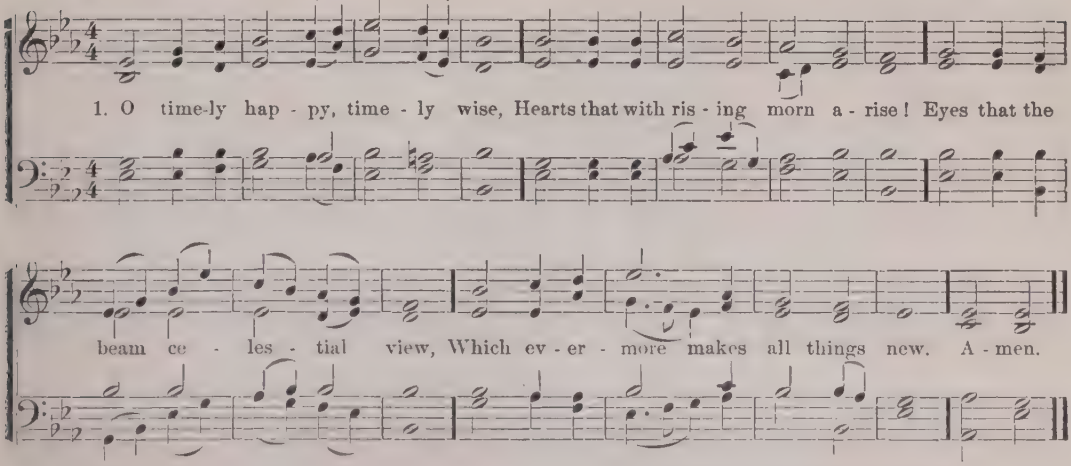
3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When the aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's Voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded Day.
Amen.

3. DUKE STREET (WINDLE). L. M.

"His compassions fail not, they are new every morning."

The Rev. J. Keble, 1827. Abr. J. Hatton, 1790.


1. O time-ly hap - py, time - ly wise, Hearts that with ris - ing morn a - rise! Eyes that the
beam ce - les - tial view, Which ev - er - more makes all things new. A - men.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see,
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

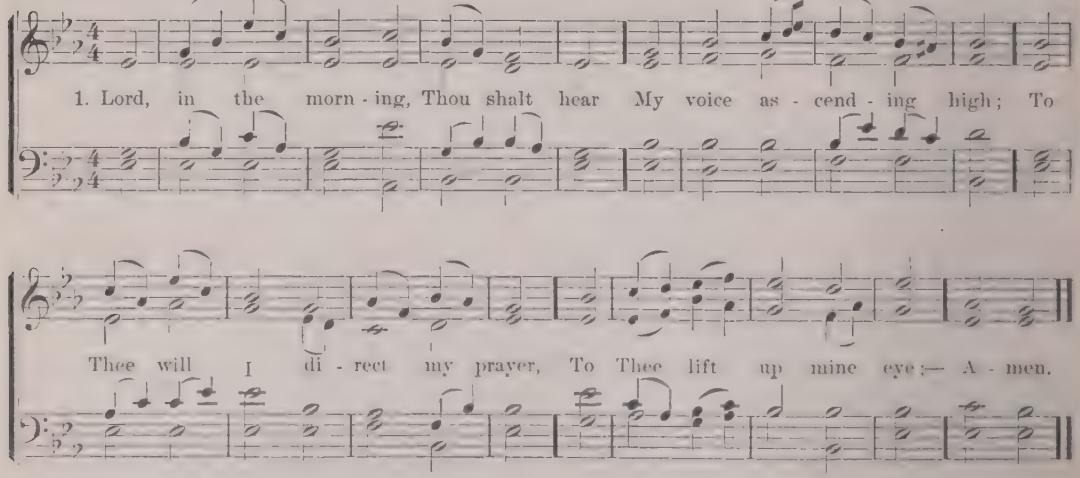
6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray! Amen.

4. **WARWICK. C. M.**

"There I will meet with Thee: and I will commune with Thee from above the mercy-seat."

The Rev. I. WATTS, D.D., 1719. Ps. 84. S. STANLEY, 1800.



2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's Throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before Whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy Right Hand.

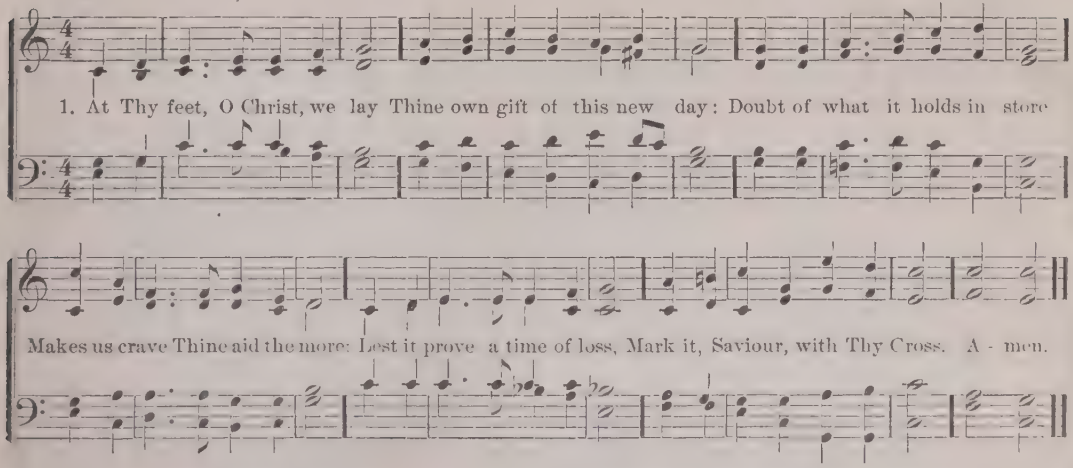
4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. Amen.

5. **BARMOUTH.** 7,7,7,7,7,7.

"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe: yea, my delight shall be ever in Thy statutes."

The Rev. W. Bright, D.D. W. H. Monk


1. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day: Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more: Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross. A - men.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies:
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

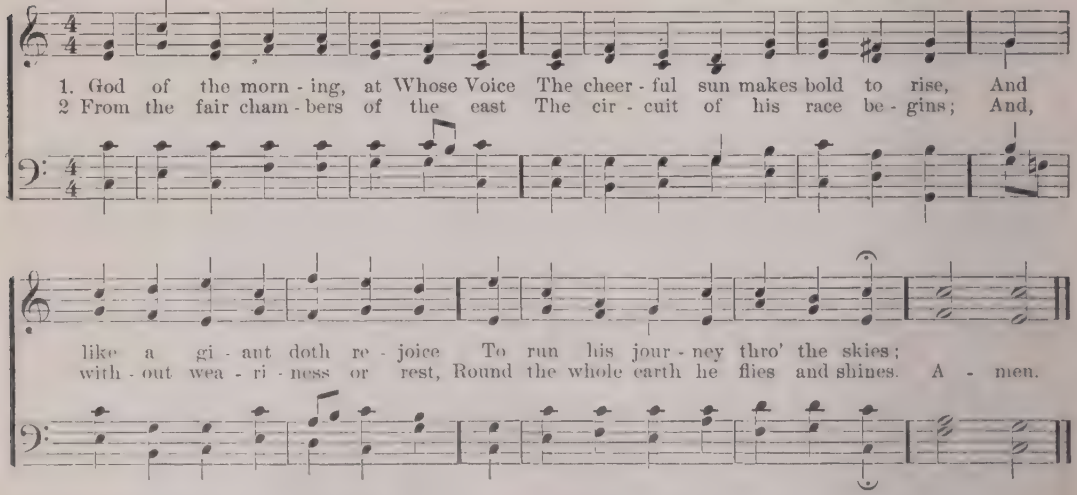
4 Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart:
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise. Amen.

6. WINCHESTER NEW (Crasselius). L. M.

"Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

The Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. 1709. "Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch." 1690.


1. God of the morn - ing, at Whose Voice The cheer - ful sun makes bold to rise, And
2 From the fair cham - bers of the east The cir - cuit of his race be - gins; And,
like a gi - ant doth re - joice To run his jour - ney thro' the skies;
with - out wea - ri - ness or rest, Round the whole earth he flies and shines. A - men.

3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wide maze
To follow every wandering star.

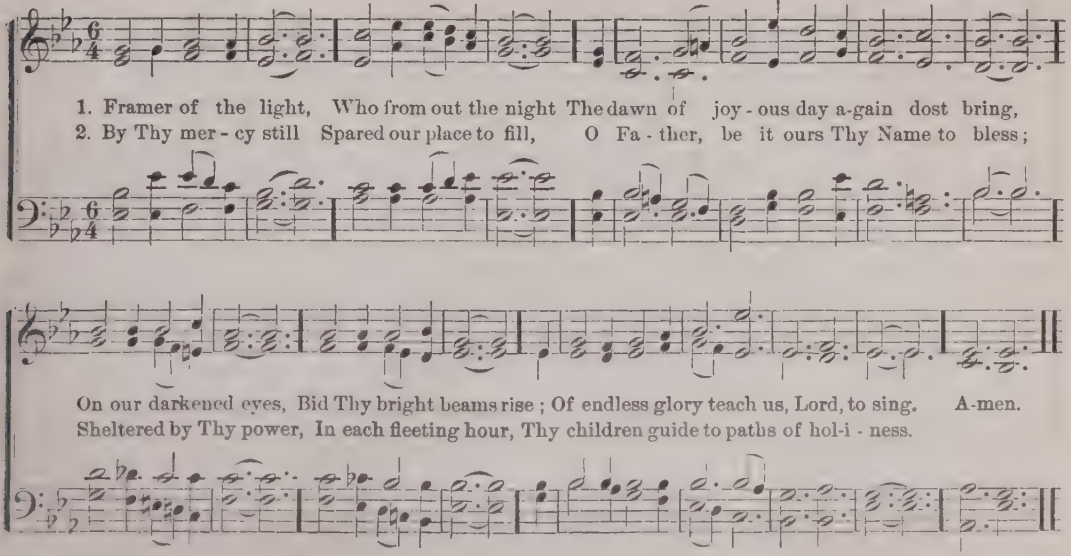
5 Lord! Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this! Amen.

7. **LUX MATUTINA.** 5,5,10,5,5,10.

"*Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God.*"

The Rev. S. Childs Clarke. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

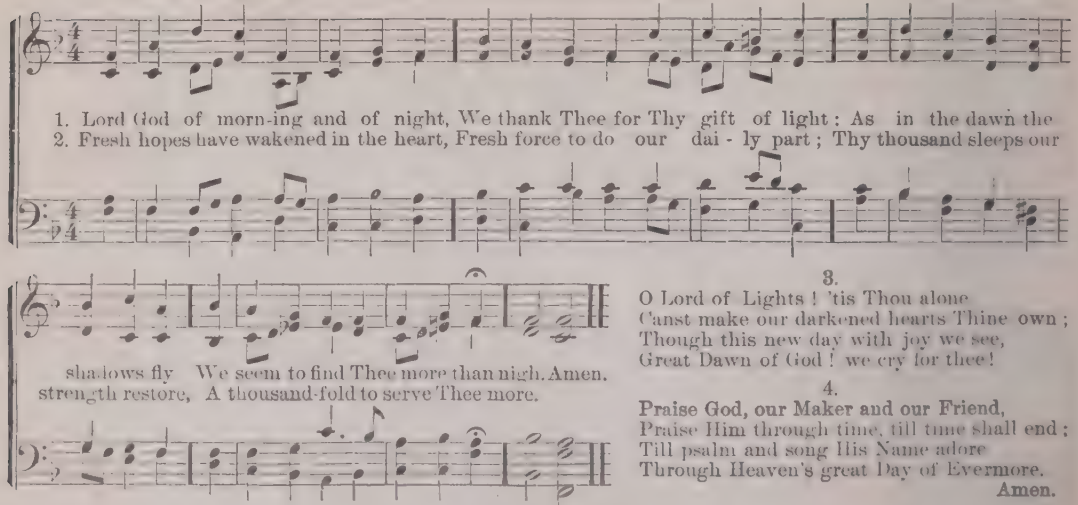

1. Framer of the light, Who from out the night The dawn of joy - ous day a-gain dost bring,
2. By Thy mer - cy still Spared our place to fill, O Fa - ther, be it ours Thy Name to bless;
On our darkened eyes, Bid Thy bright beams rise ; Of endless glory teach us, Lord, to sing. A-men.
Sheltered by Thy power, In each fleeting hour, Thy children guide to paths of hol-i - ness.

3 Raised from death-like sleep,
Ever may we keep
Alive within us thoughts of that great day!
Grant the ready mind,
Give us grace to find,
The strait gate unto life—the narrow way.

4 Onward to the goal
Lead each striving soul,
Upheld by strength Divine Thy grace supplies;
While it still is day,
May we win our way
Towards the mark and our high calling's prize.
Amen.

8. LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M.

F. T. Palgrave. 1867. Abr. "*The Lord's mercies are new every morning.*" J. Barnby. 1862.


1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light: As in the dawn the
2. Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart, Fresh force to do our dai - ly part; Thy thousand sleeps our
shadows fly We seem to find Thee more than nigh. Amen.
strength restore, A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.

3.

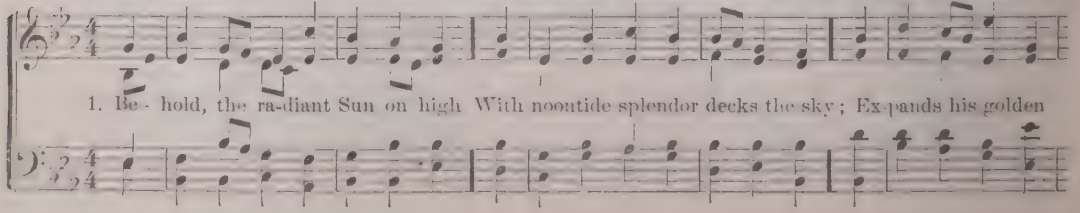
O Lord of Lights! 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own;
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God! we cry for thee!

4.

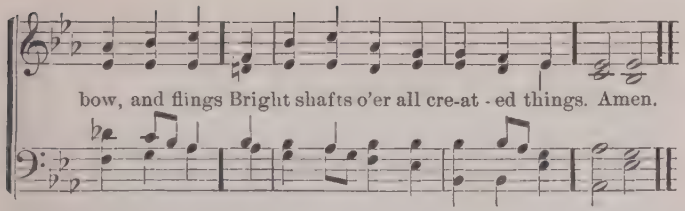
Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great Day of Evermore.
Amen.

9. GLOUCESTER. L. M.

Tr. J. D. Chambers. "*This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.*" S. S. Wesley, Mus. D.



GLOUCESTER. Concluded.



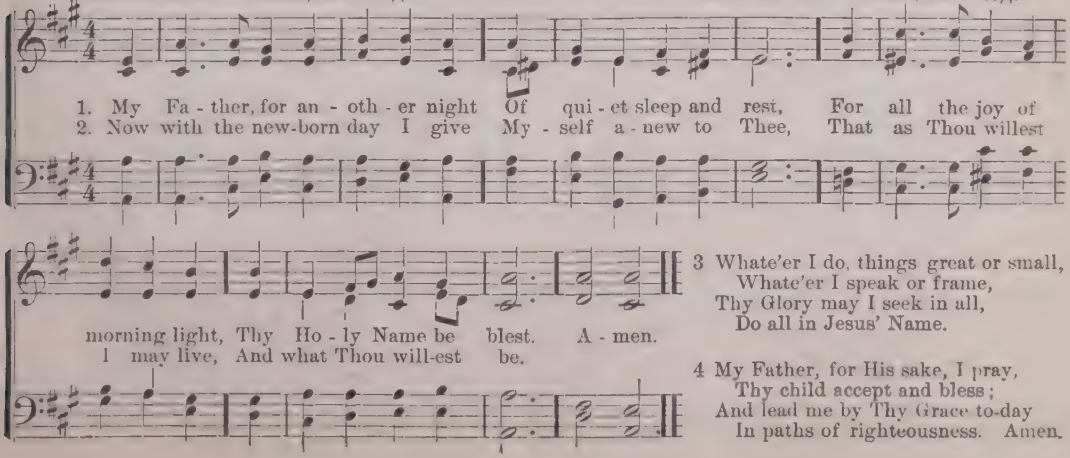
2 O Jesus Christ, True Sun, illume,
With healing rays our earthly gloom;
And cause our charity to grow,
Till it like perfect day shall glow.

3 To God the Father glory be,
Like glory, Only Son, to Thee,
And like to Thee, O Holy Ghost,
From men and from the Angel-host.
Amen.

10. ST. TIMOTHY. C. M.

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the Glory of God."—"Do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus."

The Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. 1874.


The Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. 1874.
1. My Fa - ther, for an - oth - er night Of qui - et sleep and rest, For all the joy of
2. Now with the new-born day I give My - self a - new to Thee, That as Thou willest
morning light, Thy Ho - ly Name be blest. A - men.
I may live, And what Thou will-est be.

3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy Glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.

4 My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy Grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

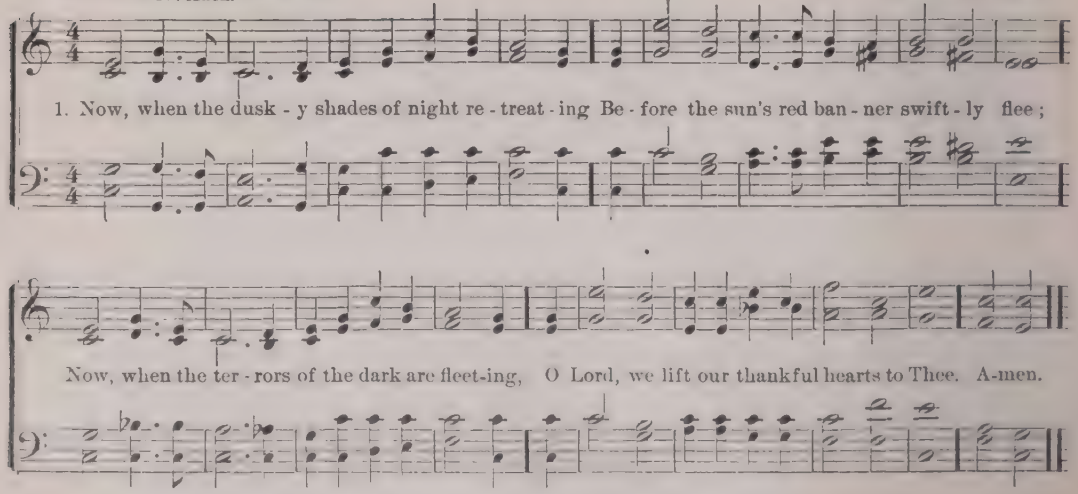
11.

TENBURY. 11,10,11,10.

'Let us walk in the light of the Lord."

GREGORY THE GREAT, circa 540-604.
Tr. Anon.

Sir J. STAINER, Mus. D. 1872.


1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night re - treat - ing Be - fore the sun's red ban - ner swift - ly flee;
Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet-ing, O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee. A-men.

2 Look from the height of Heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy Hill.

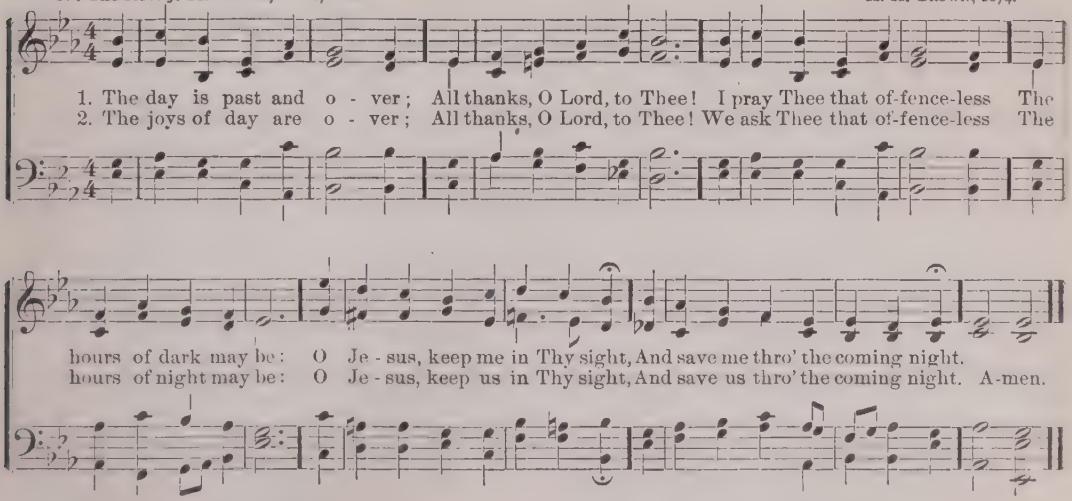
3 So, when that Morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright Day to dwell with Thee. Amen.

12. ## ST. ANATOLIUS. 7,6,7,6,8,8.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for Thou, Lord, makest me dwell in safety."

St. Anatolius, Bp. of Constantinople.
Tr. The Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., 1862.

A. H. Brown, 1874.


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee that of-fence-less The
2. The joys of day are o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! We ask Thee that of-fence-less The
hours of dark may be: O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight, And save me thro' the coming night.
hours of night may be: O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us thro' the coming night. A-men.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee,
And ask, that free from danger
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

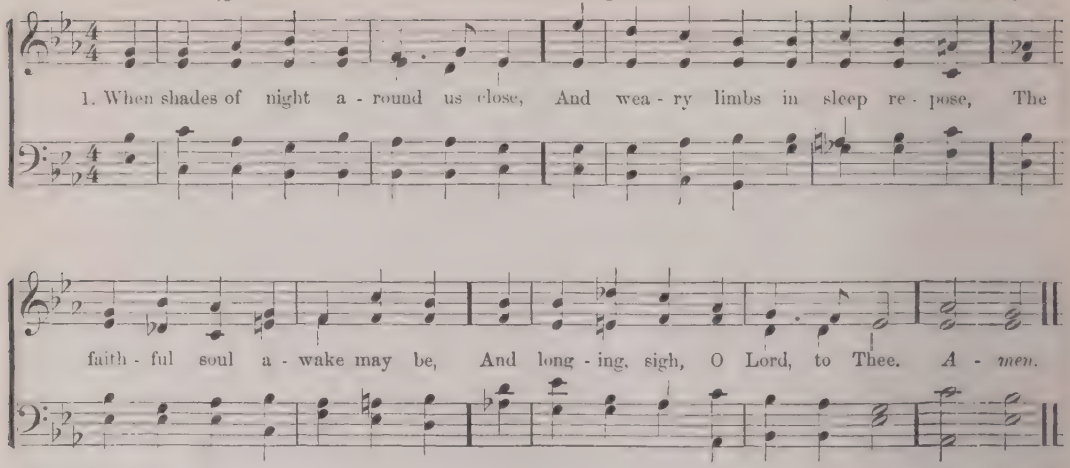
4 Be Thou our souls' Defender,
Good Lord, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go:
Thou, ever wakeful, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all. Amen.

This little Hymn is a great favorite in the Greek Isles. Its peculiar style and evident antiquity may well lead to the belief that it is the work of our present author (St. Anatolius). It is to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene what Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn is to us.

13.

ST. FIDELIS. L. M.

Tr. C. Coffin. 1736. "*The sun shall no more go down.*" J. Barnby. 1865.


1. When shades of night a - round us close, And wea - ry limbs in sleep re - pose, The
faith - ful soul a - wake may be, And long - ing, sigh, O Lord, to Thee. A - men.

2.

Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, Thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3.

O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of Heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

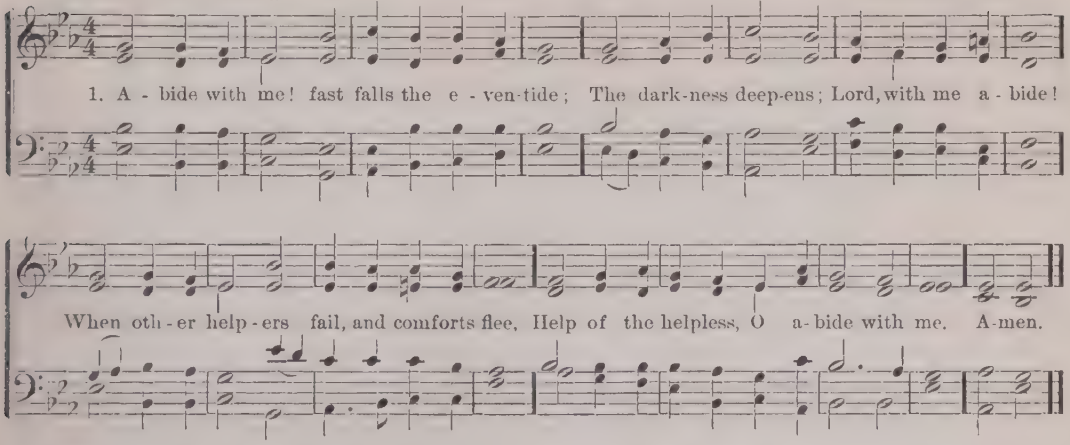
Doxology.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

14. EVENTIDE. 10,10,10,10.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

The Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1847. Abr. W. H. Monk. 1860.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me. A-men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy Wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide with me!

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee,
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

6 I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

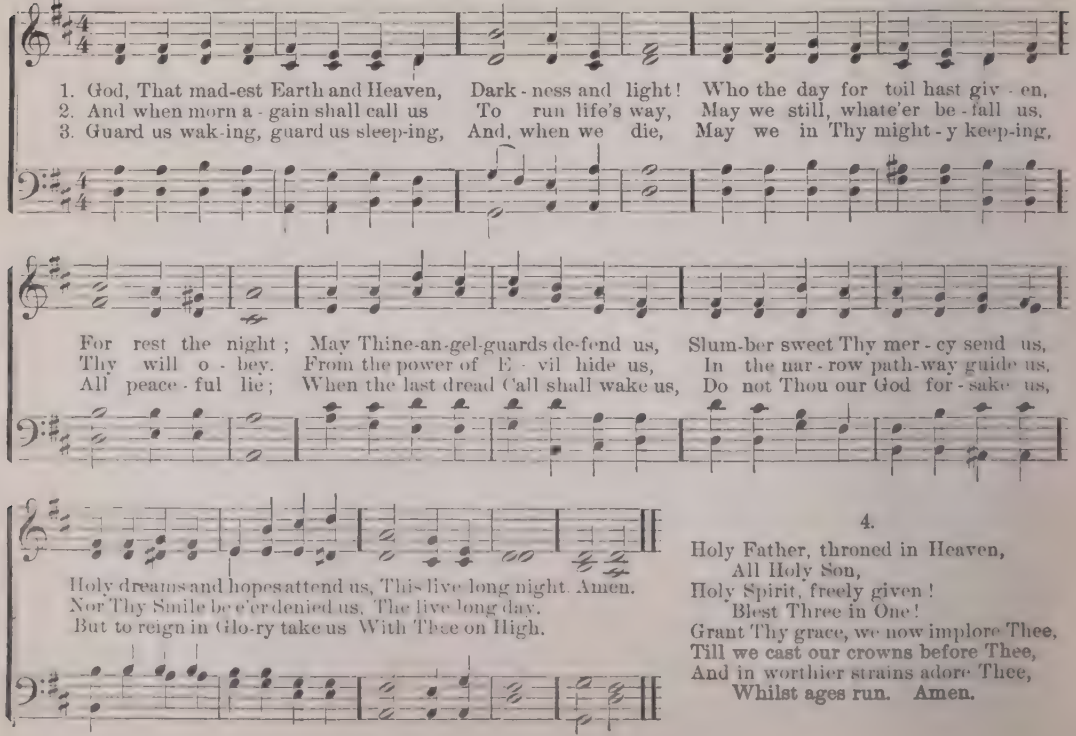
7 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

15. TEMPLE. 8,4,8,4,8,8,8,4.

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord sustained me."

The Rt. Rev. R. Heber, D.D. 1827. v. 1. The Most Rev. R. Whately, D.D. 1860. v. 3 The Rev. W. Mercer. 1864. vv. 2, 4.

E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1867.

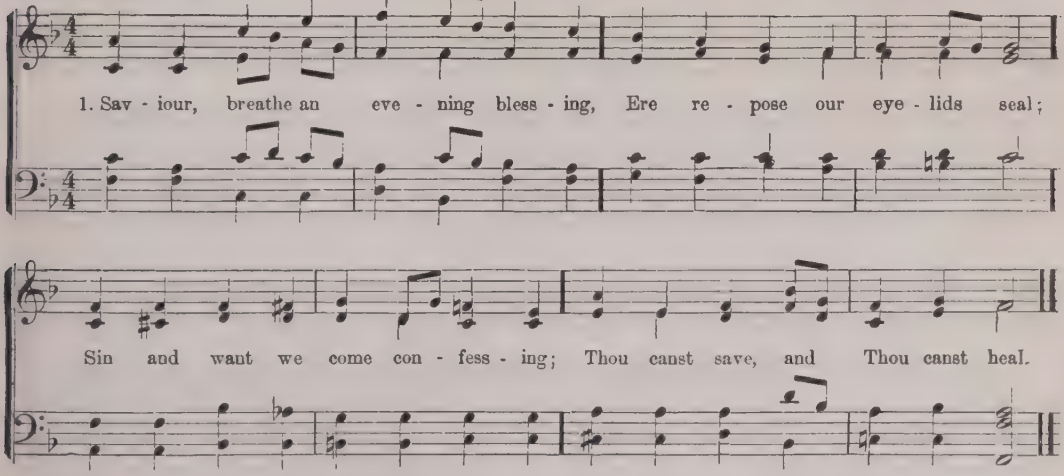

1. God, That mad-est Earth and Heaven, Dark-ness and light! Who the day for toil hast giv-en,
2. And when morn a-gain shall call us To run life's way, May we still, whate'er be-fall us,
3. Guard us wak-ing, guard us sleep-ing, And, when we die, May we in Thy might-y keep-ing,
For rest the night; May Thine-an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy mer-cy send us,
Thy will o-bey. From the power of E-vil hide us, In the nar-row path-way guide us,
All peace-ful lie; When the last dread Call shall wake us, Do not Thou our God for-sake us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us, This live long night. Amen.
Nor Thy Smile be e'er denied us, The live long day.
But to reign in Glo-ry take us With Thee on High.

4.

Holy Father, throned in Heaven,
All Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, freely given!
Blest Three in One!
Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
And in worthier strains adore Thee,
Whilst ages run. **Amen.**

16. ST. LEO. 8,7,8,7.

J. Edmeston, 1820. *"God fainteth not, neither is weary."* S. S. Wesley, Mus. D. 1864.


1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our eye - lids seal;
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in Heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

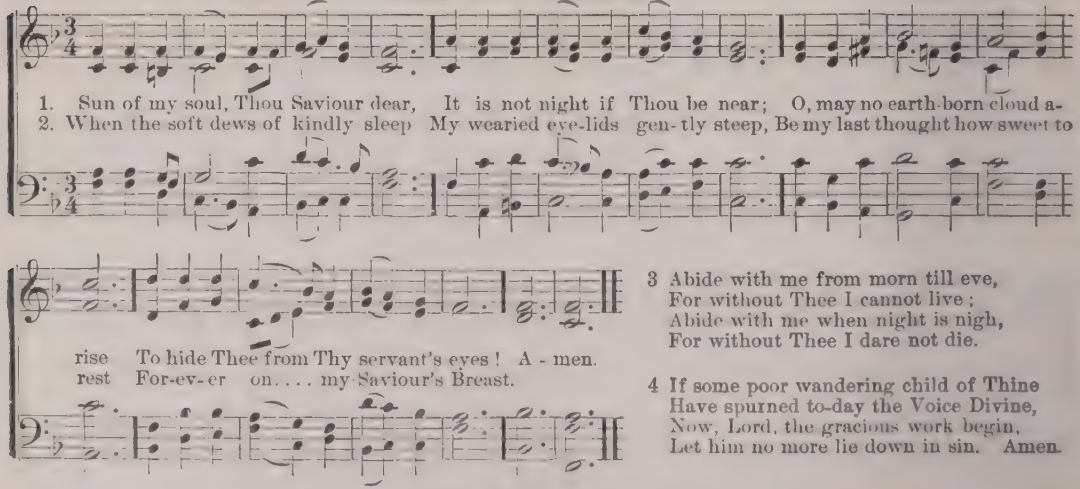
Doxology.

Praise the Father, Earth and Heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through Eternal Days.

17. HURSLEY. L. M.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

The Rev. J. KEBLE. 1827. Part of the Evening Hymn of fourteen verses. P. RITTER. 1792.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O, may no earth-born cloud a-
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last thought how sweet to
rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes! A - men.
rest For-ev-er on.... my Saviour's Breast.

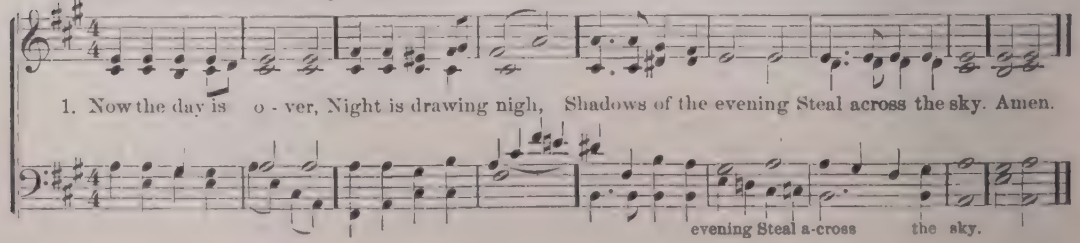
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin. Amen.

18. MERRIAL. 6,5,6,5.

"Even the night shall be light about me."

The Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. 1865. Abr. J. BARNBY. 1868.



MERRIAL. Concluded.

2.
Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

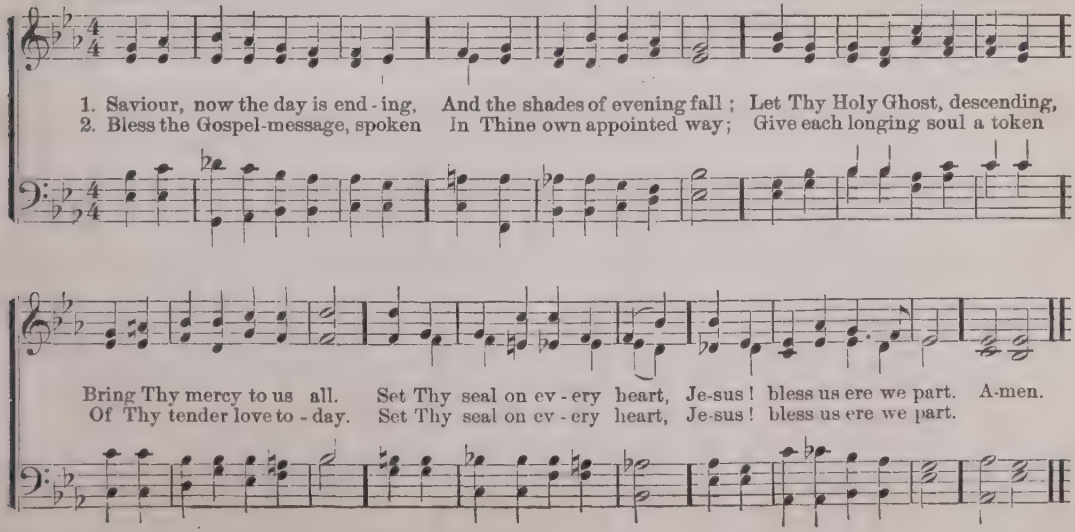
3.
Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

4.
When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In Thy Holy Eyes. Amen.

19. ILKLEY. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit."

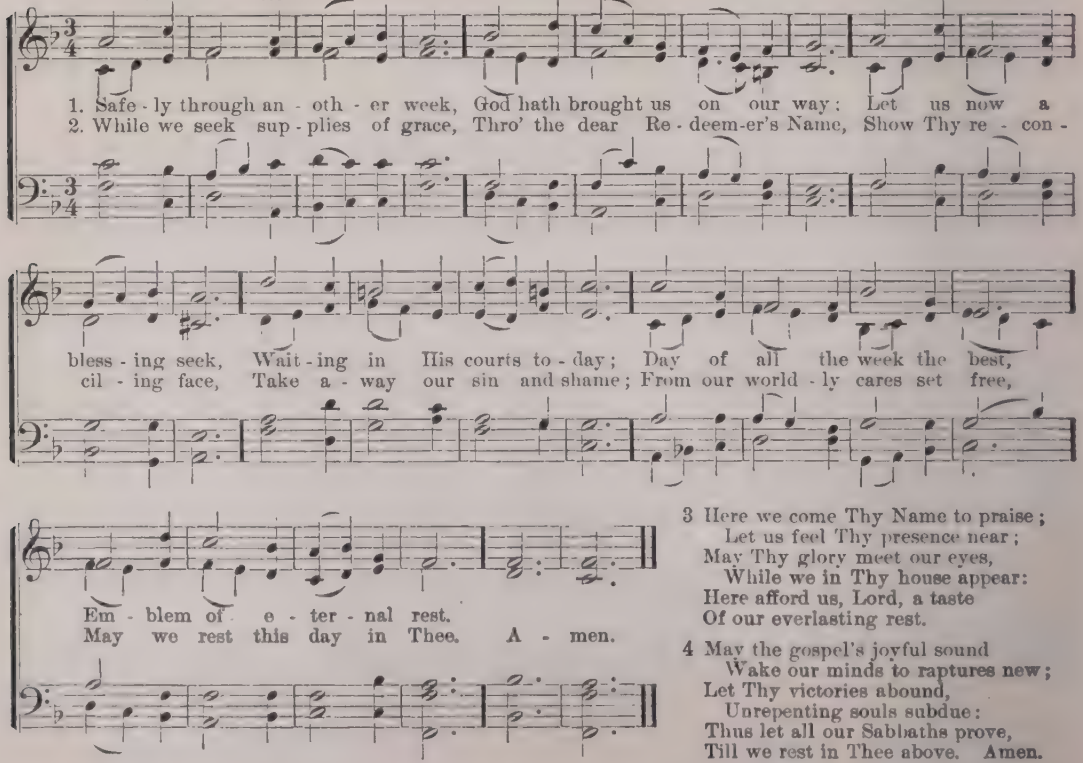
S. Doudney. Abr. J. W. Elliott.


1. Saviour, now the day is end - ing, And the shades of evening fall ; Let Thy Holy Ghost, descending,
2. Bless the Gospel-message, spoken In Thine own appointed way; Give each longing soul a token
Bring Thy mercy to us all. Set Thy seal on ev - ery heart, Je-sus! bless us ere we part. A-men.
Of Thy tender love to - day. Set Thy seal on ev - ery heart, Je-sus! bless us ere we part.

TORONTO. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

"Ye shall keep My sabbaths and reverence My sanctuary."

The Rev. J. Newton. 1779. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1887.


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God hath brought us on our way: Let us now a
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem-er's Name, Show Thy re - con -
bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best,
cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world - ly cares set free,
Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
May we rest this day in Thee. A - men.

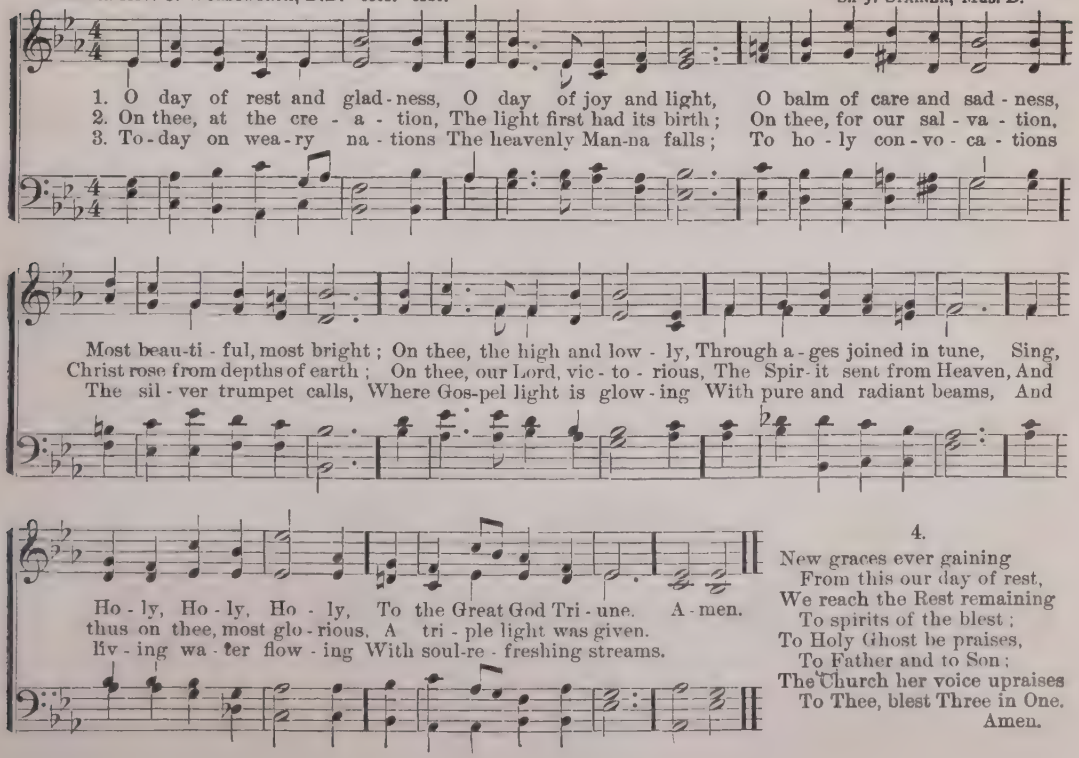
3 Here we come Thy Name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Wake our minds to raptures new;
Let Thy victories abound,
Unrepenting souls subdue:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above. Amen.

21. MAGDALENA. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it."

The Rt. Rev. C. WORDSWORTH, D.D. 1862. Abr. Sir J. STAINER, Mus. D.

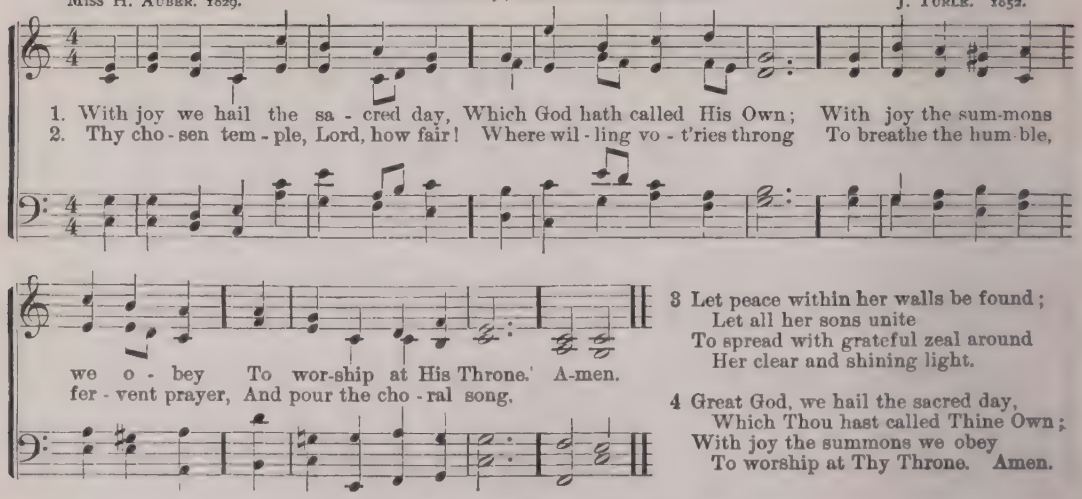

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad-ness,
2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal-va-tion,
3. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heavenly Man-na falls; To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions
Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune, Sing,
Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from Heaven, And
The sil-ver trumpet calls, Where Gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and radiant beams, And
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great God Tri-une. A-men.
thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was given.
liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-freshing streams.

4.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
Amen.

22. WESTMINSTER. C. M.

Miss H. Auber. 1829. "*This is the day, which the Lord has made.*" J. Turle. 1852.


1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God hath called His Own; With joy the sum-mons
2. Thy cho - sen tem - ple, Lord, how fair! Where wil - ling vo - t'ries throng To breathe the hum-ble,
we o - bey To wor-ship at His Throne. A-men.
fer - vent prayer, And pour the cho - ral song.

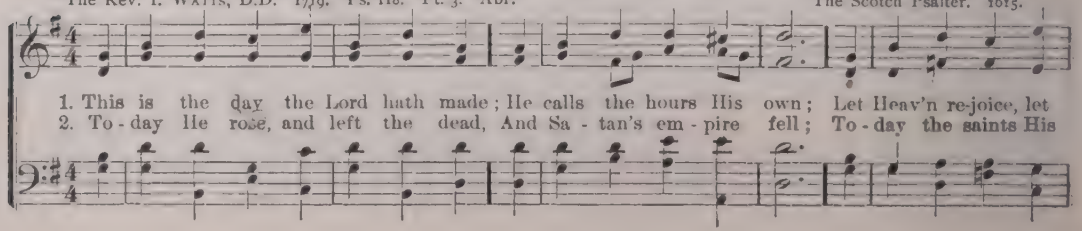
3 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

4 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which Thou hast called Thine Own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy Throne. Amen.

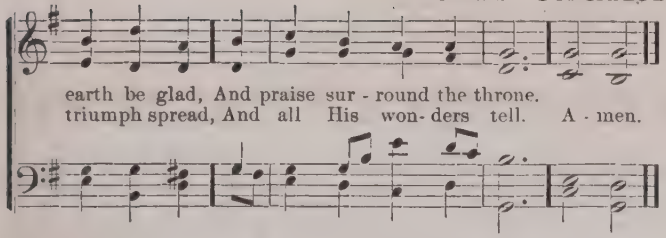
23. YORK (The Stilt). C. M.

"*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*"

The Rev. I. Watts, D.D. 1719. Ps. 118. Pt. 3. Abr. The Scotch Psalter. 1615.


1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own; Let Heav'n re-joice, let
2. To - day He rose, and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell; To - day the saints His

YORK.—Concluded.

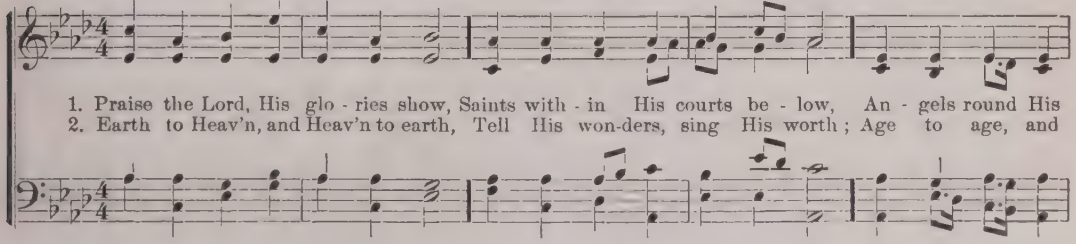


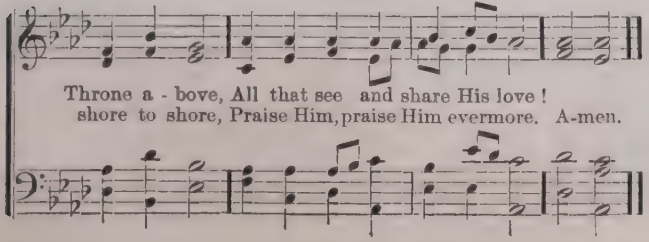
3 Hosanna to th' Anointed King,
To David's Holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from the Throne.

4 Blest be the Lord Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,
To save our sinful race. Amen.

24. NUREMBURG. 7,7,7,7.

The Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1834. *"Praise our God all ye His servants."* Arr. from a Choral. J. R. Ahle. 1664.


1. Praise the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with - in His courts be - low, An - gels round His
2. Earth to Heav'n, and Heav'n to earth, Tell His won-ders, sing His worth; Age to age, and



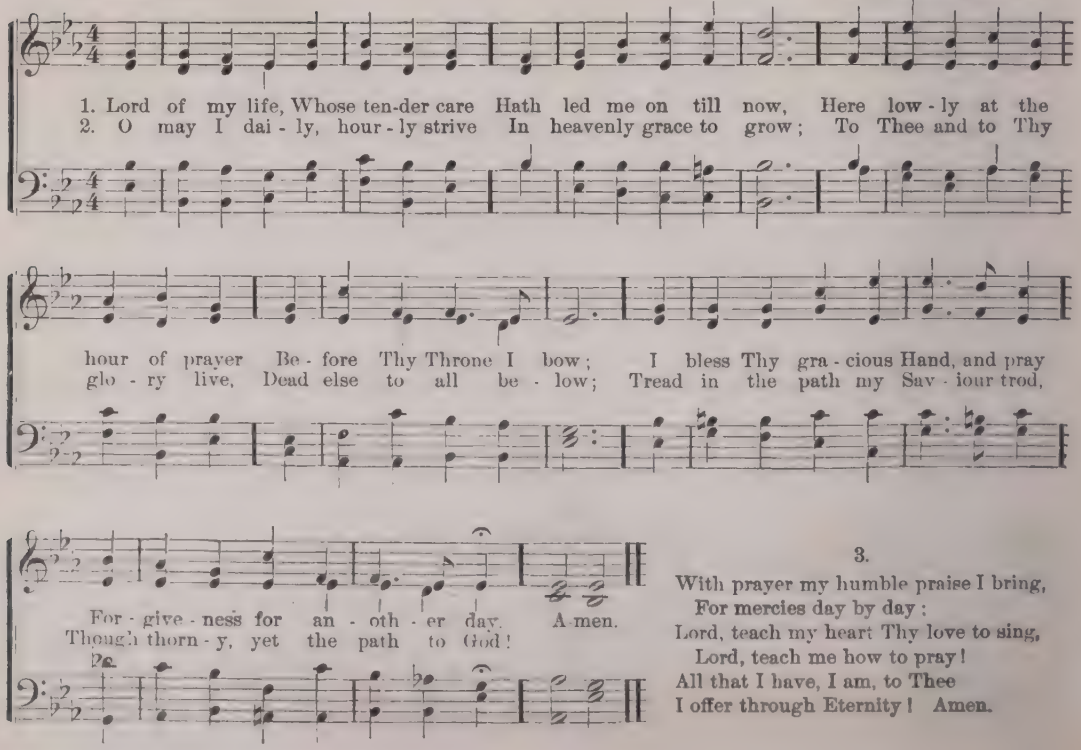
3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace—
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts:
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise Him, praise Him evermore. Amen.

25. **WESSEX.** 8,6,8,6,8,8.

"Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditations."

Ω CHELSEA. 1838. E. J. HOPKINS, MUS. D.


1. Lord of my life, Whose ten-der care Hath led me on till now, Here low-ly at the
2. O may I dai-ly, hour-ly strive In heavenly grace to grow; To Thee and to Thy
hour of prayer Be-fore Thy Throne I bow; I bless Thy gra-cious Hand, and pray
glo-ry live, Dead else to all be-low; Tread in the path my Sav-iour trod,
For-give-ness for an-oth-er day. A-men.
Though thorn-y, yet the path to God!

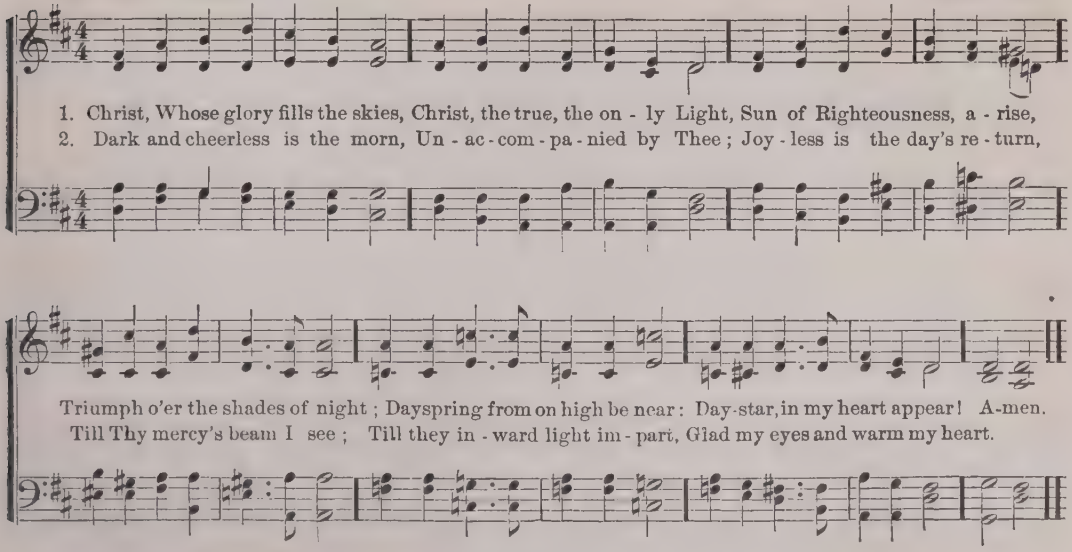
3.

With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer through Eternity! Amen.

HOBOKEN. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

"He shall be as the Light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1740. B. Tours. 1881.


1. Christ, Whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light, Sun of Righteousness, a - rise,
2. Dark and cheerless is the morn, Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee; Joy - less is the day's re - turn,
Triumph o'er the shades of night; Dayspring from on high be near: Day-star, in my heart appear! A-men.
Till Thy mercy's beam I see; Till they in - ward light im - part, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

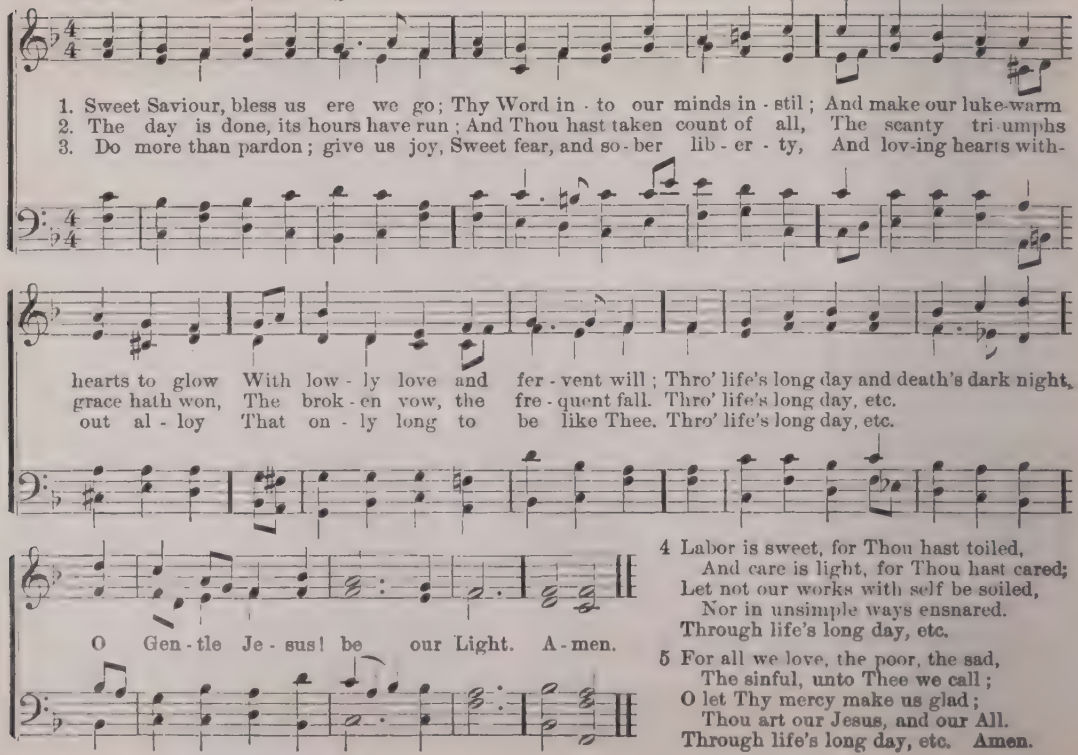
3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

4 To the Father Glory be,
Glory to the Eternal Son,
Glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee;
Glory to the Three in One;
As it was, is now, shall be,
Filling all eternity. Amen.

27. **ST. MATTHIAS.** 8,8,8,8,8,8.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

The Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. 1849. Abr. W. H. Monk. 1862.


1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our minds in - stil; And make our luke-warm
2. The day is done, its hours have run; And Thou hast taken count of all, The scanty tri-umphs
3. Do more than pardon; give us joy, Sweet fear, and so - ber lib - er - ty, And lov-ing hearts with-
hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will; Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall. Thro' life's long day, etc.
out al - loy That on - ly long to be like Thee. Thro' life's long day, etc.
O Gen - tle Je - sus! be our Light. A - men.

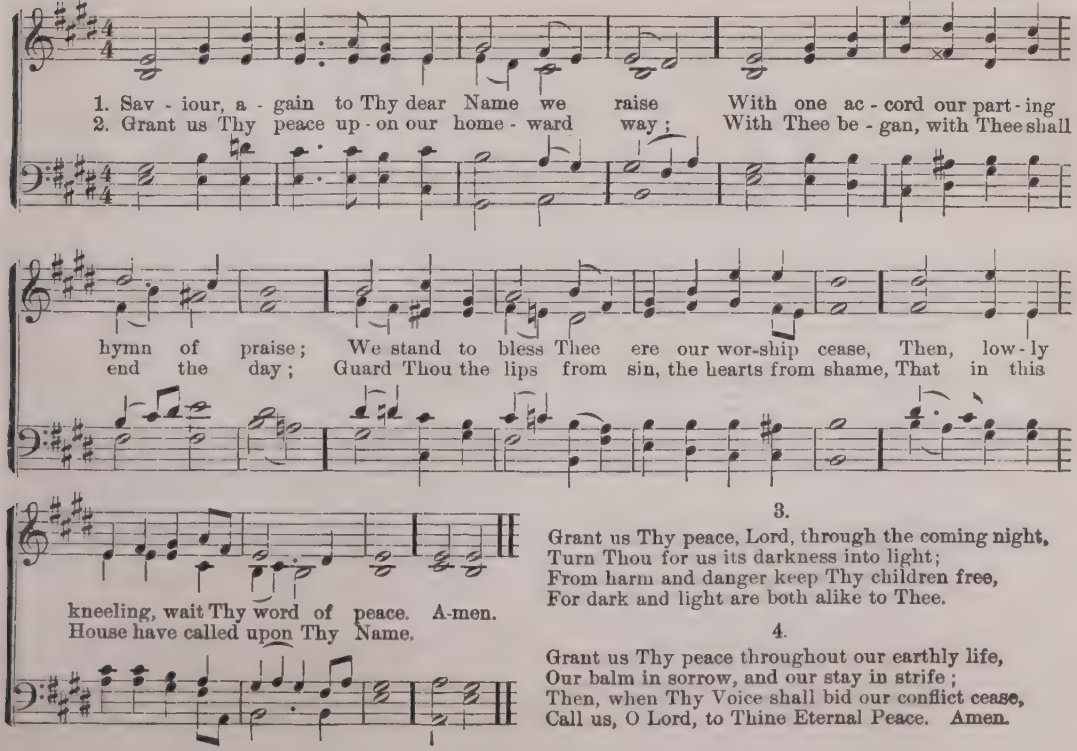
4 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, etc.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.
Through life's long day, etc. Amen.

28. PAX DEI. 10,10,10,10.

"The Lord will give strength unto His people, the Lord will bless His people with peace."

The Rev. J. Ellerton. 1866. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1868.


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall
hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly
end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this
kneeling, wait Thy word of peace. A-men.
House have called upon Thy Name.

3.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

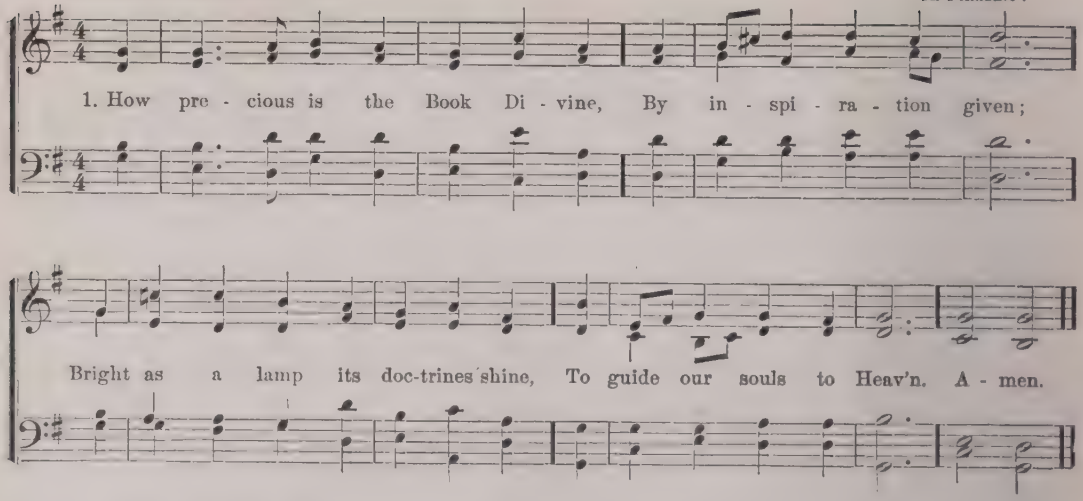
4.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine Eternal Peace. Amen.

FARRANT. C. M.

"*O how love I Thy Law.*"

The Rev. J. Fawcett, D.D. 1782. R. Farrant?


1. How pre - cious is the Book Di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given;
Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to Heav'n. A - men.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

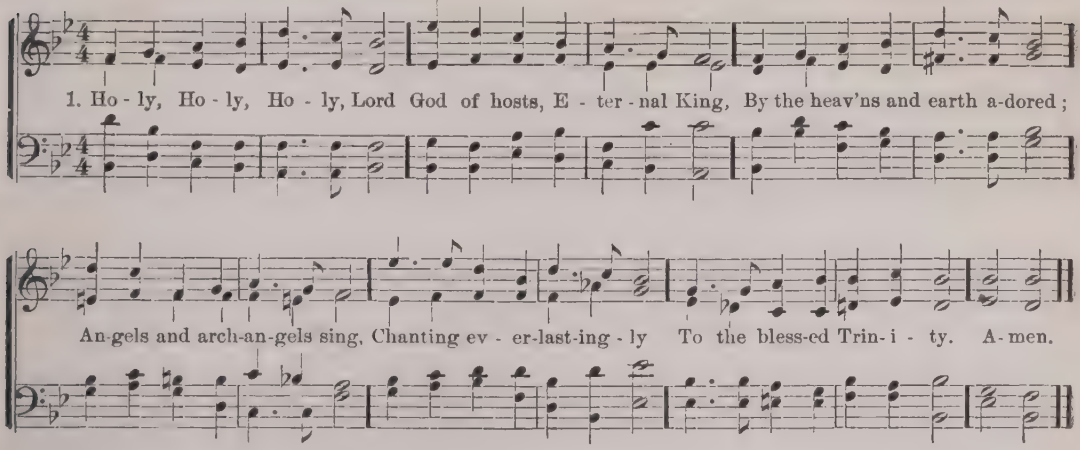
4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

5 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearest light
Of an Eternal Day. Amen.

30. ST. ATHANASIUS. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

"*From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.*"

The Rt. Rev. C. Wordsworth, D.D. 1853. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, E - ter - nal King, By the heav'ns and earth a-dored;
An-gels and arch-an-gels sing, Chanting ev - er-last-ing - ly To the bless-ed Trin-i - ty. A-men.

2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand
Spirits blest, before Thy Throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

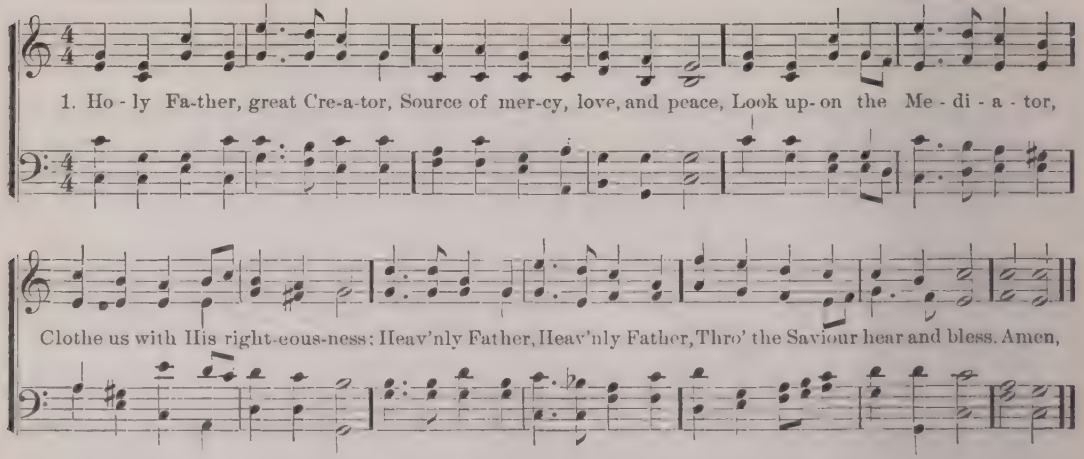
4 The apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly Host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity. Amen.

31. REGENT SQUARE. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."

The Rt. Rev. A. V. Griswold, S.T.D. H. Smart. 1867.


1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, great Cre-a-tor, Source of mer-cy, love, and peace, Look up-on the Me - di - a - tor,
Clothe us with His right-eous-ness: Heav'nly Father, Heav'nly Father, Thro' the Saviour hear and bless. Amen,

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

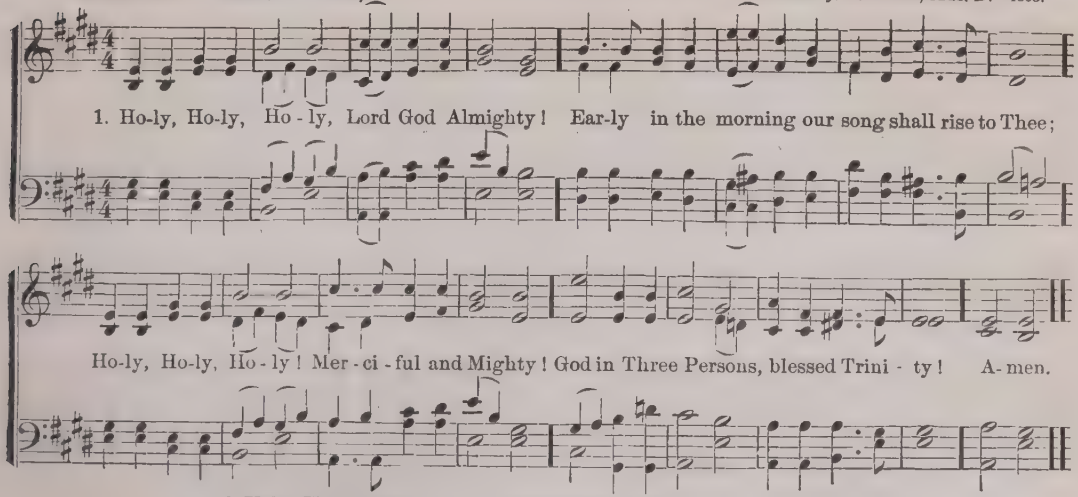
3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the Saviour's love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great Jehovah,
Form our hearts and make them Thine. **Amen.**

32. NICAEA. 11,12,12,10.

"And they rest not day and night saying Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."

The Rt. Rev. R. HEBER, D.D. 1827. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1860.


1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trini - ty! A-men.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

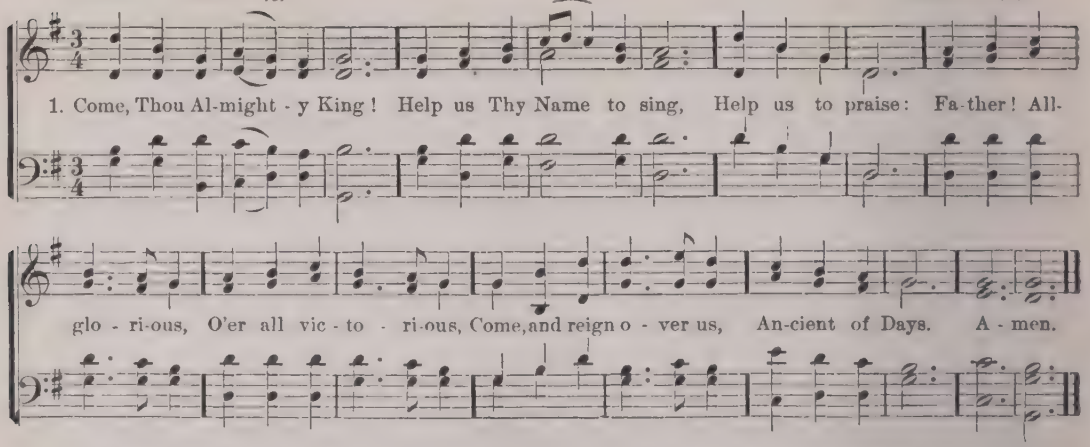
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

33. ITALIAN HYMN. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

Holy, Holy, Holy!"

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1757. F. Giardini. 1769.


1. Come, Thou Al-might - y King! Help us Thy Name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther! All-
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days. A - men.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of Holiness!
On us descend.

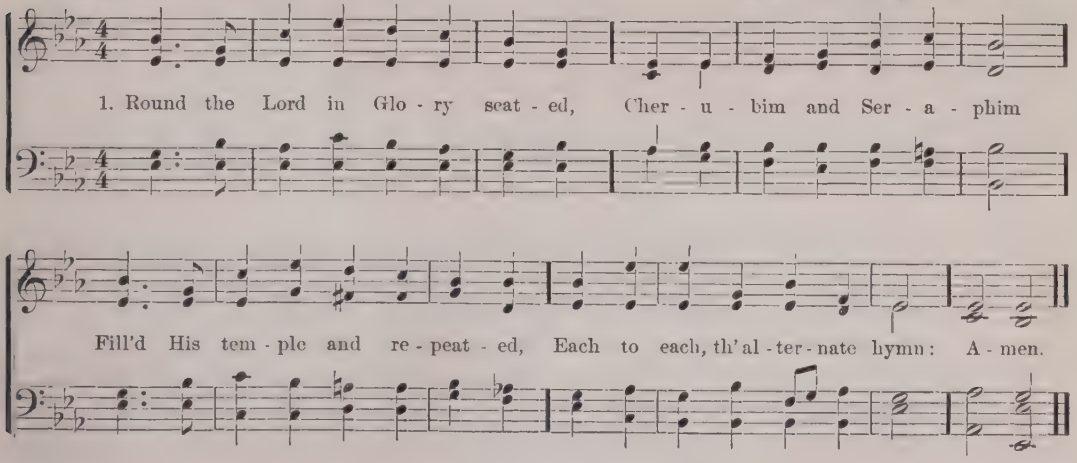
3 Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of Power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

34. SYCHAR (Dykes). 8,7,8,7.

"One cried unto another and said, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His Glory."

The Rt. Rev. R. MANT, D.D. 1837. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1862.



2 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

3 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

4 With His seraph-train before Him,
With His Holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

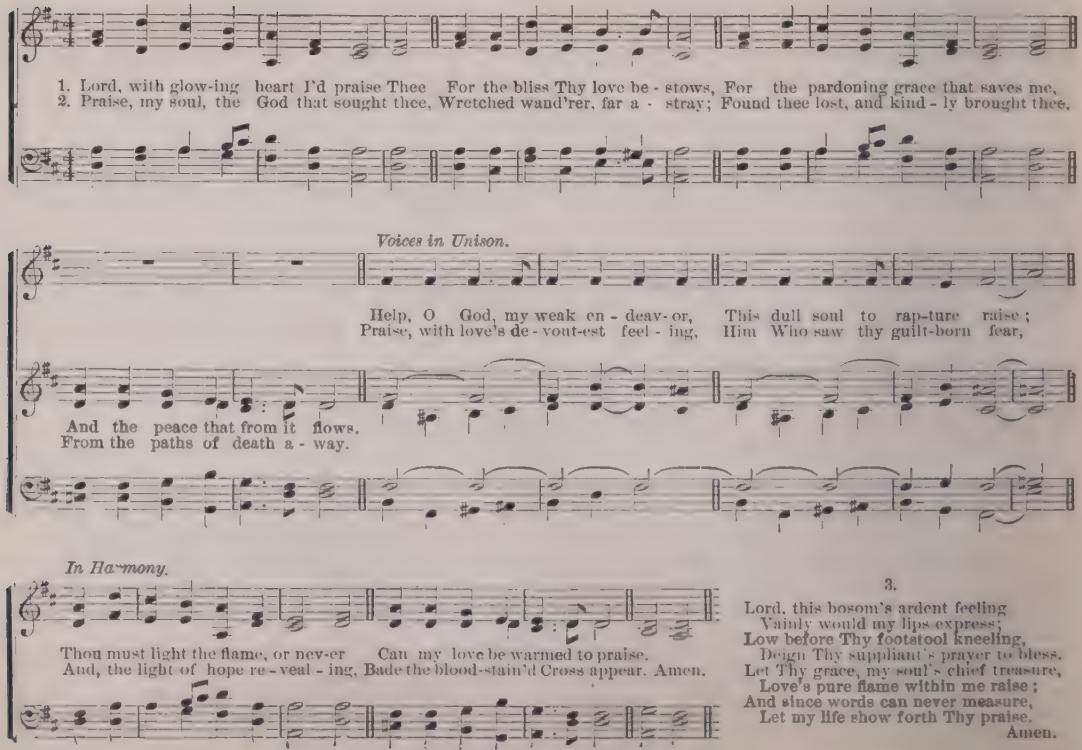
5 "Lord, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!" Amen.

35.

ST. CHAD. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"*Therefore my heart is glad.*"

F. S. KEY. 1824. R. REDHEAD.


1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows, For the pardoning grace that saves me,
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'rer, far a - stray; Found thee lost, and kind - ly brought thee,
Voices in Unison.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav- or, This dull soul to rap-ture raise;
Praise, with love's de - vout-est feel - ing, Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And the peace that from it flows.
From the paths of death a - way.
In Harmony.
Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And, the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood-stain'd Cross appear. Amen.

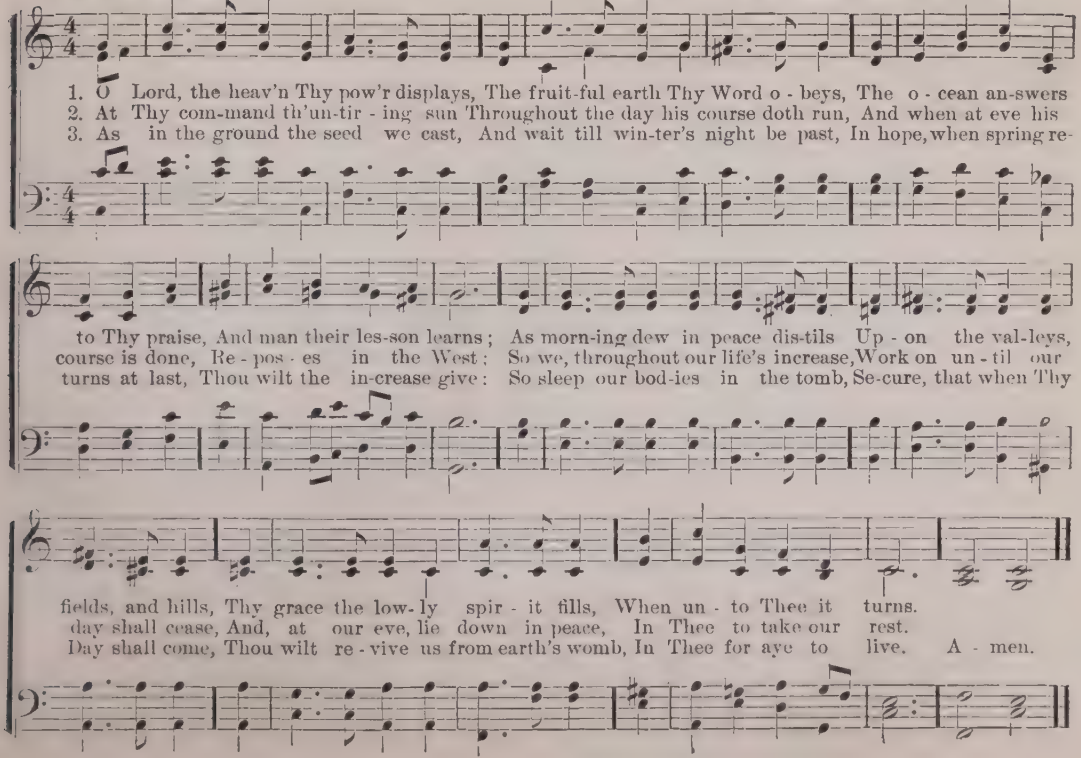
3.

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

36. ST. AGATHA. 8,8,8,6,8,8,8,6.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

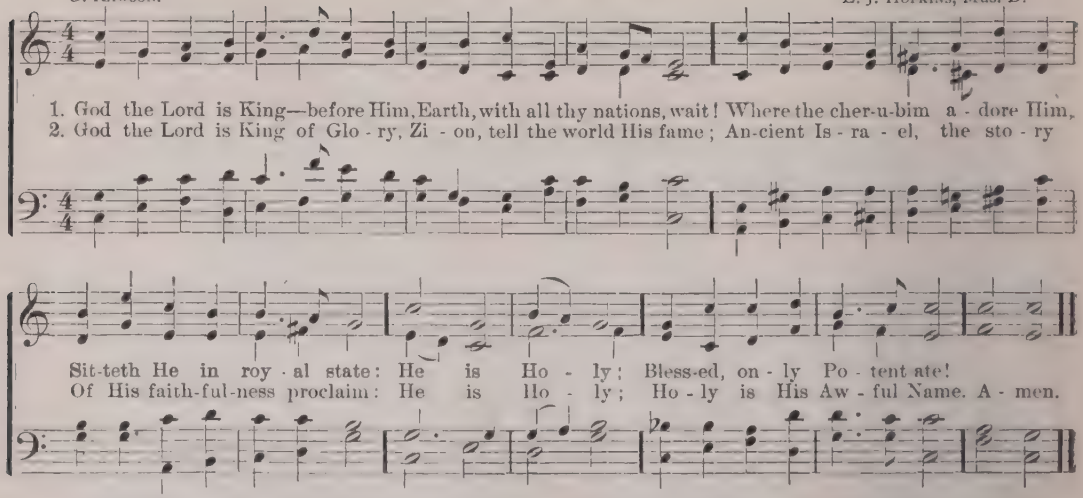
W. Whiting. Abr. The Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., Mus. D. 1872.


1. O Lord, the heav'n Thy pow'r displays, The fruit-ful earth Thy Word o - beys, The o - cean an-swers
2. At Thy com-mand th'un-tir - ing sun Throughout the day his course doth run, And when at eve his
3. As in the ground the seed we cast, And wait till win-ter's night be past, In hope, when spring re-
to Thy praise, And man their les-son learns; As morn-ing dew in peace dis-tils Up - on the val-leys,
course is done, Re - pos - es in the West; So we, throughout our life's increase, Work on un - til our
turns at last, Thou wilt the in-crease give: So sleep our bod-ies in the tomb, Se-cure, that when Thy
fields, and hills, Thy grace the low-ly spir - it fills, When un - to Thee it turns.
day shall cease, And, at our eve, lie down in peace, In Thee to take our rest.
Day shall come, Thou wilt re - vive us from earth's womb, In Thee for aye to live. A - men.

37. ABBEYCOMBE. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

"*He is the King of Glory.*"

G. Rawson. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.


1. God the Lord is King—before Him, Earth, with all thy nations, wait! Where the cher-u-bim a - dore Him,
2. God the Lord is King of Glo - ry, Zi - on, tell the world His fame; An-cient Is - ra - el, the sto - ry
Sit-teth He in roy - al state: He is Ho - ly; Bless-ed, on - ly Po - tent ate!
Of His faith-ful-ness proclaim: He is Ho - ly; Ho - ly is His Aw - ful Name. A - men.

3 In old times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,
To His people's cry He hearkened;
Answered them in all their fear:
He is Holy;
As they called, they found Him near.

4 Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
Sacred precepts, quickly broken!
Fiercely then His vengeance flowed:
He is Holy;
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

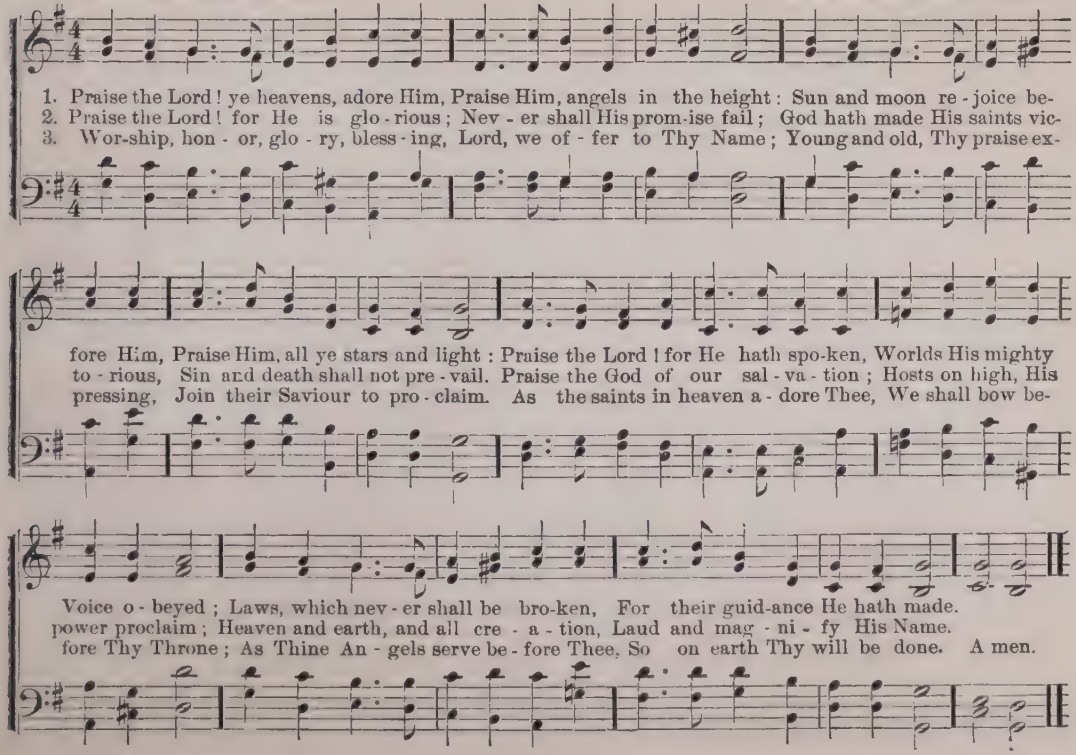
5 But their Father God forgave them
When they sought His Face once more:
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did He restore:
He is Holy;
We, too, will His grace implore.

6 God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits His mercy to fulfil:
Come, exalt Him, all the living;
Come, ascend His Zion, still:
He is Holy;
Worship at His Holy Hill. Amen.

38. **FORMOSA.** 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"O praise the Lord of heaven: praise Him in the height"

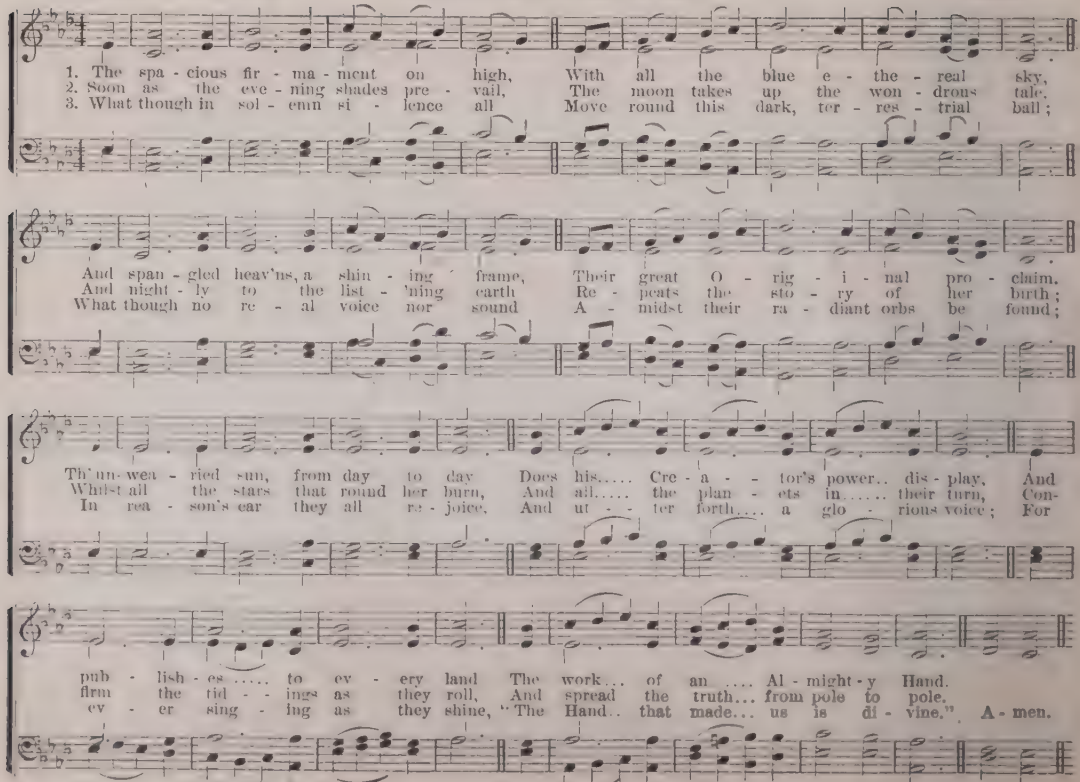
Foundling Chapel Coll. 1801-4. Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. 1872.


1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him, Praise Him, angels in the height: Sun and moon re-joice be-
2. Praise the Lord! for He is glo-rious; Nev-er shall His prom-ise fail; God hath made His saints vic-
3. Wor-ship, hon-or, glo-ry, bless-ing, Lord, we of-fer to Thy Name; Young and old, Thy praise ex-
fore Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light: Praise the Lord! for He hath spo-ken, Worlds His mighty
to-rious, Sin and death shall not pre-vail. Praise the God of our sal-va-tion; Hosts on high, His
pressing, Join their Saviour to pro-claim. As the saints in heaven a-dore Thee, We shall bow be-
Voice o-beyed; Laws, which nev-er shall be bro-ken, For their guid-ance He hath made.
power proclaim; Heaven and earth, and all cre-a-tion, Laud and mag-ni-fy His Name.
fore Thy Throne; As Thine An-gels serve be-fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done. A men.

39.

CREATION. L. M. D.

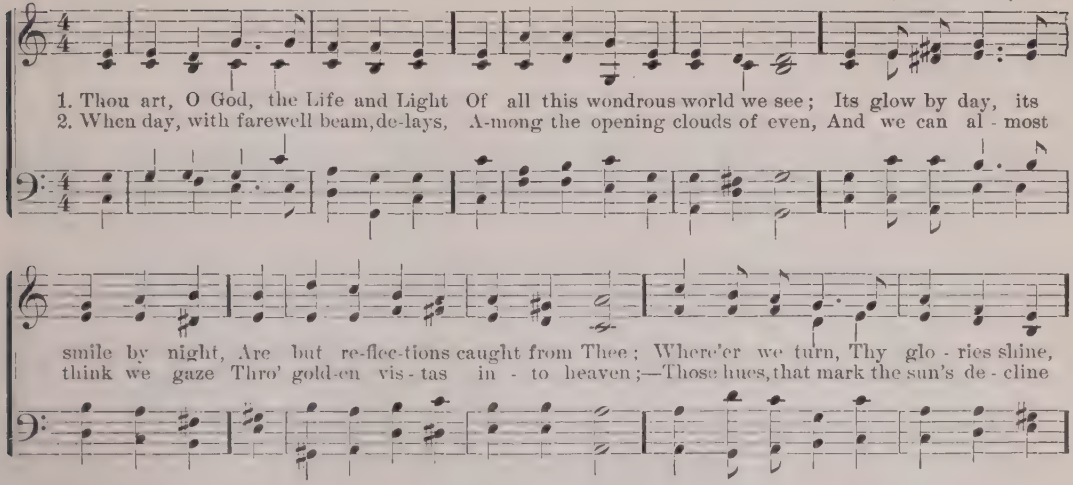
J. ADDISON. 1812. Ps. 19. "*The heavens declare the glory of God.*" J. HAYDN.


1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous tale,
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark, ter - res - trial ball;
And span - gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.
And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;
What though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found;
Th' un - wea - ried sun, from day to day Does his..... Cre - a - tor's power.. dis - play, And
Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all..... the plan - ets in..... their turn, Con-
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - - ter forth.... a glo - rious voice; For
pub - lish - es ..... to ev - ery land The work... of an .... Al - might - y Hand.
firm the tid - - ings as they roll, And spread the truth... from pole to pole.
ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The Hand.. that made... us is di - vine." A - men.

40. PENIEL. 8,8,8,8,8,8.

"I am the Lord, your Holy One, the Creator of Israel your King."

TH. MOORE. J. BOOTH. 1887.


1. Thou art, O God, the Life and Light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its
2. When day, with farewell beam, de-lays, A-mong the opening clouds of even, And we can al - most
smile by night, Are but re-flec-tions caught from Thee; Where'er we turn, Thy glo - ries shine,
think we gaze Thro' gold-en vis - tas in - to heaven;—Those hues, that mark the sun's de - cline
And all things fair and bright are Thine
So soft, so ra-diant, Lord, are Thine. A - men.

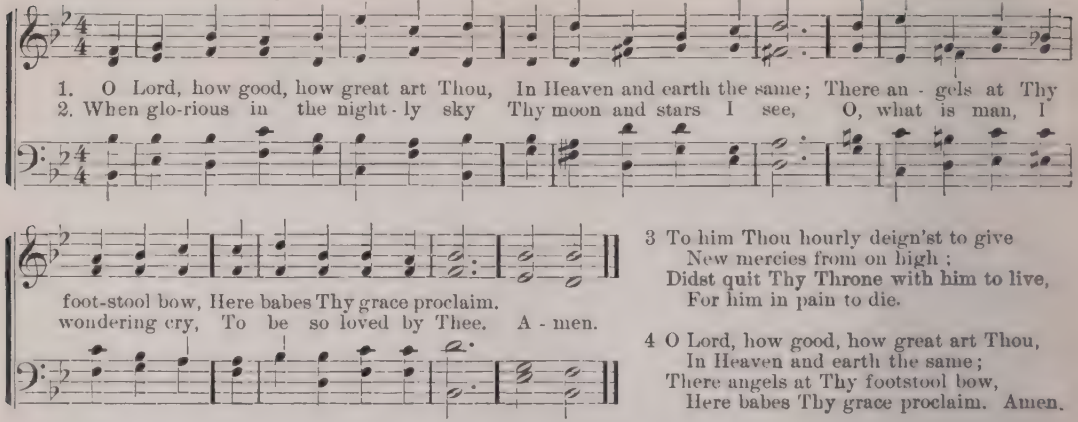
3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires Divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;—
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine. Amen.

41. CLOISTERS. C. M.

"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy Name in all the earth."

The Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1834. Ps. 8, Abr. J. Turle. 1862.


1. O Lord, how good, how great art Thou, In Heaven and earth the same; There an - gels at Thy
2. When glo-rious in the night - ly sky Thy moon and stars I see, O, what is man, I
foot-stool bow, Here babes Thy grace proclaim.
wondering cry, To be so loved by Thee. A - men.

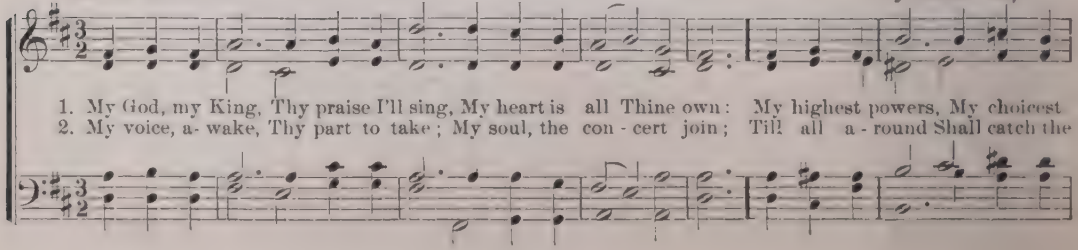
3 To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
New mercies from on high;
Didst quit Thy Throne with him to live,
For him in pain to die.

4 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
In Heaven and earth the same;
There angels at Thy footstool bow,
Here babes Thy grace proclaim. Amen.

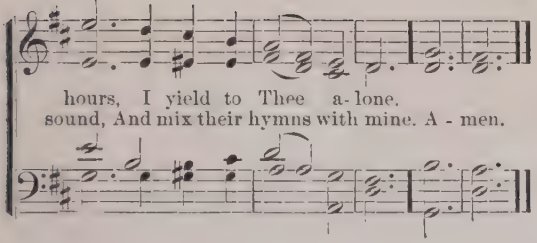
42. BRACONDALE. 4,4,6,4,4,6.

"But our God is in the heavens."

The Rev. H. F. Lyte. J. Booth. 1887.


1. My God, my King, Thy praise I'll sing, My heart is all Thine own: My highest powers, My choicest
2. My voice, a- wake, Thy part to take; My soul, the con - cert join; Till all a - round Shall catch the

BRACONDALE.—Concluded.



3.

But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

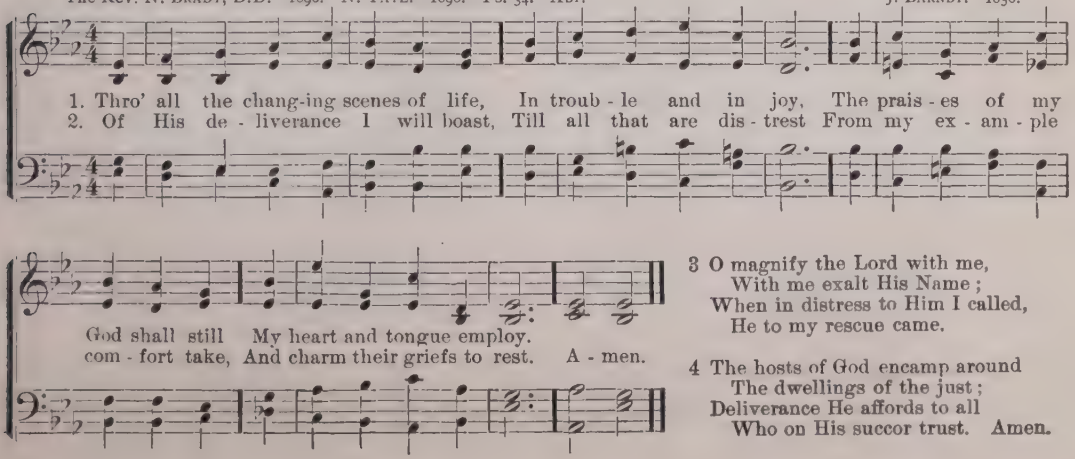
4.

His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large His honors be;
Till all that live
Their homage give.
And praise my God with me.
Amen.

43. BARNBY. C. M.

"*I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth.*"

The Rev. N. Brady, D.D. 1696. N. Tate. 1696. Ps. 34. Abr. J. Barnby. 1856.


1. Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In troub - le and in joy, The prais - es of my
2. Of His de - liverance I will boast, Till all that are dis - trest From my ex - am - ple
God shall still My heart and tongue employ.
com - fort take, And charm their griefs to rest. A - men.

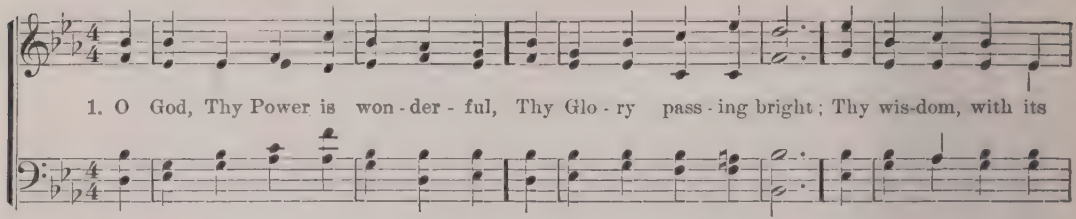
3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succor trust. Amen.

ST. FULBERT. C. M.

"*The Voice of the Lord is powerful, the Voice of the Lord is full of majesty.*"

The Rev. W. FABER, D.D. 1849. Abr. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. D. 1872.



2 I see Thee in th' eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

3 I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

4 I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still Incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

5 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

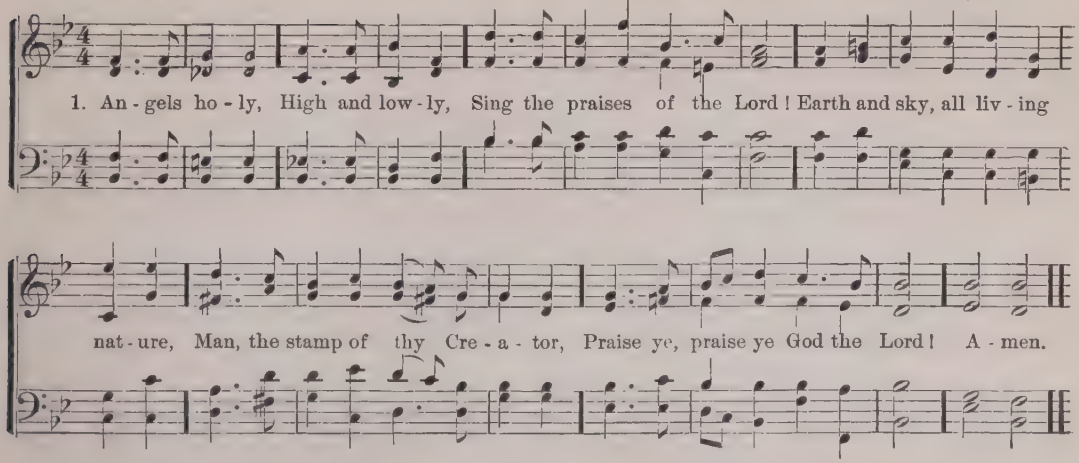
6 From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,
The Saviour's Heart and Soul;
And, undiminished still, Thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

7 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is All for thee,
A Father all thine own? Amen.

45. **ST. WINIFRED'S.** 4,4,7,8,8,7.

"Bless the Lord, all His Works, in all places of His dominion."

J. S. Blackie. 1835. Abr. The Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., Mus. D.


1. An - gels ho - ly, High and low - ly, Sing the praises of the Lord! Earth and sky, all liv - ing
nat - ure, Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord! A - men.

2 Sun and moon, bright,
Night and moonlight;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared;
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

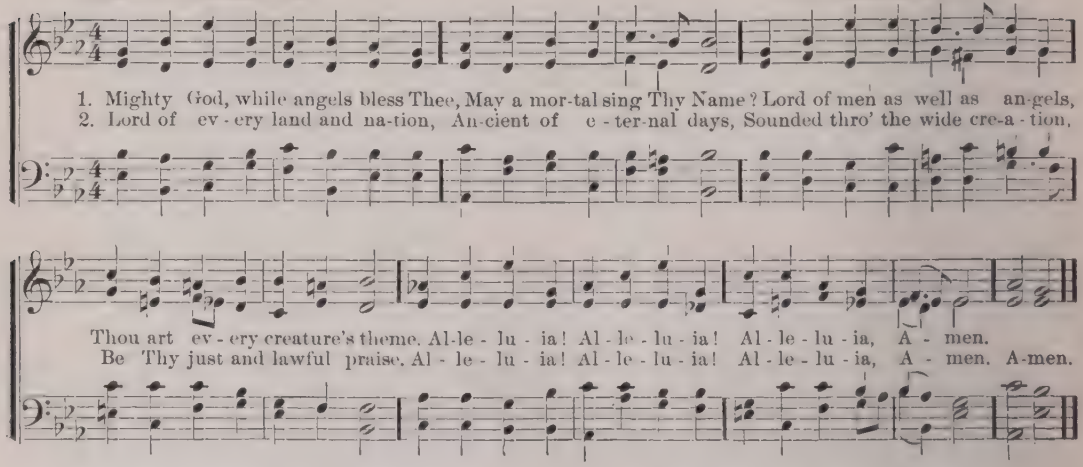
4 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

5 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

46. ST. POLYCARP. 8,7,8,7,4,6.

"*Unto Thee, O God, do we give thanks, unto Thee do we give thanks.*"

The Rev. R. Robinson. Alt. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1887.


1. Mighty God, while angels bless Thee, May a mor-tal sing Thy Name? Lord of men as well as an-gels,
2. Lord of ev-ery land and na-tion, An-cient of e-ter-nal days, Sounded thro' the wide cre-a-tion,
Thou art ev-ery creature's theme. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia, A-men.
Be Thy just and lawful praise. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia, A-men. A-men.

3 For the grandeur of Thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia, Amen.

4 For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia, Amen.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia, Amen.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord Who came to die.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia, Amen.

ST. POLYCARP. Concluded.

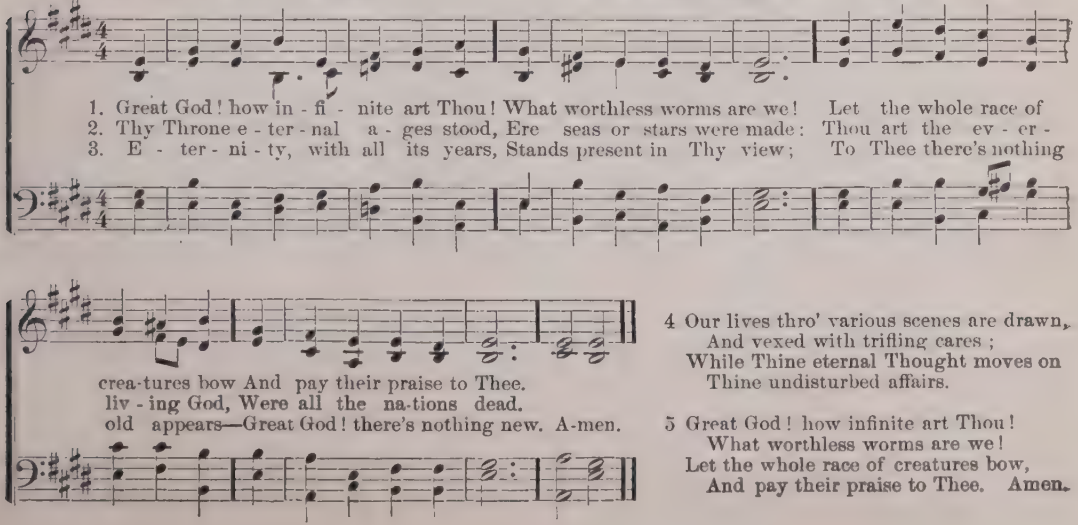
7 From the Highest Throne of glory,
To the Cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,—
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia, Amen.

8 Go—return, immortal Saviour,
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy Throne,
Thence return and reign for ever,
Be the Kingdom all Thine Own.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia, Amen. Amen.

47. DUNDEE (French). C. M.

"*Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end.*"

The Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. 1709. Abr. From the Scotch Psalter, printed by ANDRO HART. 1615.


1. Great God! how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of
2. Thy Throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made: Thou art the ev - er -
3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands present in Thy view; To Thee there's nothing
crea-tures bow And pay their praise to Thee.
liv - ing God, Were all the na-tions dead.
old appears—Great God! there's nothing new. A-men.

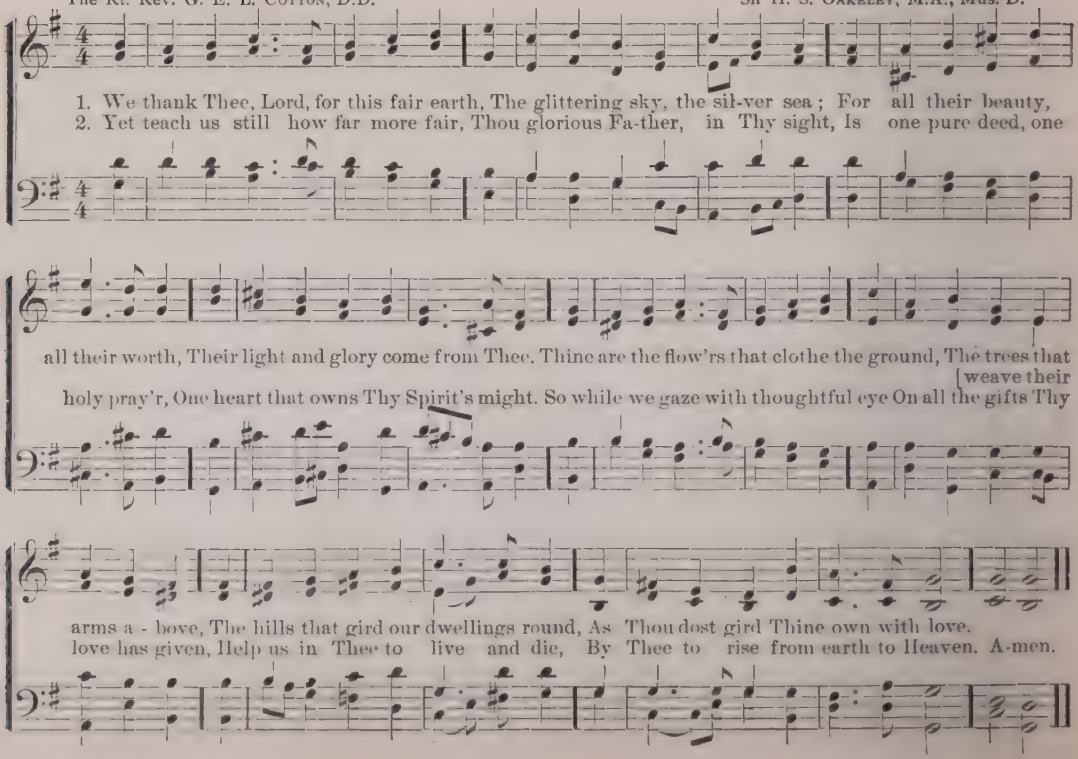
4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While Thine eternal Thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee. Amen.

ITALIA. D. L. M.

"Lord, what is man, that Thou takest knowledge of him?"

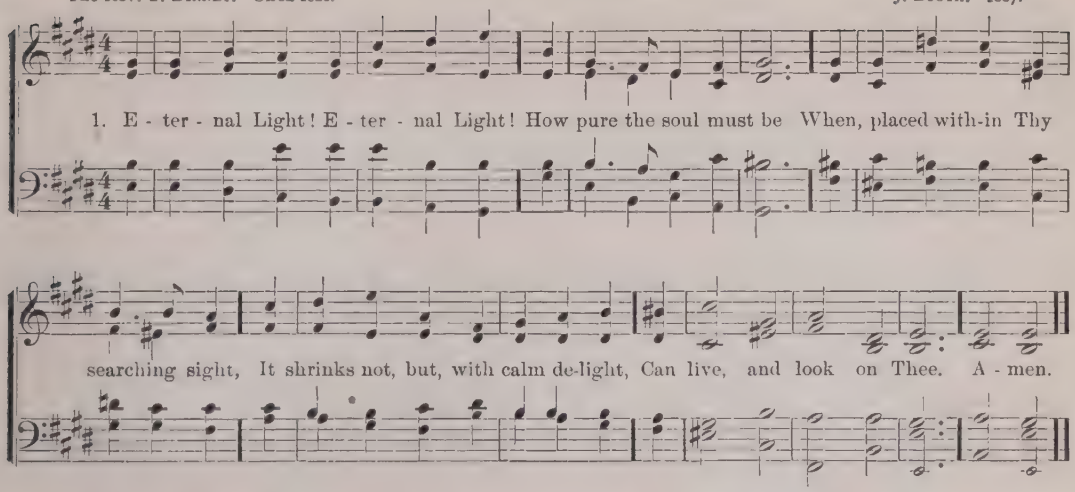
The Rt. Rev. G. E. L. Cotton, D.D. — Sir H. S. Oakeley, M.A., Mus. D.


1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glittering sky, the sil-ver sea; For all their beauty,
2. Yet teach us still how far more fair, Thou glorious Fa-ther, in Thy sight, Is one pure deed, one
all their worth, Their light and glory come from Thee. Thine are the flow'rs that clothe the ground, The trees that
weave their
holy pray'r, One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might. So while we gaze with thoughtful eye On all the gifts Thy
arms a - bove, The hills that gird our dwellings round, As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
love has given, Help us in Thee to live and die, By Thee to rise from earth to Heaven. A-men.

ST. ALOYSIUS. 8,6,8,8,6.

"*I the Lord your God am holy.*"

The Rev. T. Binney. Circa 1826. J. Booth. 1887.


1. E - ter - nal Light! E - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be When, placed with-in Thy
searching sight, It shrinks not, but, with calm de-light, Can live, and look on Thee. A - men.

2 The spirits that sur-round Thy Throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

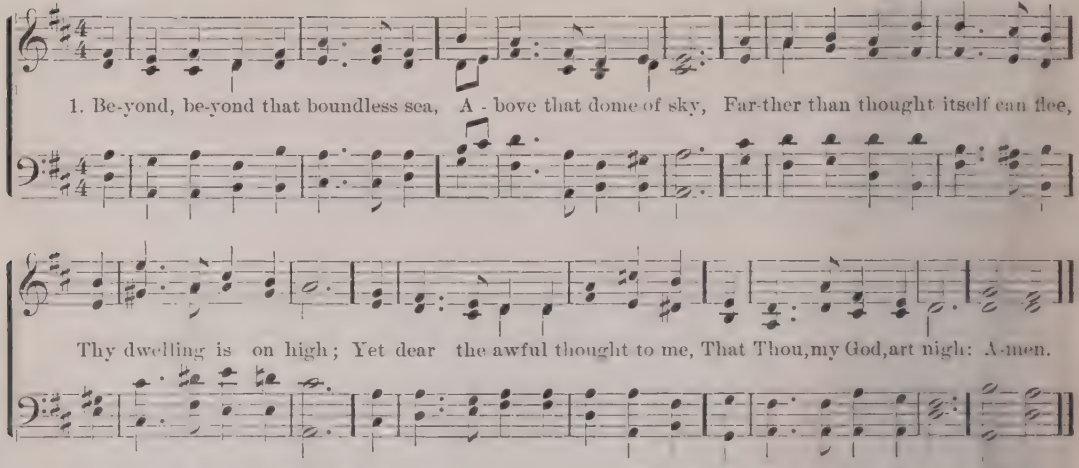
4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love! Amen.

50. ALL HALLOWS. 8,6,8,6,8,6.

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

J. CONDER. A. H. BROWN. 1887.


1. Be-yond, be-yond that boundless sea, A - bove that dome of sky, Far-ther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high; Yet dear the awful thought to me, That Thou, my God, art nigh: A-men.

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main:

3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honor of Thy Name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

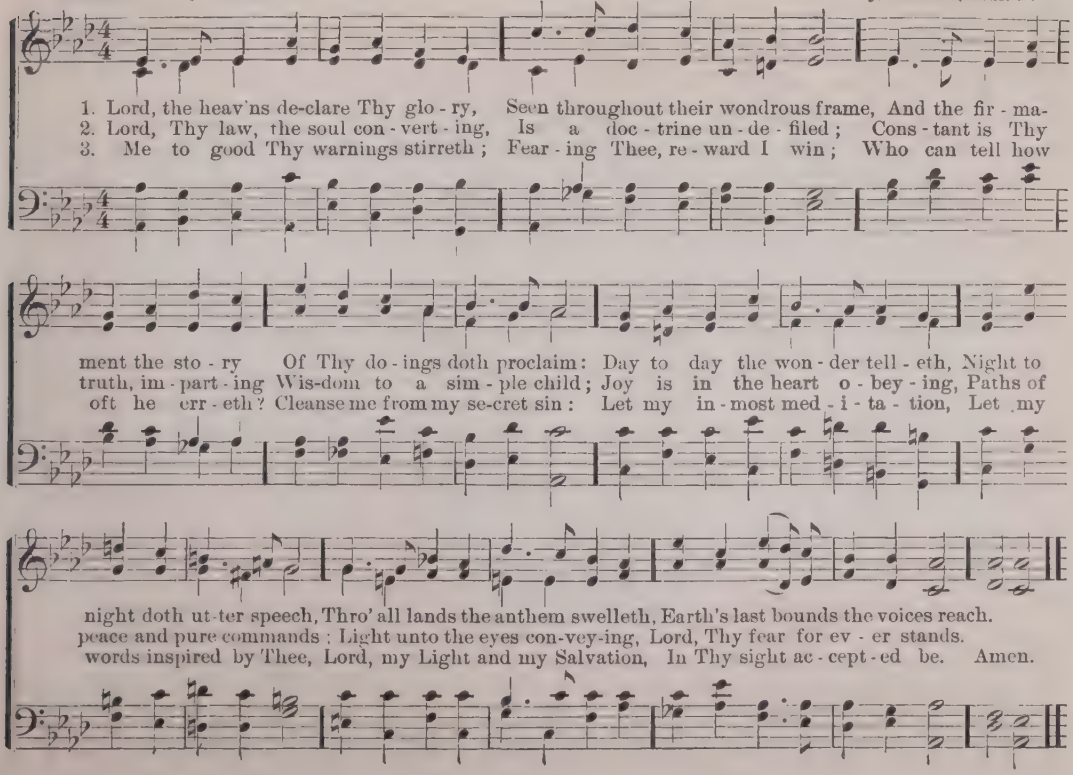
4 We hear Thy Voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

5 O! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast;
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest
O come, Thou Presence Infinite!
And make Thy creature blest. Amen

51. PAULINZELLE. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"*The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.*"

The Rt. Rev. W. J. Trower. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.

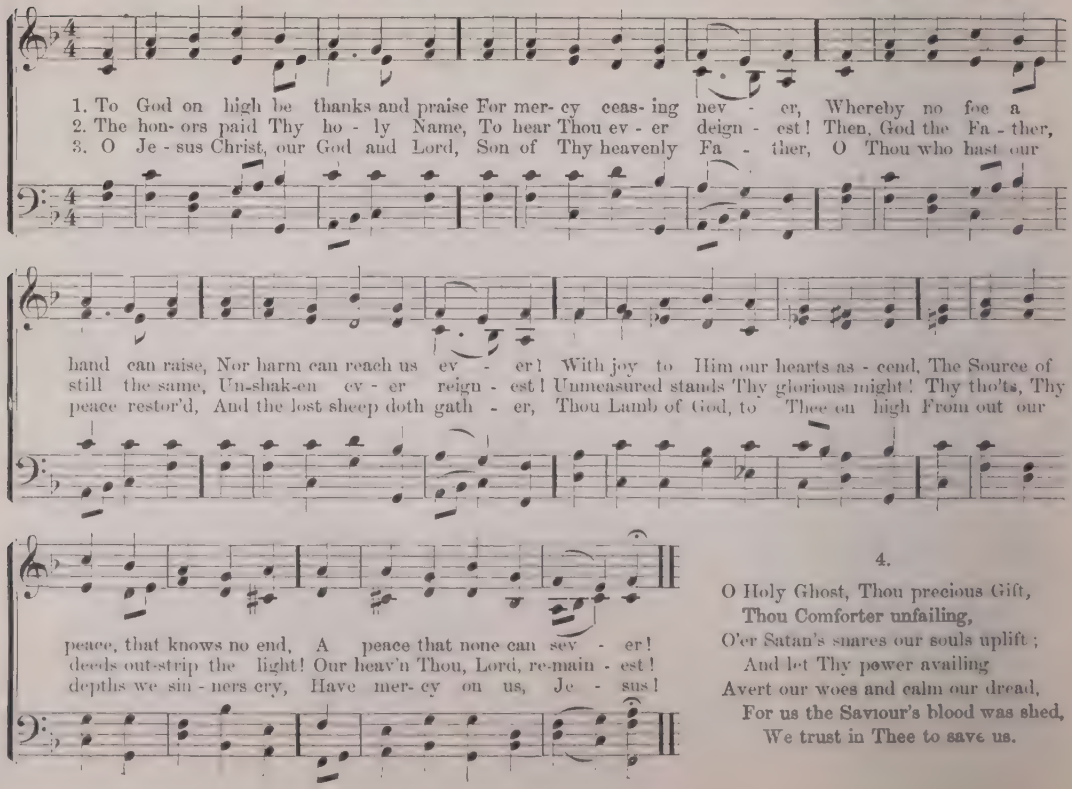

1. Lord, the heav'ns de-clare Thy glo - ry, Seen throughout their wondrous frame, And the fir - ma-
2. Lord, Thy law, the soul con - vert - ing, Is a doc - trine un - de - filed; Cons - tant is Thy
3. Me to good Thy warnings stirreth; Fear - ing Thee, re - ward I win; Who can tell how
ment the sto - ry Of Thy do - ings doth proclaim: Day to day the won - der tell - eth, Night to
truth, im - part - ing Wis-dom to a sim - ple child; Joy is in the heart o - bey - ing, Paths of
oft he err - eth? Cleanse me from my se-cret sin: Let my in - most med - i - ta - tion, Let my
night doth ut - ter speech, Thro' all lands the anthem swelleth, Earth's last bounds the voices reach.
peace and pure commands; Light unto the eyes con-vey-ing, Lord, Thy fear for ev - er stands.
words inspired by Thee, Lord, my Light and my Salvation, In Thy sight ac - cept - ed be. Amen.

52. ST. MONICA. 8,7,8,7,8,8,7.

"*All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.*"

Tr. Miss C. WINKWORTH, vv. 1, 2. 1862.
Tr. The Rev. C. SINGLETON, vv. 3, 4. 1867.

The Rev. N. DECIUS.


1. To God on high be thanks and praise For mer- cy ceas- ing nev - er, Whereby no foe a
2. The hon- ors paid Thy ho - ly Name, To hear Thou ev - er deign - est! Then, God the Fa - ther,
3. O Je - sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy heavenly Fa - ther, O Thou who hast our
hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev - er! With joy to Him our hearts as - cend, The Source of
still the same, Un-shak-en ev - er reign - est! Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might! Thy tho'ts, Thy
peace restor'd, And the lost sheep doth gath - er, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high From out our
peace, that knows no end, A peace that none can sev - er!
deeds out-strip the light! Our heav'n Thou, Lord, re-main - est!
depths we sin - ners cry, Have mer- cy on us, Je - sus!

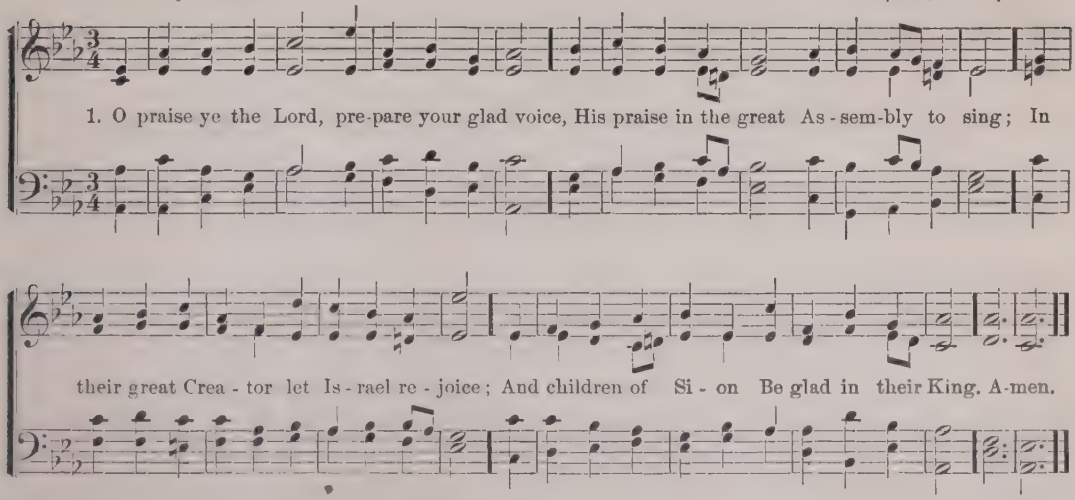
4.

O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift;
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread,
For us the Saviour's blood was shed,
We trust in Thee to save us.

53. HANOVER. 10,10,11,11.

"O sing unto the Lord a new song: let the congregation of saints praise Him."

N. Tate. 1696. Psalm cxlix. Wm. Croft, Mus. D.? 1708.


1. O praise ye the Lord, pre-pare your glad voice, His praise in the great As-sem-bly to sing; In
their great Crea-tor let Is-rael re-joice; And children of Si-on Be glad in their King. A-men.

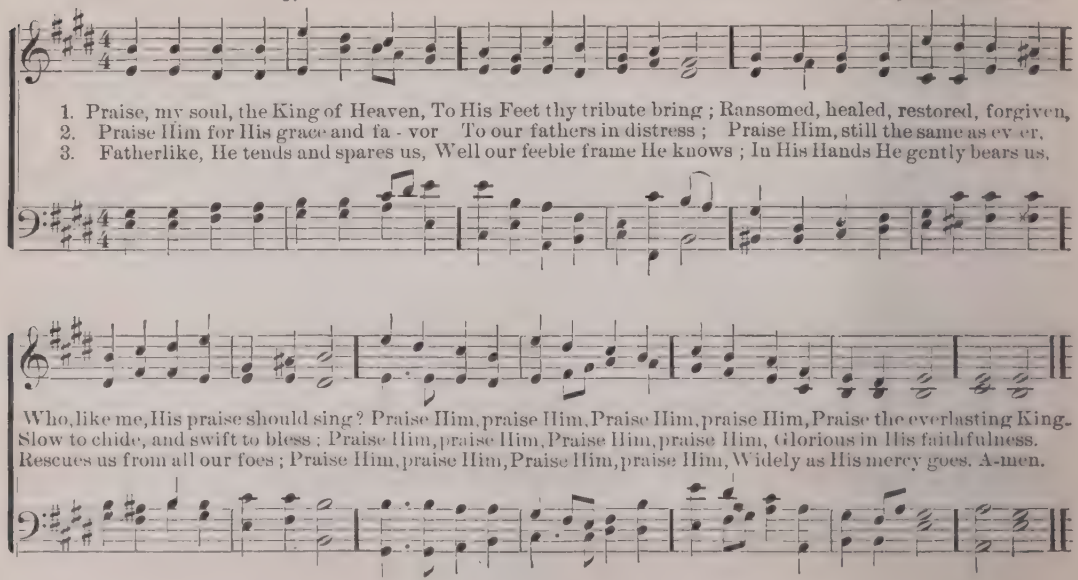
2 Let them His great Name extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned His praises express:
Who always takes pleasure to hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation the humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned, His people shall sing
To God, Who their heads with safety doth shield;
Such honor and triumph His favor shall bring:
O therefore for ever all praise to Him yield! Amen.

54. LAUDA, ANIMA MEA. 8,7,8,7,8,7.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

The Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1834. Sir J. Goss, Mus. D. 1867.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven, To His Feet thy tribute bring ; Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fathers in distress ; Praise Him, still the same as ev er,
3. Fatherlike, He tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame He knows ; In His Hands He gently bears us,
Who, like me, His praise should sing? Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the everlasting King.
Slow to chide, and swift to bless : Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Glorious in His faithfulness.
Rescues us from all our foes ; Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Widely as His mercy goes. A-men.

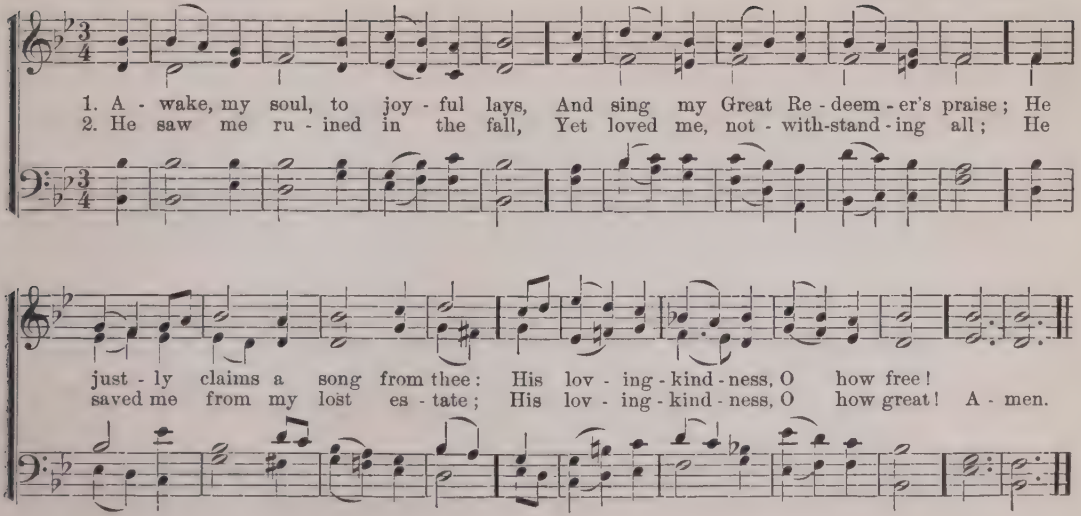
4 Frail as summer's flowers we flourish,
Blows the wind and it is gone ;
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on.
‖: Praise Him, praise Him, :‖
Praise the High, Eternal One.

5 Angels help us to adore Him!
Ye behold Him Face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space,
‖: Praise Him, praise Him, :‖
Praise with us the God of Grace. Amen.

55. WAREHAM (All Saints). L. M.

"*Praise the Lord, O my soul.*"

The Rev. S. Medley. 1787. W. Knapp. 1738.


1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing my Great Re - deem - er's praise; He
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand - ing all; He
just - ly claims a song from thee: His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!
saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great! A - men.

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

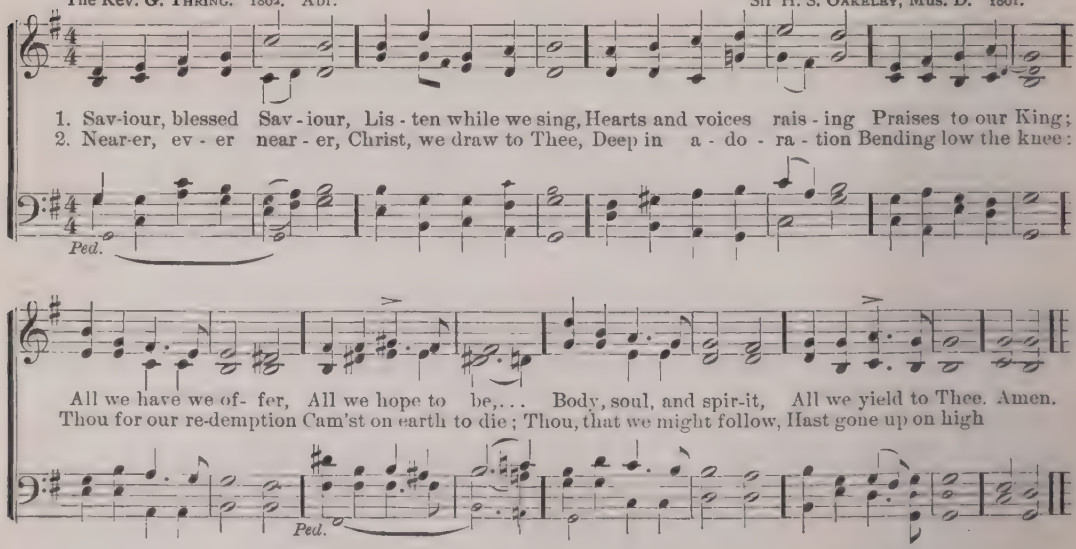
5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon I shall pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death! Amen.

56. EDINA. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The Rev. G. Thring. 1862. Abr. Sir H. S. Oakeley, Mus. D. 1861.


1. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Praises to our King;
2. Near-er, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a-do-ra-tion Bending low the knee:
Ped.
All we have we of- fer, All we hope to be,... Body, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. Amen.
Thou for our re-demption Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high
Ped.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow
Toil nor care is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

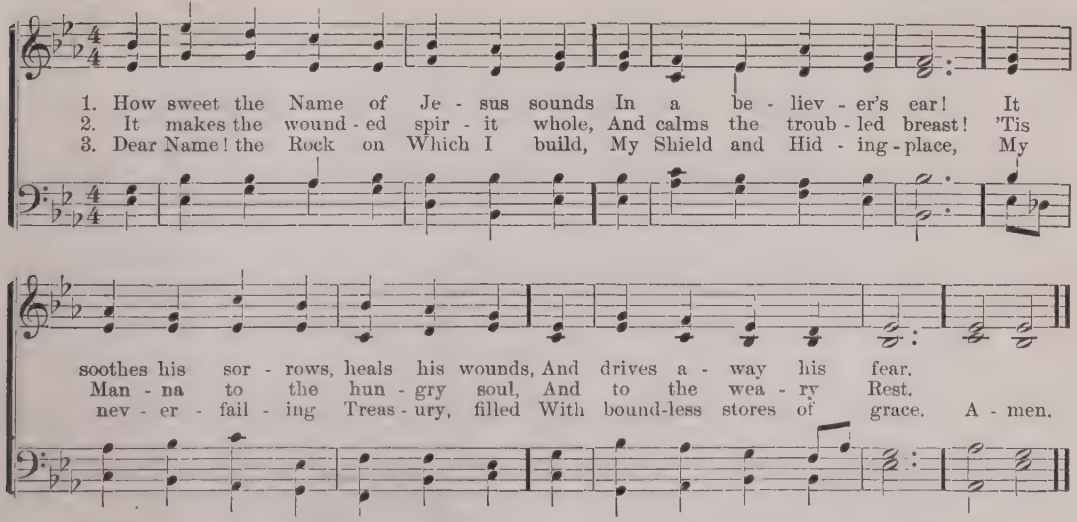
4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

5 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
(Earthly toils forgotten)
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. Amen.

57. ST. PETER. C. M.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace."

The Rev. J. NEWTON. 1779. A. R. REINAGLE. 1826.


1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast! 'Tis
3. Dear Name! the Rock on Which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing - place, My
soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
Man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry Rest.
nev - er - fail - ing Treas - ury, filled With bound-less stores of grace. A - men.

4 By Thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak in the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

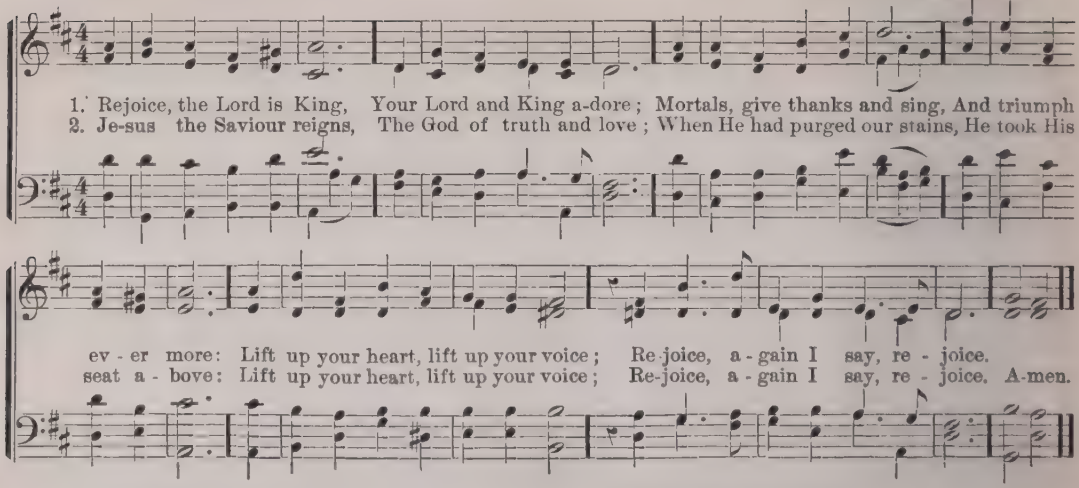
7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

58.

GOPSAL. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

"Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1746. Georg F. Händel. 1750.


1. Rejoice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a-dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And triumph
2. Je-sus the Saviour reigns, The God of truth and love; When He had purged our stains, He took His
ev - er more: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
seat a - bove: Lift up your heart, lift up your voice; Re-joice, a - gain I say, re - joice. A-men.

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and Heaven;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's Right Hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His Feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

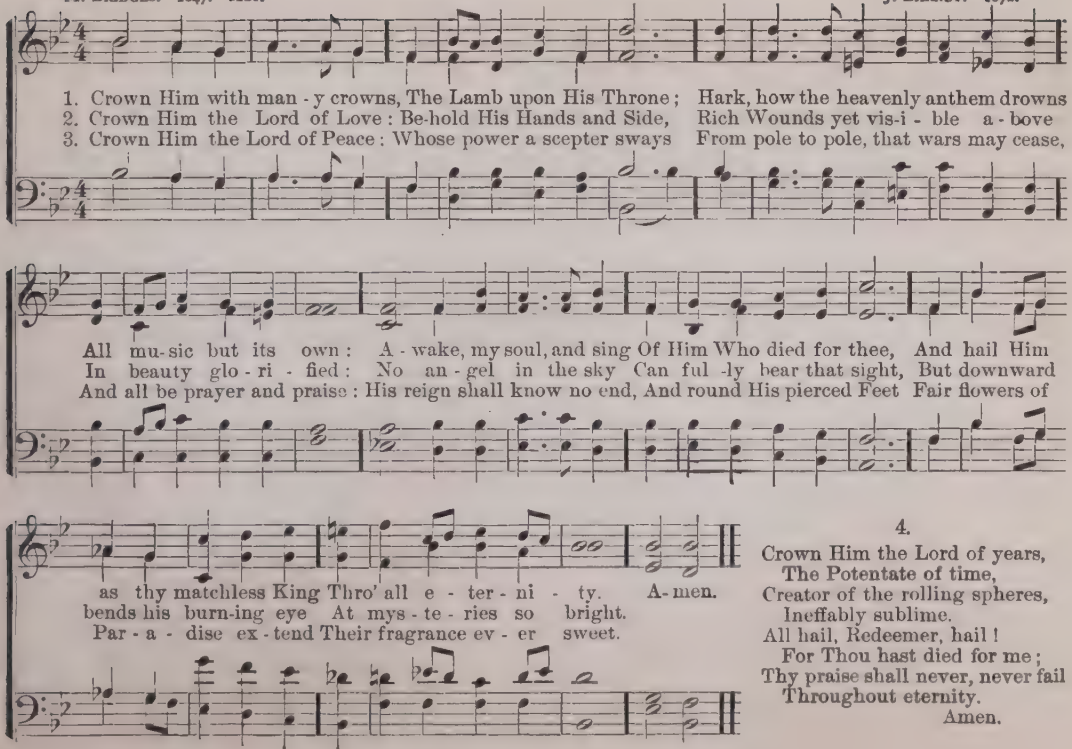
5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal Home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice! Amen.

59. DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

"*And upon His Head are many diadems.*"

M. Bridges. 1847. Abr. J. Barnby. 1872.


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb upon His Throne ; Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
2. Crown Him the Lord of Love : Be-hold His Hands and Side, Rich Wounds yet vis-i - ble a - bove
3. Crown Him the Lord of Peace : Whose power a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
All mu-sic but its own : A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee, And hail Him
In beauty glo - ri - fied : No an - gel in the sky Can ful -ly bear that sight, But downward
And all be prayer and praise : His reign shall know no end, And round His pierced Feet Fair flowers of
as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.
bends his burn-ing eye At mys - te - ries so bright.
Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.

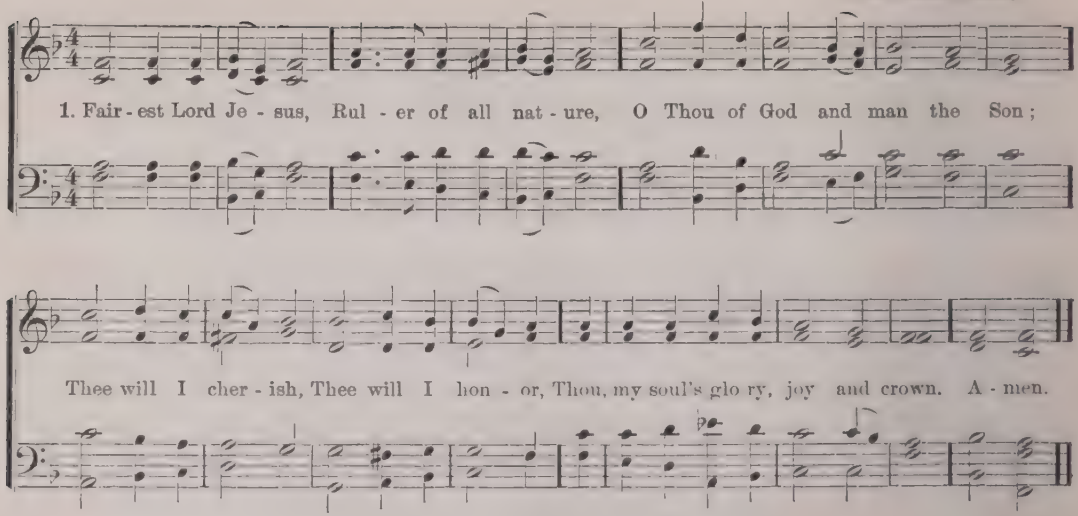
4.

Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.
Amen.

60. CRUSADER'S HYMN. I. M.

"They shall see the Glory of the Lord."

The Twelfth Century.


1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all nat - ure, O Thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo ry, joy and crown. A - men.

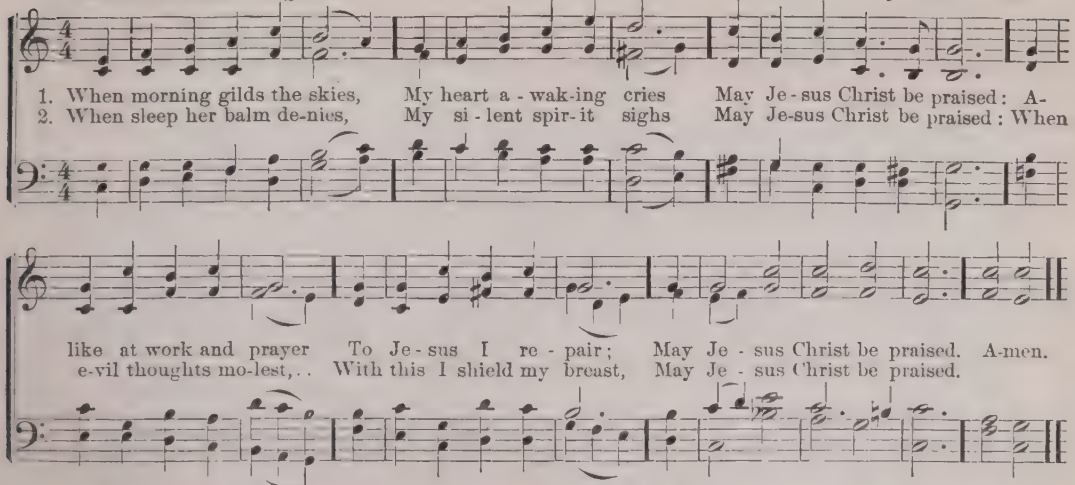
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host.
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels Heaven can boast. Amen.

61. LAUDES DOMINI. 6,6,6,6,6,6.

"*In everything give thanks.*"

The Rev. E. Caswall. 1849. Abr. J. Barnby. 1868.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries May Je - sus Christ be praised: A-
2. When sleep her balm de-nies, My si - lent spir-it sighs May Je-sus Christ be praised: When
like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-men.
e-vil thoughts mo-lest,. . With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

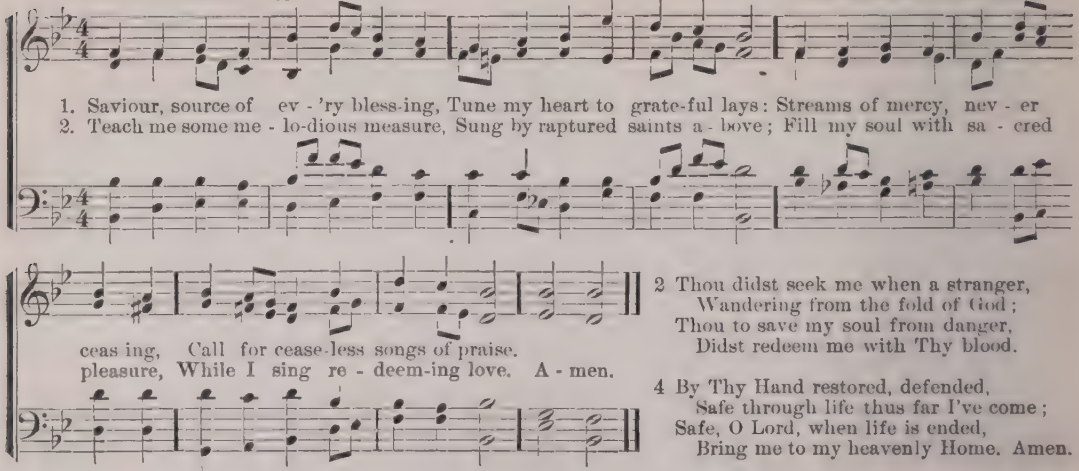
5 In Heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised. Amen.

62. TRUST. 8,7,8,7.

"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever."

The Rev. R. ROBINSON. 1758. F. MENDELSSOHN. From Op. 96.


1. Saviour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays: Streams of mercy, nev - er
2. Teach me some me - lo-dious measure, Sung by raptured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with sa - cred
ceas ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.
pleasure, While I sing re - deem-ing love. A - men.

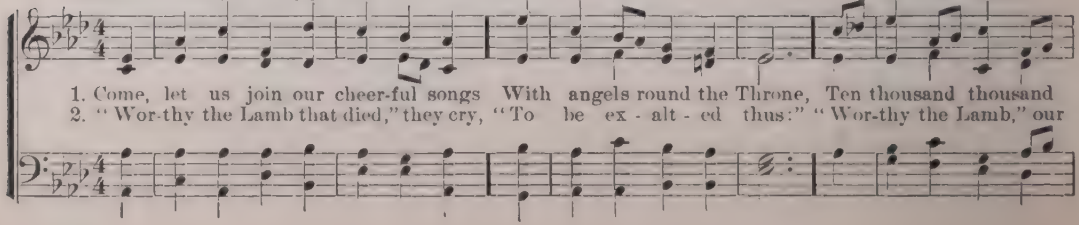
2 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy Hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly Home. Amen.

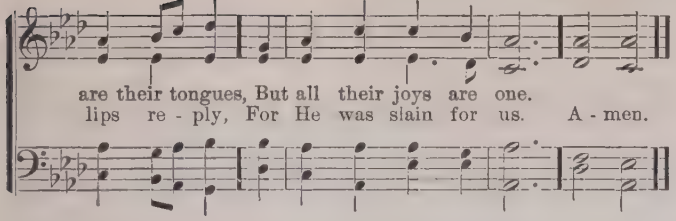
63. BRISTOL. C. M.

"To Him be glory and dominion."

The Rev. J. WATTS, D.D. 1709. Abr. E. HODGES, Mus. D.


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With angels round the Throne, Ten thousand thousand
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus:" "Wor-thy the Lamb," our

BRISTOL.—Concluded.



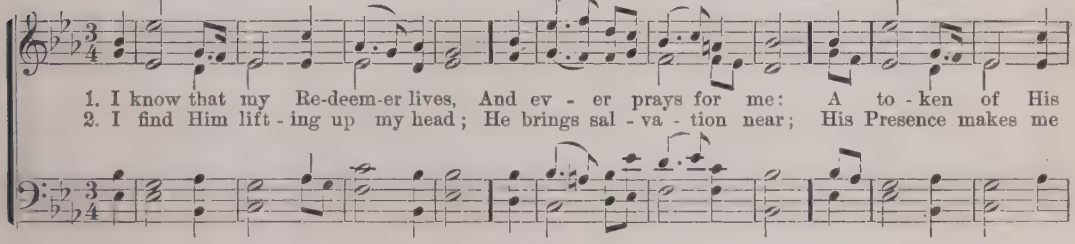
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

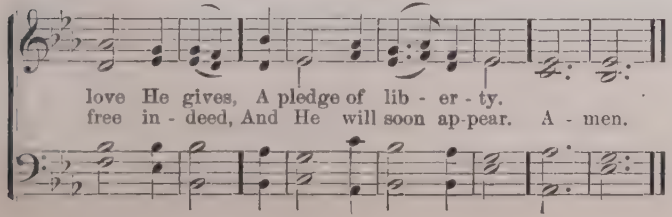
4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!
Amen.

64. MESSIAH. C. M.

"*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1742. Abr. G. F. Händel. "The Messiah." 1741.


1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me: A to - ken of His
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near; His Presence makes me



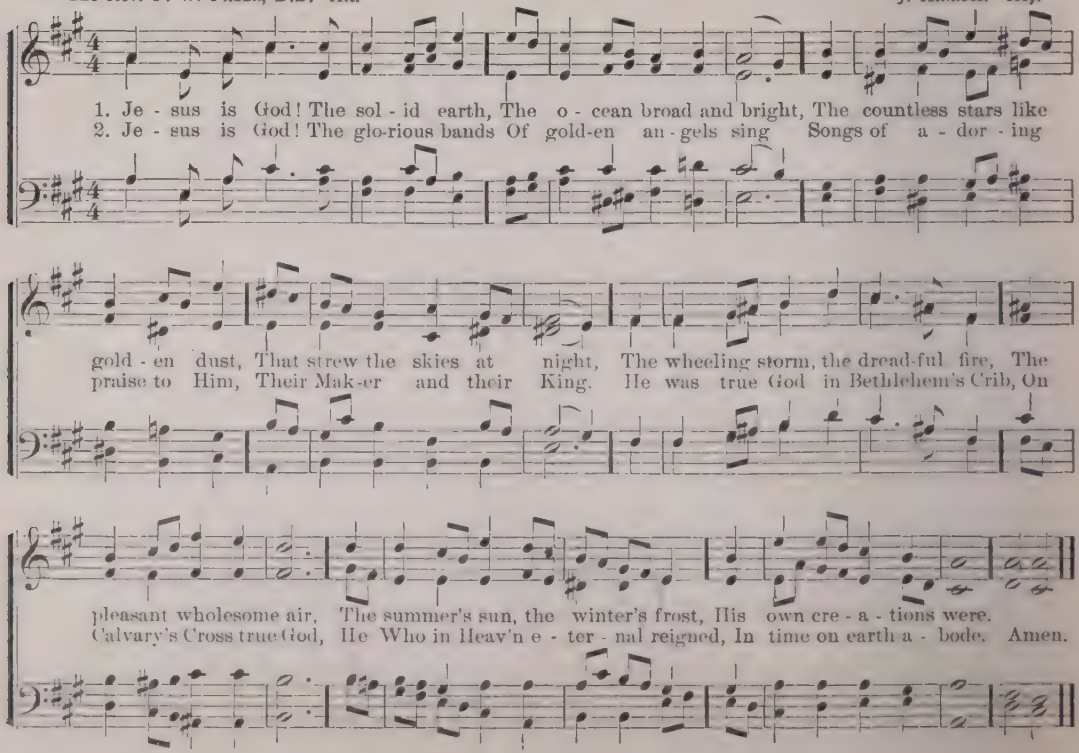
3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me,
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy Word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive. Amen.

65. SNARESBROOK. D. C. M.

"Jesus Christ, Who is the faithful Witness, and the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth."

The Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. Alt. J. Kinross. 1887.


1. Je - sus is God! The sol - id earth, The o - cean broad and bright, The countless stars like
2. Je - sus is God! The glo-rious bands Of gold-en an - gels sing Songs of a - dor - ing
gold - en dust, That strew the skies at night, The wheeling storm, the dread-ful fire, The
praise to Him, Their Mak-er and their King. He was true God in Bethlehem's Crib, On
pleasant wholesome air, The summer's sun, the winter's frost, His own cre - a - tions were.
Calvary's Cross true God, He Who in Heav'n e - ter - nal reigned, In time on earth a - bode. Amen.

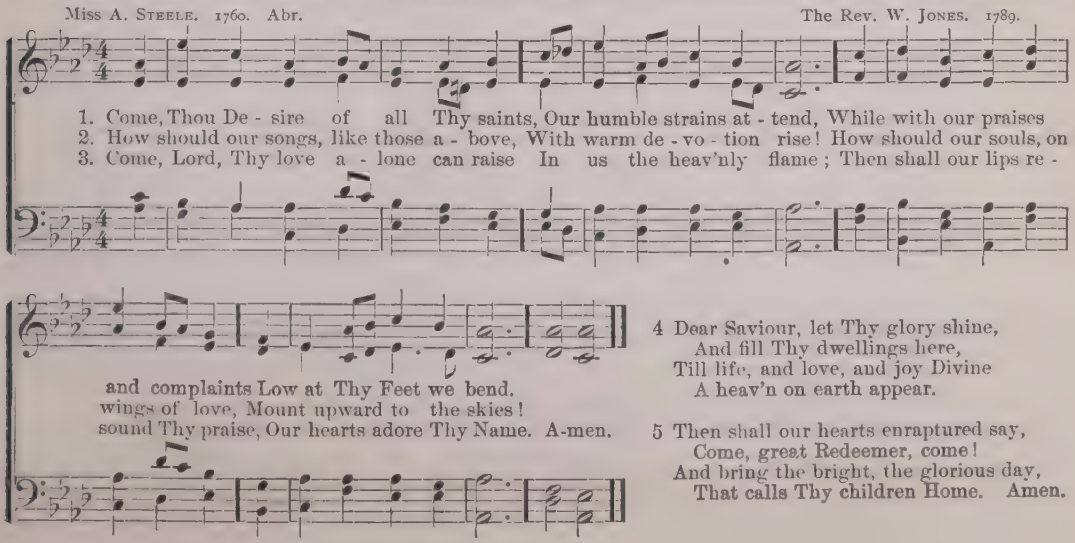
SNARESBROOK. Concluded.

3 Jesus is God! O, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
O, had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud!
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

4 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil.
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
If by that "I believe" we own
The Godhead of our Lord. Amen.

66. ST. STEPHEN (Nayland). C. M.

"And I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts."


Miss A. Steele. 1760. Abr.
The Rev. W. Jones. 1789.
1. Come, Thou De - sire of all Thy saints, Our humble strains at - tend, While with our praises
2. How should our songs, like those a - bove, With warm de - vo - tion rise! How should our souls, on
3. Come, Lord, Thy love a - lone can raise In us the heav'nly flame; Then shall our lips re -
and complaints Low at Thy Feet we bend.
wings of love, Mount upward to the skies!
sound Thy praise, Our hearts adore Thy Name. A-men.

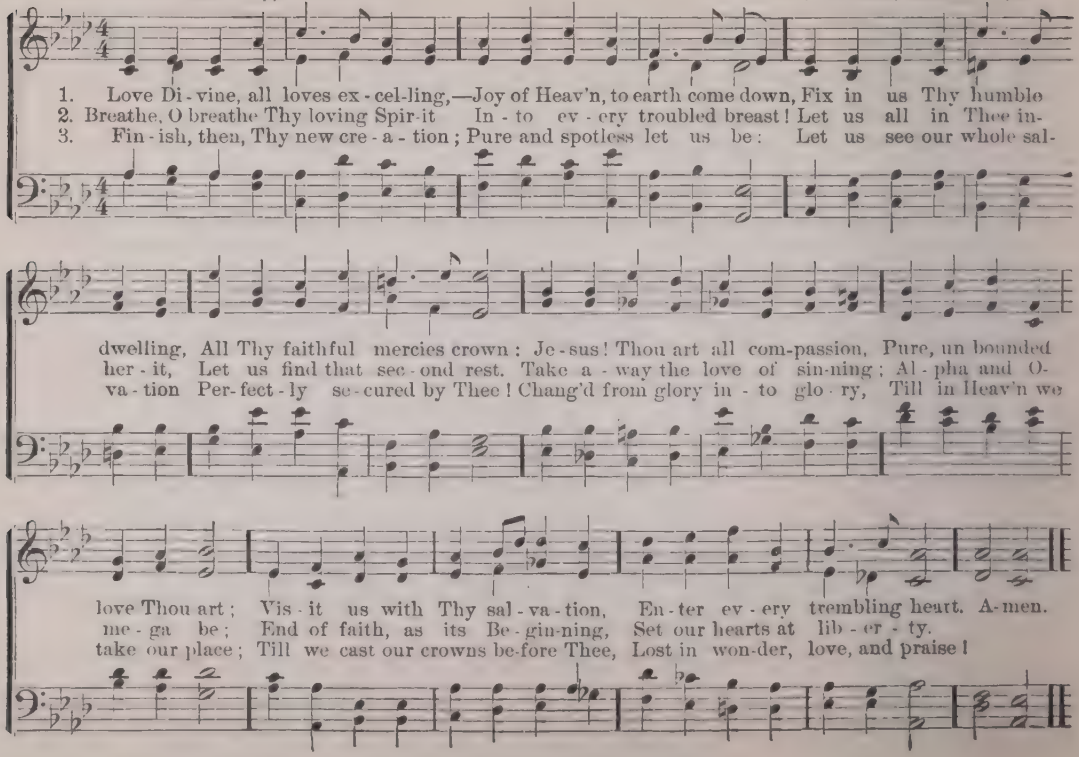
4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy Divine
A heav'n on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come!
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children Home. Amen.

67. ST. JOSEPH. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

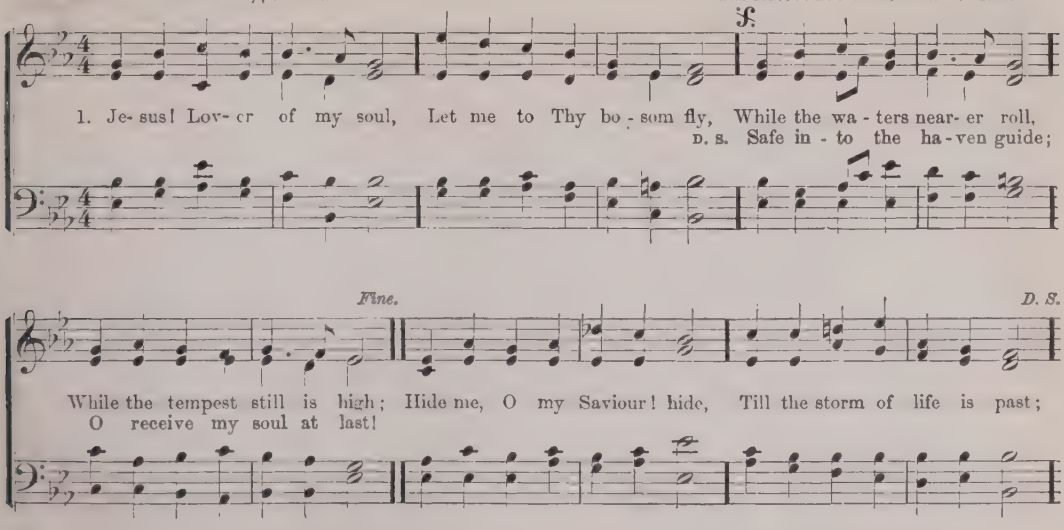
"*The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*"

The Rev. C. WESLEY. 1746. Abr. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. D. 1872.


1. Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cel-ling,—Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy humble
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir-it In - to ev - ery troubled breast! Let us all in Thee in-
3. Fin - ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spotless let us be: Let us see our whole sal-
dwelling, All Thy faithful mercies crown: Je - sus! Thou art all com-passion, Pure, un bounded
her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest. Take a - way the love of sin-ning; Al - pha and O-
va - tion Per-fect - ly se - cured by Thee! Chang'd from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we
love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A-men.
me - ga be; End of faith, as its Be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
take our place; Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise!

68. HOLLINGSHIDE. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

"Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1740. Abr. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1860.

1. Je- sus! Lov- er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the wa - ters near- er roll,
D. S. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide;
Fine.
D. S.
While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;
O receive my soul at last!

2.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

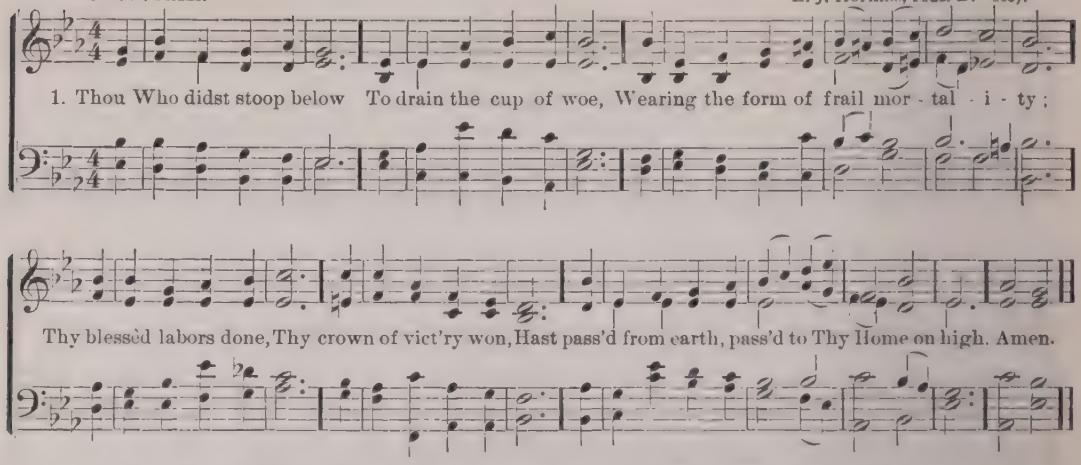
4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art:
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

69. OVERSTRAND. 6,6,10,6,6,10.

"God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself."

Miss S. E. Miles. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1887.


1. Thou Who didst stoop below To drain the cup of woe, Wearing the form of frail mor - tal - i - ty;
Thy blessèd labors done, Thy crown of vict'ry won, Hast pass'd from earth, pass'd to Thy Home on high. Amen.

2 It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

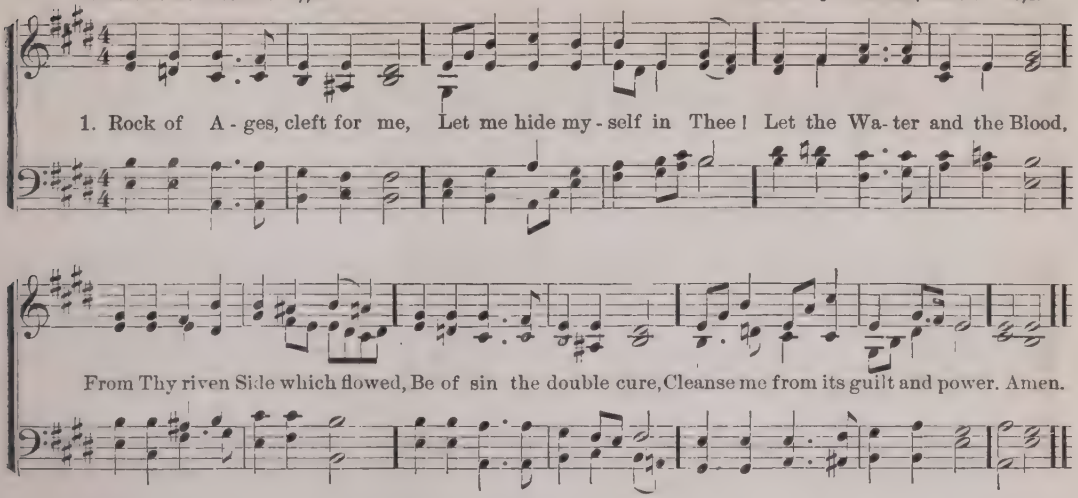
3 O Thou, Who art our Life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy Holy Head by earth's fierce storms was bowed.
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love,
Beam like the bow of promise through a cloud.

4 E'en through the awful gloom
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy path to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee. Amen.

70. ROCK OF AGES. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

"Lead me to the Rock That is higher than I."

The Rev. A. M. Toplady. 1776. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1872.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee! Let the Wa - ter and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. Amen.

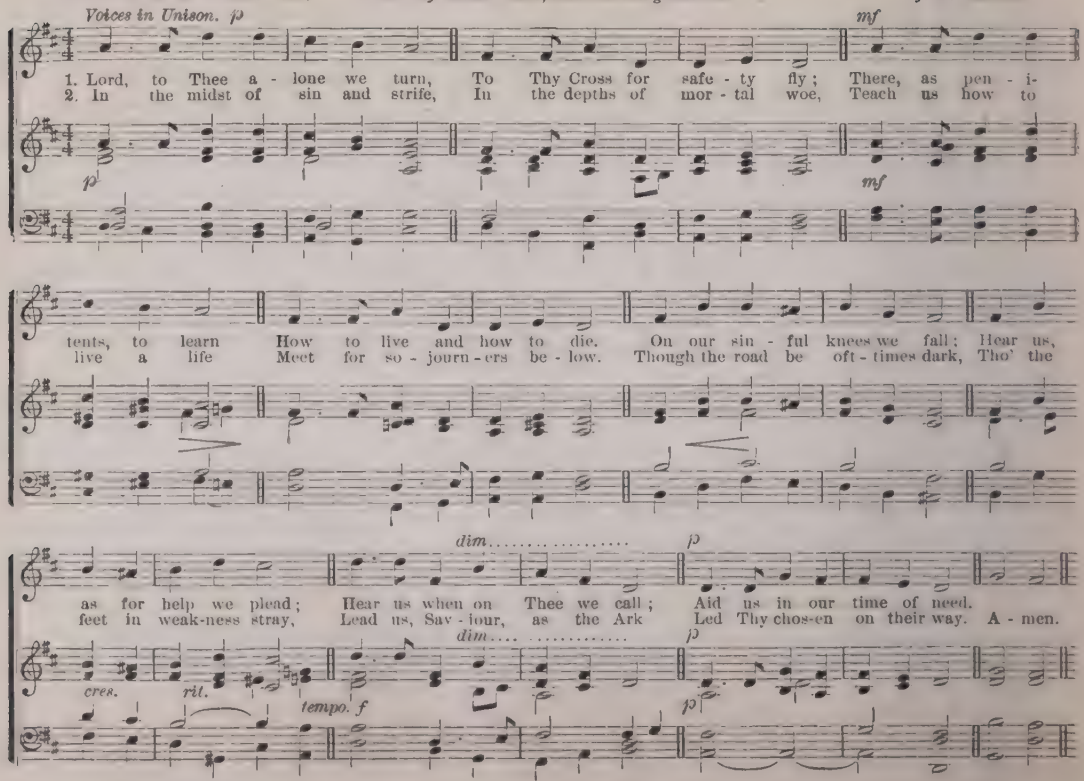
2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy Law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment Throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! Amen.

71. **RAMOTH.** 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

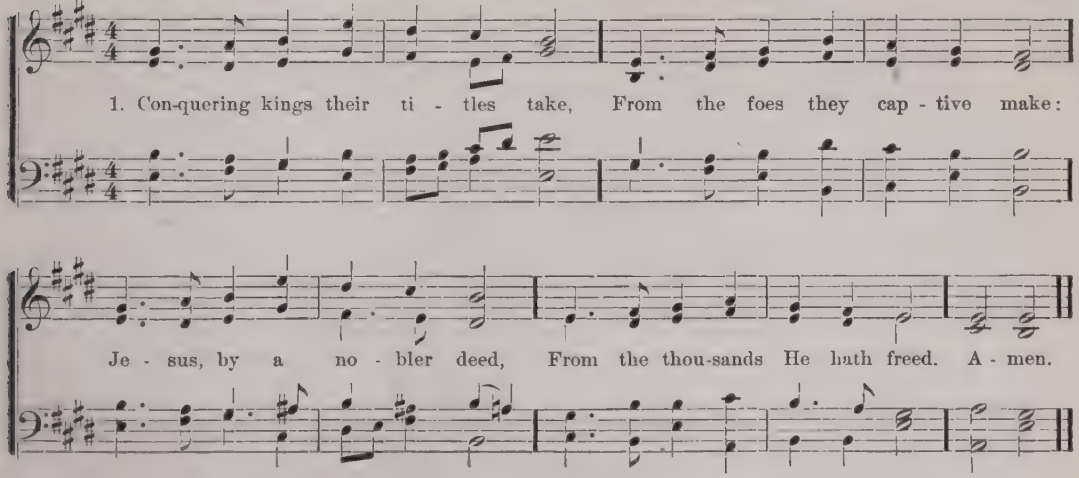
The Rev. A. E. Evans. Abr. "*For Thy Name's sake, lead me and guide me.*" J. B. Calkin.


Voices in Unison. p
mf
1. Lord, to Thee a - lone we turn, To Thy Cross for safe - ty fly; There, as pen - i-
2. In the midst of sin and strife, In the depths of mor - tal woe, Teach us how to
p
mf
tents, to learn How to live and how to die. On our sin - ful knees we fall; Hear us,
live a life Meet for so - journ - ers be - low. Though the road be oft - times dark, Tho' the
dim.
p
as for help we plead; Hear us when on Thee we call; Aid us in our time of need.
feet in weak-ness stray, Lead us, Sav - iour, as the Ark Led Thy chos-en on their way. A - men.
dim.
p
cres.
rit.
tempo. f
p

72. INNOCENTS (Durham). 7,7,7,7.

"Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Paris Breviary. 1726? *Tr.* The Rev. J. CHANDLER. 1837. Alt. Ascribed to G. B. PERGOLESI (PERGOLESE).


1. Con-quering kings their ti - tles take, From the foes they cap - tive make:
Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thou-sands He hath freed. A - men.

2 Yes; none other Name is given
Unto mortals under Heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away?

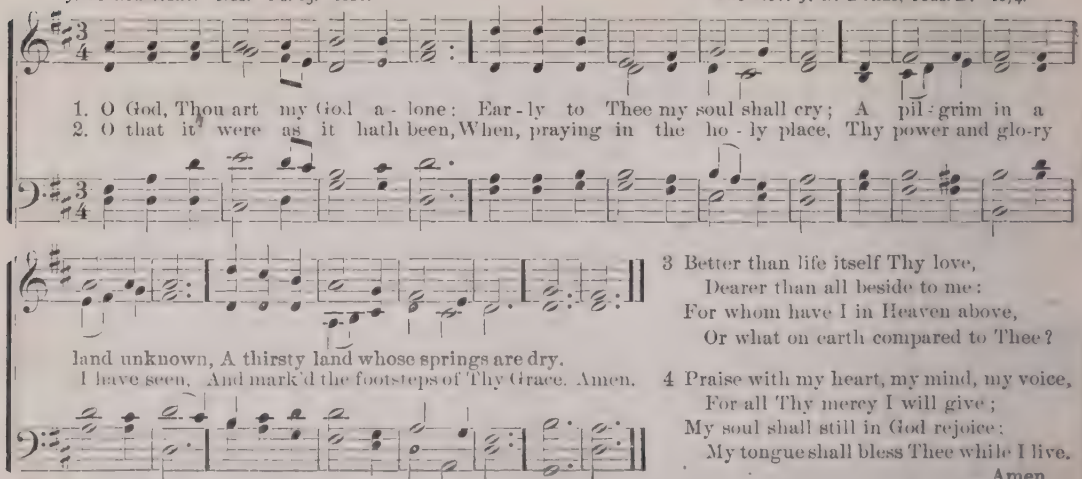
4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death, but victory.

5 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day. Amen.

73. RIVAULX. L. M.

"O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee."

J. Montgomery. 1822. Ps. 63. Abr. — The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1874.


1. O God, Thou art my God a - lone: Ear - ly to Thee my soul shall cry; A pil - grim in a
2. O that it were as it hath been, When, praying in the ho - ly place, Thy power and glo-ry
land unknown, A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
I have seen, And mark'd the footsteps of Thy Grace. Amen.

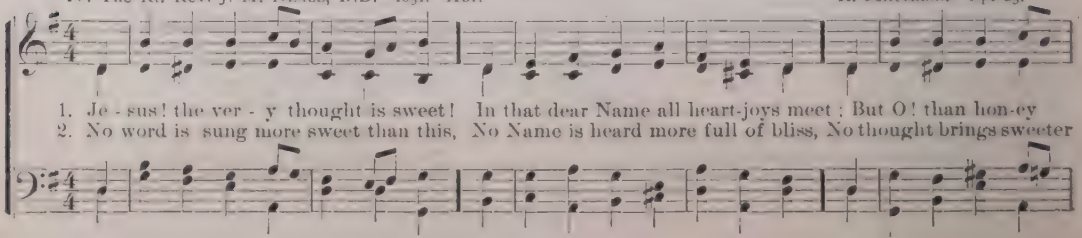
3 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me:
For whom have I in Heaven above,
Or what on earth compared to Thee?

4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice:
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.
Amen.

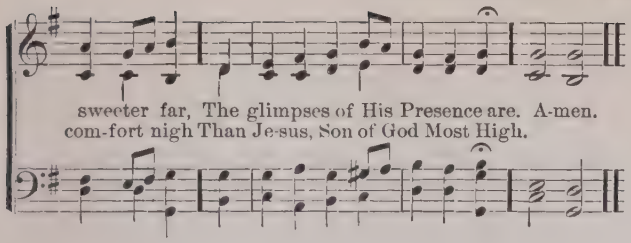
74. CANONBURY. L. M.

"There is none other Name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Tr. The Rt. Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. 1851. Abr. — R. Schumann. Op. 23.


1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet! In that dear Name all heart-joys meet; But O! than hon-ey
2. No word is sung more sweet than this, No Name is heard more full of bliss, No thought brings sweeter

CANONBURY. Concluded.



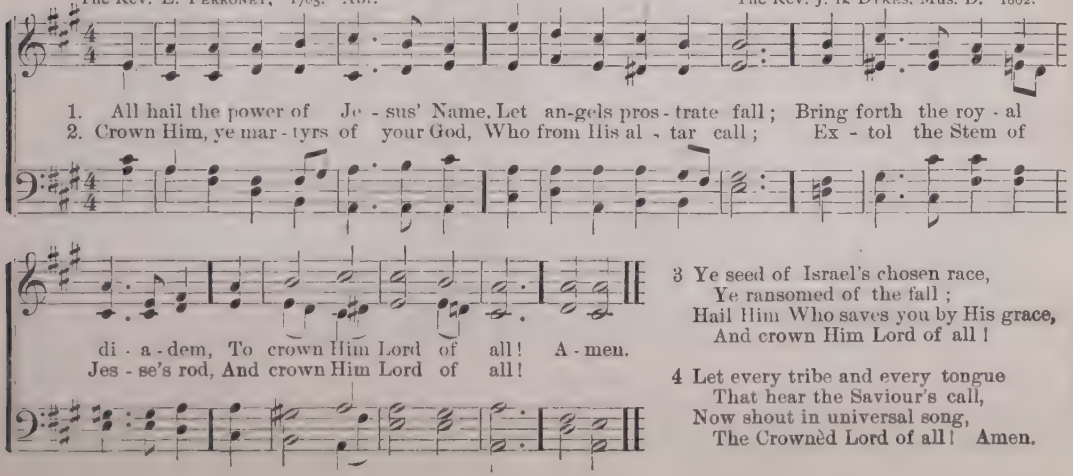
3 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write the blessedness,
Alone who hath Thee in His heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.

4 Remain with us, O Lord, to-day,
In every heart Thy grace display,
That now the shades of night are fled,
On Thee our spirits may be fed. Amen.

75. LAUD. C. M.

"*We see Jesus, crowned with glory and honor.*"

The Rev. E. Perronet, 1785. Abr. — The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1862.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name, Let an-gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of your God, Who from His al - tar call; Ex - tol the Stem of
di - a - dem, To crown Him Lord of all! A - men.
Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!

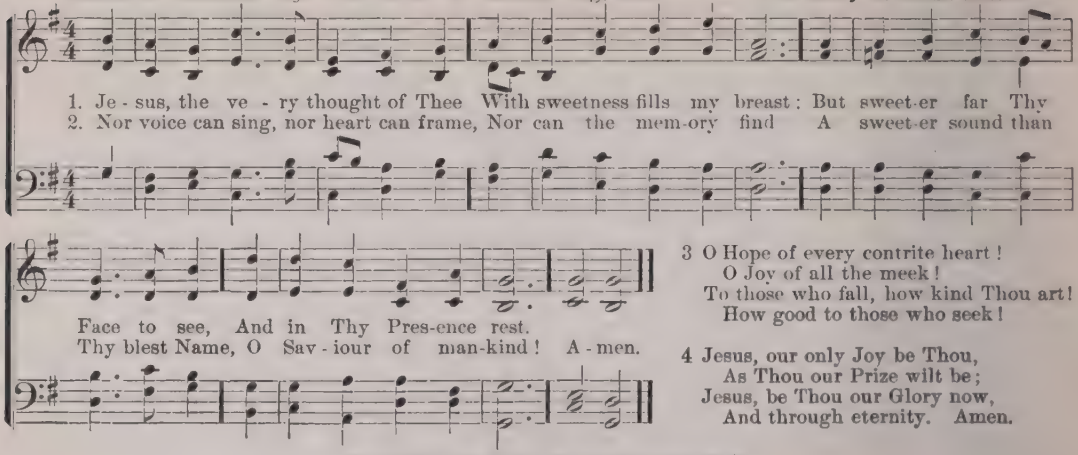
3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall;
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every tribe and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The Crownèd Lord of all! Amen.

76. DULCIS MEMORIA. C. M.

"*Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.*"

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. 1130. *Tr.* The Rev. E. CASWALL. 1849. Abr. The Rev. J. B. DYKES. Mus. D.


1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast: But sweet-er far Thy
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ory find A sweet-er sound than
Face to see, And in Thy Pres-ence rest.
Thy blest Name, O Sav - iour of man-kind! A - men.

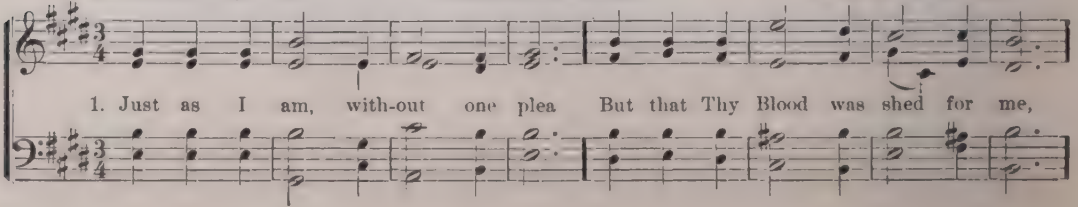
3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

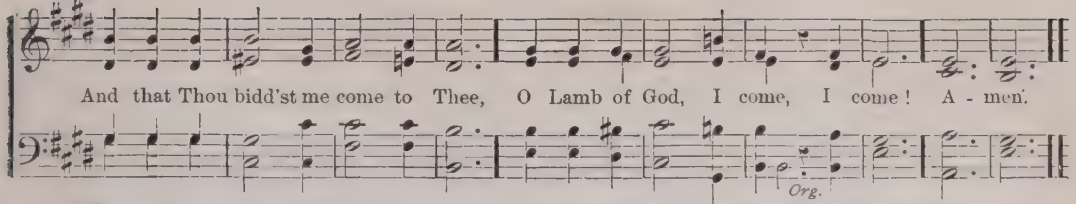
4 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

The orginal Latin Hymn, "Jesu dulcis memoria."

77. PASCAL. 8,8,8,6.

Miss C. ELLIOTT. 1836. Abr. "*Behold the Lamb of God.*" Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus. D.





2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

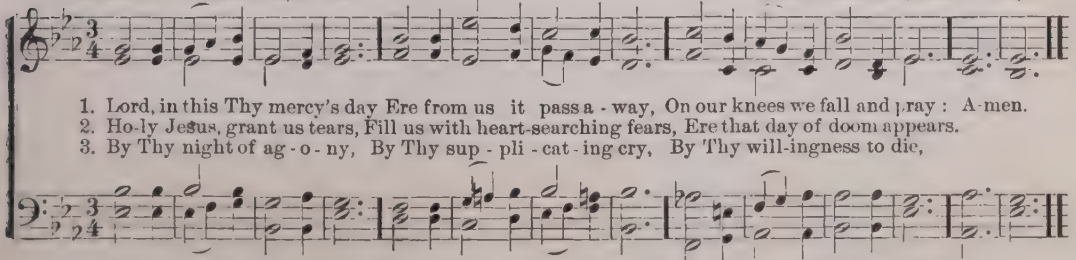
4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! Amen.

78. PENITENTE. 7,7,7.

"*O God, in the multitude of Thy mercy hear me, in the truth of Thy salvation.*"

The Rev. I. Williams. 1842. Abr. Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. 1872.


1. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day Ere from us it pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray: A-men.
2. Ho-ly Jesus, grant us tears, Fill us with heart-searching fears, Ere that day of doom appears.
3. By Thy night of ag - o - ny, By Thy sup - pli - cat - ing cry, By Thy will-ingness to die,

4 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

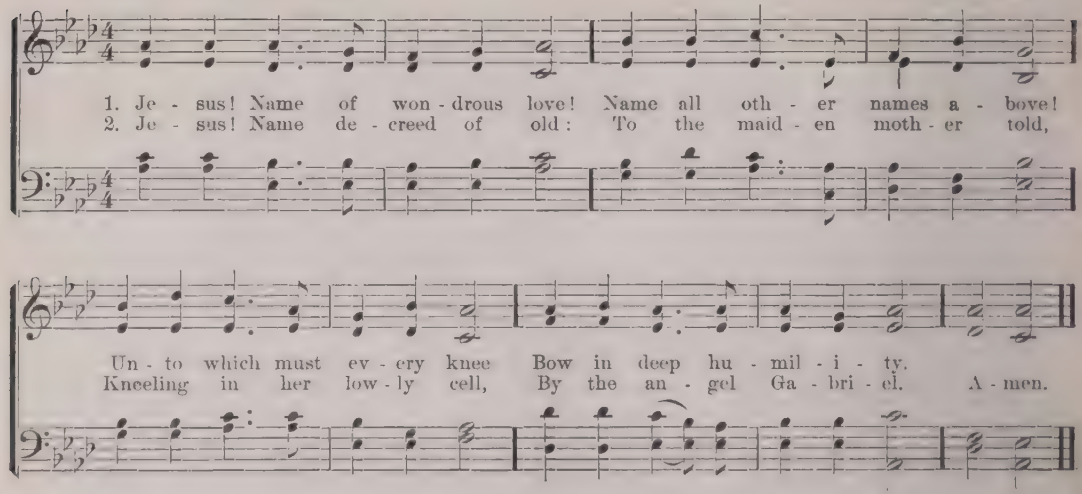
5 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close forevermore.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy Face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.
Amen.

79. ST. BEES.. 7,7,7,7.

"None other Name is given under Heaven whereby we must be saved."

The Rt. Rev. W. W. How. 1854. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1874.


1. Je - sus! Name of won - drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove!
2. Je - sus! Name de - creed of old: To the maid - en moth - er told,
Un - to which must ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
Kneeling in her low - ly cell, By the an - gel Ga - bri - el. A - men.

3 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall His people save."

4 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

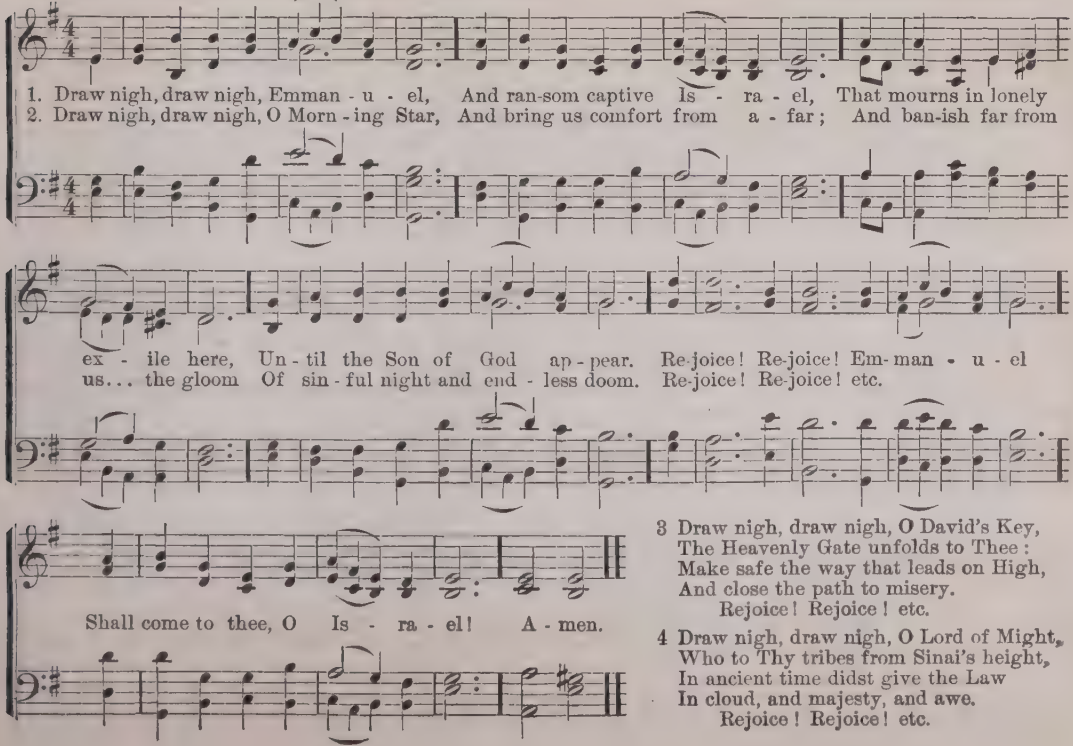
5 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty Heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. **Amen.**

80. VENI, EMMANUEL. 8,8,8,8,8,8.

"*The Redeemer shall come to Zion.*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1851. Slightly altered. Abr. Ancient melody. 13th century.


1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emman - u - el, And ran-som captive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lonely
2. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn - ing Star, And bring us comfort from a - far; And ban-ish far from
ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man - u - el
us... the gloom Of sin - ful night and end - less doom. Re-joice! Re-joice! etc.
Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

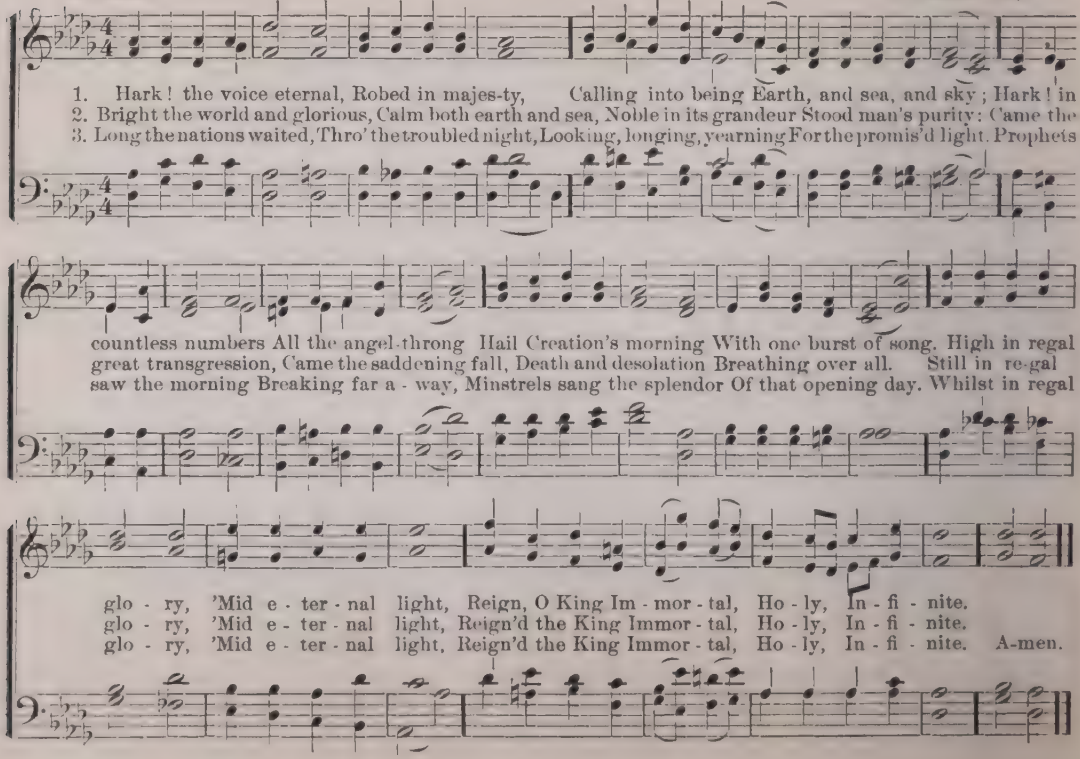
3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The Heavenly Gate unfolds to Thee:
Make safe the way that leads on High,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes from Sinai's height,
In ancient time didst give the Law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! etc.

81. OSWESTRY. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory for ever and ever, Amen."

G. JULIAN. H. LESLIE. 1887.


1. Hark! the voice eternal, Robed in majes-ty, Calling into being Earth, and sea, and sky; Hark! in
2. Bright the world and glorious, Calm both earth and sea, Noble in its grandeur Stood man's purity: Came the
3. Long the nations waited, Thro' the troubled night, Looking, longing, yearning For the promis'd light. Prophets
countless numbers All the angel-throng Hail Creation's morning With one burst of song. High in regal
great transgression, Came the saddening fall, Death and desolation Breathing over all. Still in re-gal
saw the morning Breaking far a - way, Minstrels sang the splendor Of that opening day. Whilst in regal
glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reign, O King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite.
glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reign'd the King Immor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite.
glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reign'd the King Immor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite. A-men.

OSWESTRY. Concluded.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

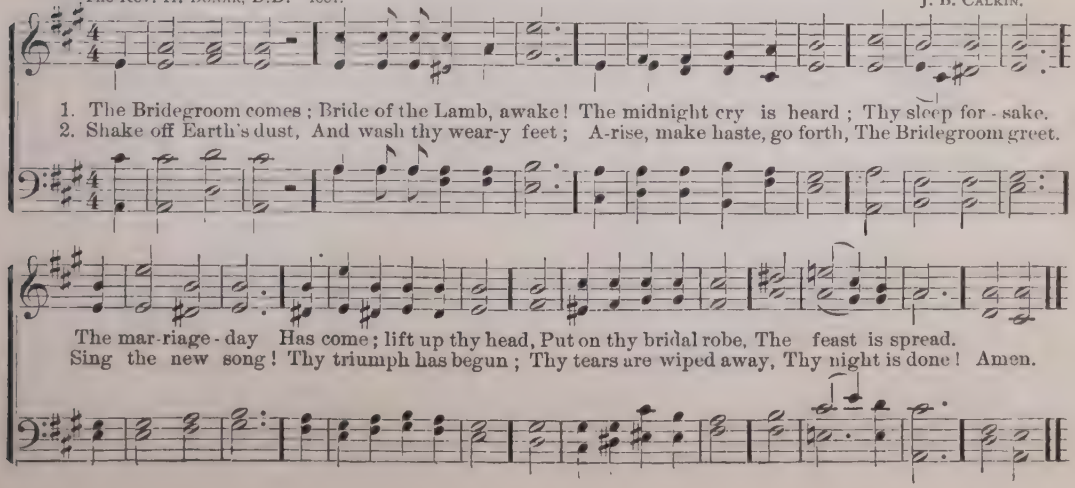
5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy Feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping.
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honor
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite. Amen.

82. WINCHCOMBE. 4,6,6,4,4,6,6,4.

"*And at midnight there was a cry made; Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.*"

The Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. 1861. J. B. Calkin.

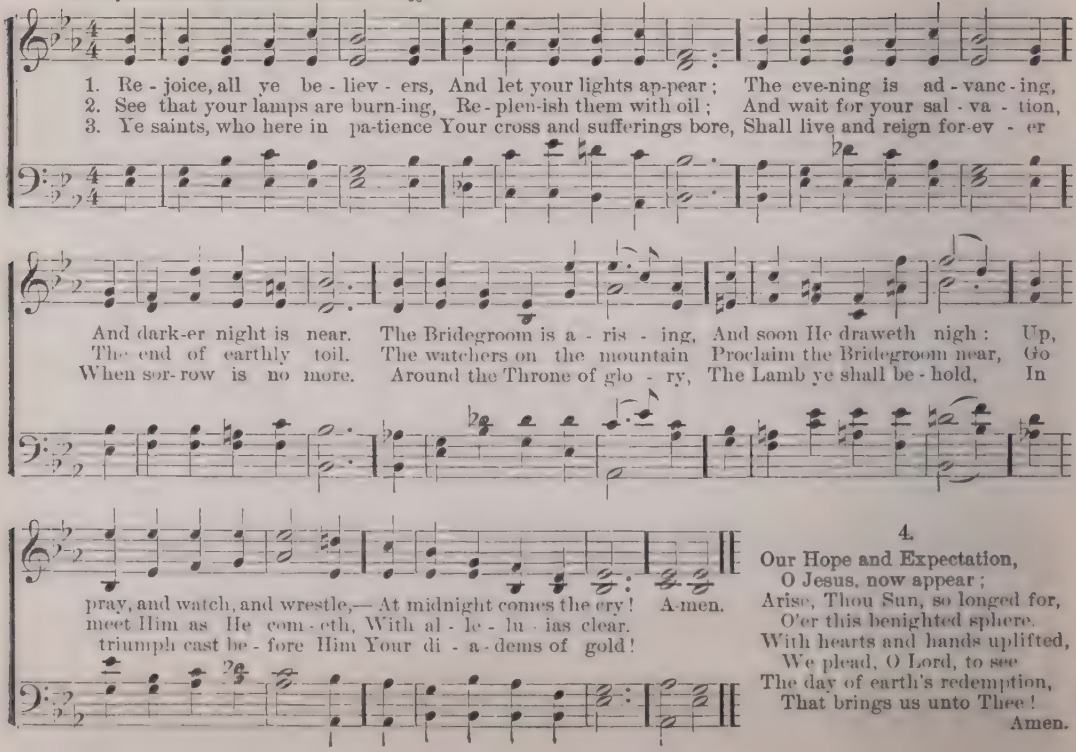

1. The Bridegroom comes; Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for-sake.
2. Shake off Earth's dust, And wash thy wear-y feet; A-rise, make haste, go forth, The Bridegroom greet.
The mar-riage-day Has come; lift up thy head, Put on thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.
Sing the new song! Thy triumph has begun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! Amen.

83. LANCASHIRE. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

Tr. Miss Jane Borthwick, or Mrs. Eric Findlater, in "Hymns from the Land of Luther." 1853.

H. Smart.


1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning is ad - vanc - ing,
2. See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re - plen-ish them with oil; And wait for your sal - va - tion,
3. Ye saints, who here in pa-tience Your cross and sufferings bore, Shall live and reign for-ev - er
And dark-er night is near. The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draweth nigh: Up,
The end of earthly toil. The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near, Go
When sor-row is no more. Around the Throne of glo - ry, The Lamb ye shall be - hold, In
pray, and watch, and wrestle,— At midnight comes the cry! A-men.
meet Him as He com - eth, With al - le - lu - ias clear.
triumph cast be - fore Him Your di - a - dems of gold!

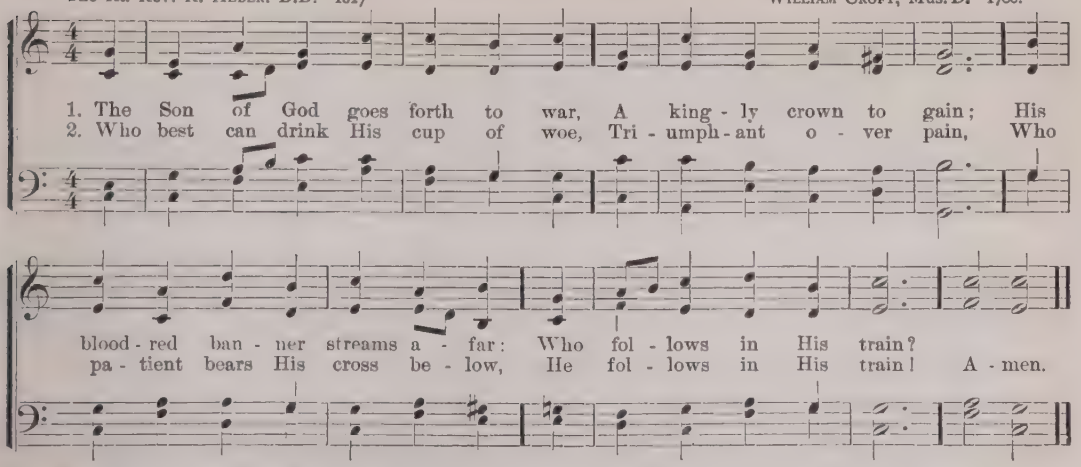
4.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!
Amen.

ST. ANNE. C. M.

"We have made known unto you, the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Rt. Rev. R. Heber. D.D. 1827 — William Croft, Mus. D. 1708.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His
2. Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain, Who
blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train! A - men.

3 The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

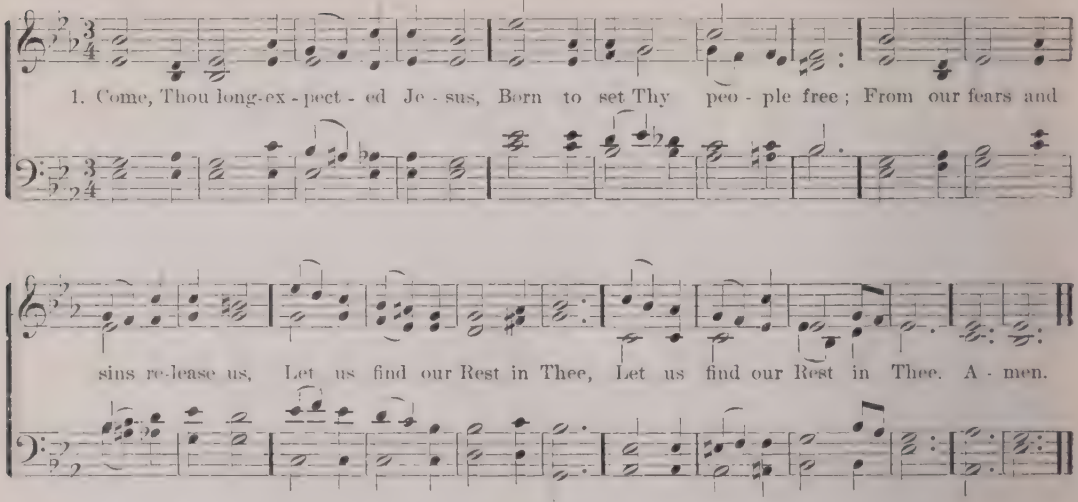
7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

8 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! Amen.

85. EXPECTATION. 8,7,8,7.

"Blessed is He That cometh in the Name of the Lord."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1744. F. Mendelssohn. From Op. 96.


1. Come, Thou long-ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free; From our fears and
sins re-lease us, Let us find our Rest in Thee, Let us find our Rest in Thee. A - men.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

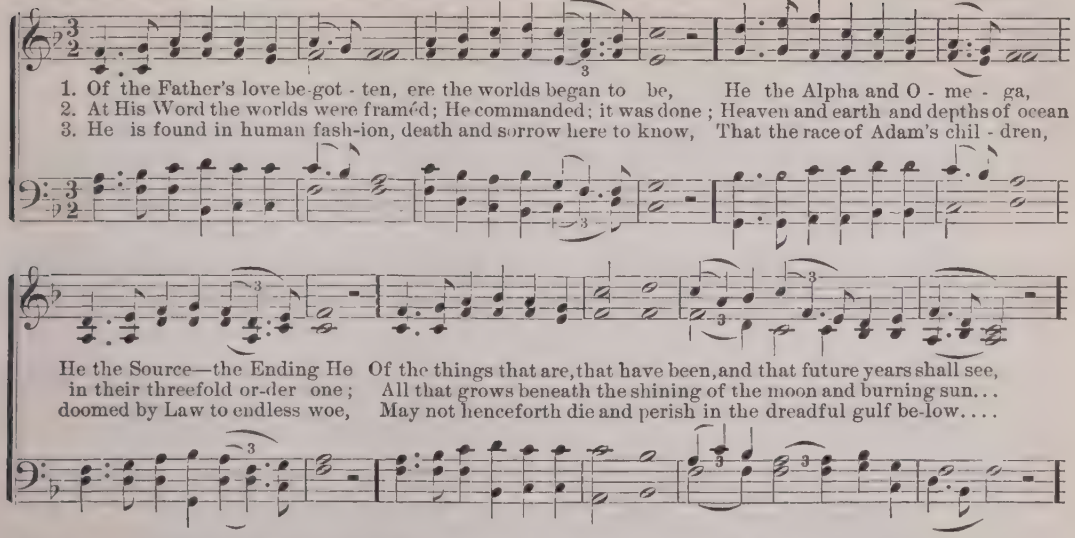
3 Born, Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring;

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious Throne. Amen.

86. CORDE NATUS. 15,15,15,7.

"*God was manifest in the flesh.*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and the Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. 1861. Abr. Ancient Melody.


1. Of the Father's love be-got - ten, ere the worlds began to be, He the Alpha and O - me - ga,
2. At His Word the worlds were framed; He commanded; it was done; Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
3. He is found in human fash-ion, death and sorrow here to know, That the race of Adam's chil - dren,
He the Source—the Ending He Of the things that are, that have been, and that future years shall see,
in their threefold or-der one; All that grows beneath the shining of the moon and burning sun...
doomed by Law to endless woe, May not henceforth die and perish in the dreadful gulf be-low....
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

4.

This is He Whom seers in old time chanted of with one accord!
Whom the voices of the Prophets promised in their faithful word:
Now He shines, the Long-Expected; let Creation praise its Lord
Evermore and evermore!

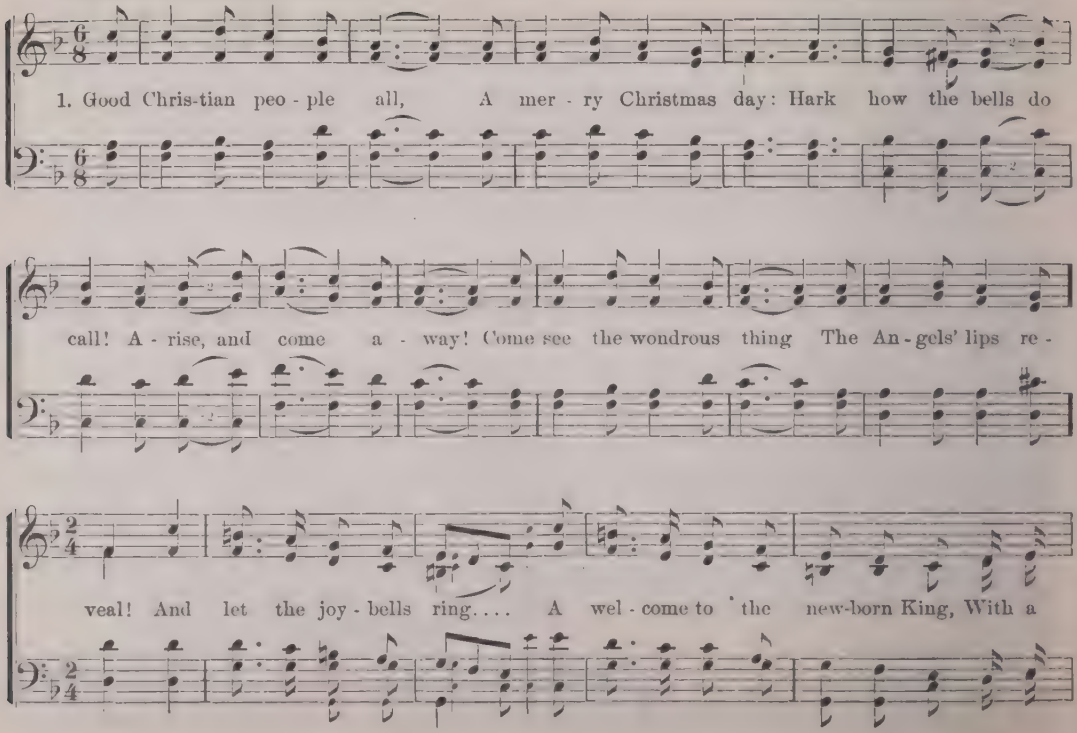
5.

O ye heights of Heaven adore Him! Angel hosts His praises sing!
All dominions bow before Him, and extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent, every voice in concert ring
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

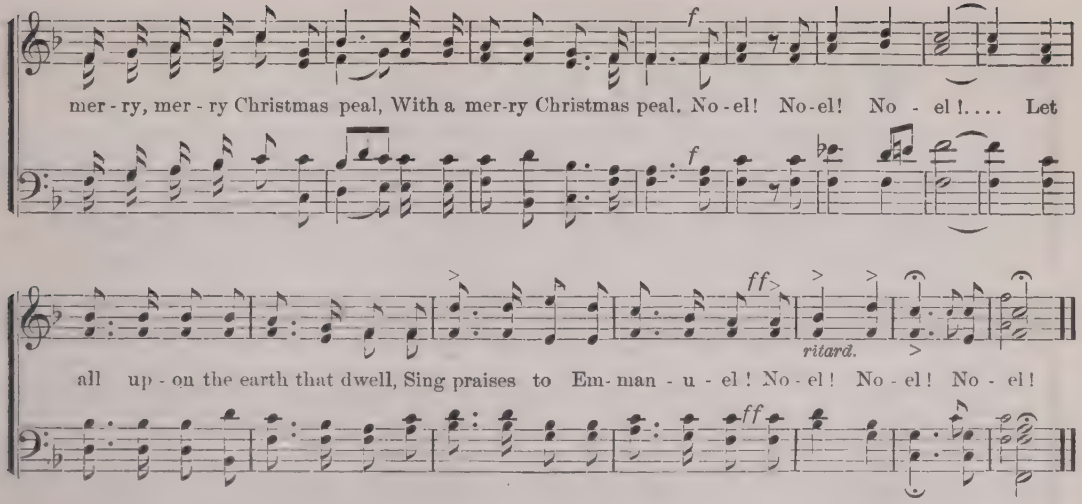
87. ST. ZACHARIAS. I. M.

"*Thou shalt call His Name Jesus.*"

The Rev. E. Haskins, M.A. 1877. H. G. Trembath, Mus. D. 1877.


1. Good Chris-tian peo - ple all, A mer - ry Christmas day: Hark how the bells do
call! A - rise, and come a - way! Come see the wondrous thing The An - gels' lips re -
veal! And let the joy - bells ring.... A wel - come to the new-born King, With a

ST. ZACHARIAS.—Concluded.


mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas peal, With a mer-ry Christmas peal. No-el! No-el! No - el!.... Let
all up - on the earth that dwell, Sing praises to Em- man - u - el! No-el! No - el! No - el!
ritard.

2 O, praise the King of Heaven!
For on this blessèd morn
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born!
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

3 Springs forth a fruitful rod
From Jesse's royal stem,
And Christ, Incarnate God,
Is born in Bethlehem.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

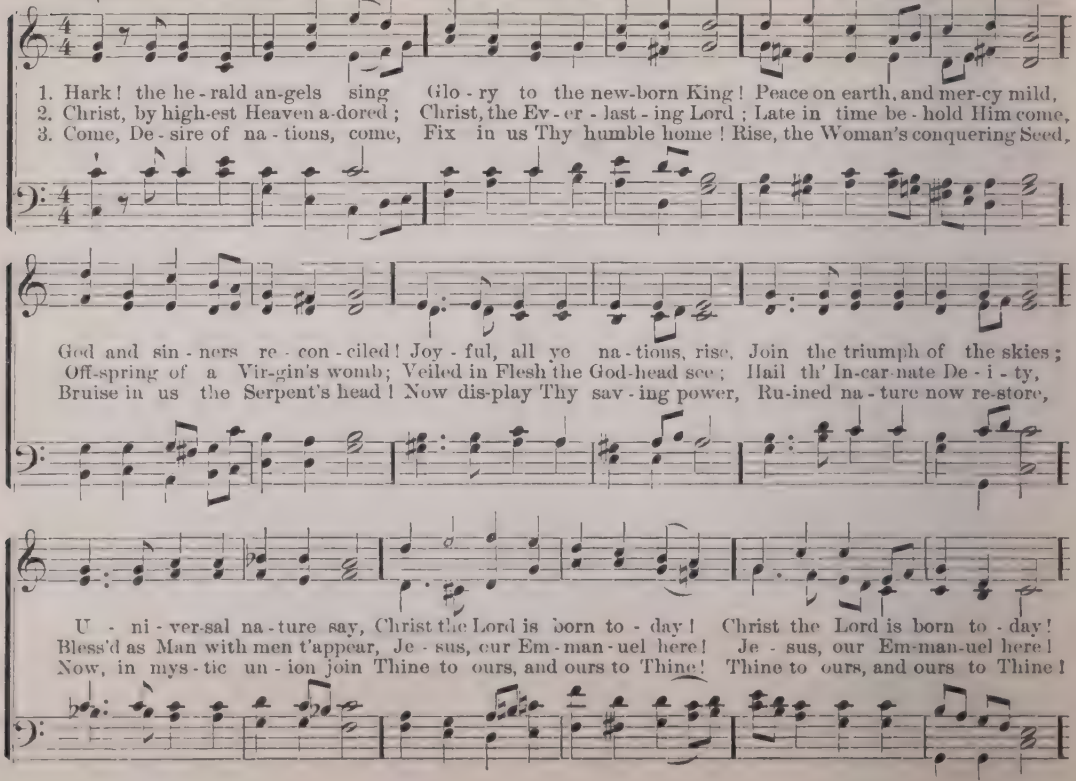
4 Enwrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,
Behold Him, by Whose Hands
The heavens and earth were made.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

5 The darkness now is past,
The light of life doth shine,
The day hath dawned at last,
Behold the appointed sign.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

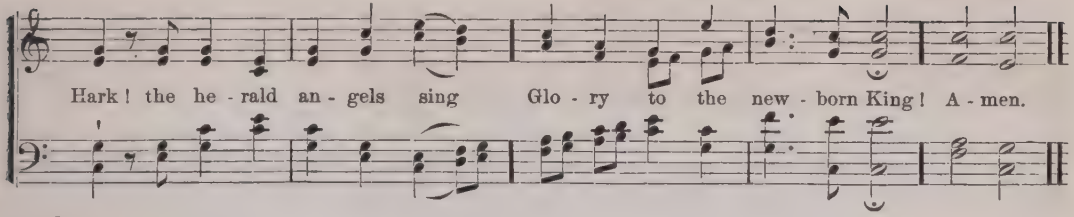
88. BETHLEHEM. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God."

The Rev. C. WESLEY, 1739. Altered by the Rev. M. MADAN. Abr. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1867.

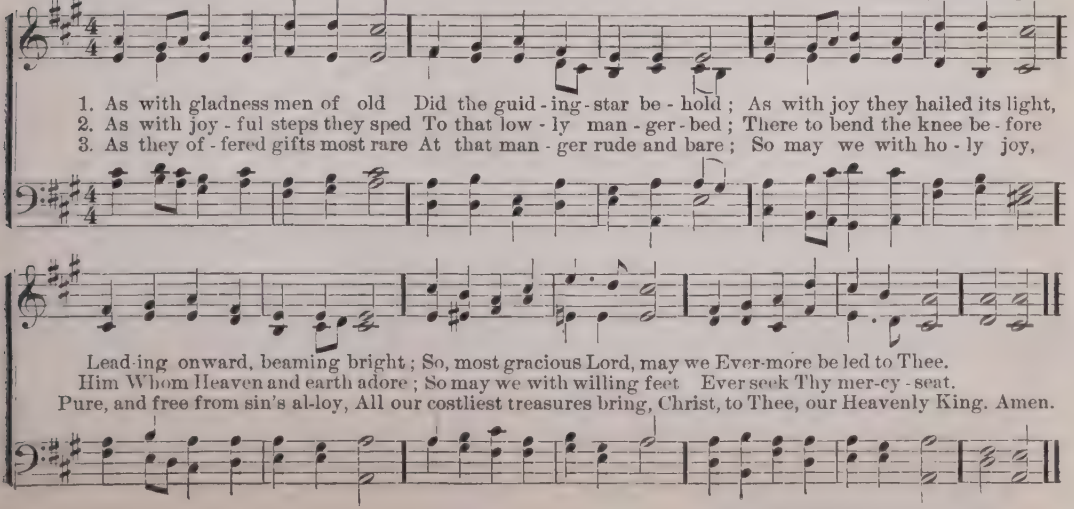

1. Hark! the he - rald an-gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild,
2. Christ, by high-est Heaven a-dored; Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be - hold Him come,
3. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy humble home! Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
Off-spring of a Vir-gin's womb; Veiled in Flesh the God-head see; Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head! Now dis-play Thy sav - ing power, Ru-ined na - ture now re-store,
U - ni - ver-sal na - ture say, Christ the Lord is born to - day! Christ the Lord is born to - day!
Bless'd as Man with men t'appear, Je - sus, our Em - man - uel here! Je - sus, our Em-man-uel here!
Now, in mys - tic un - ion join Thine to ours, and ours to Thine! Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

BETHLEHEM. Concluded.



89. DIX. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

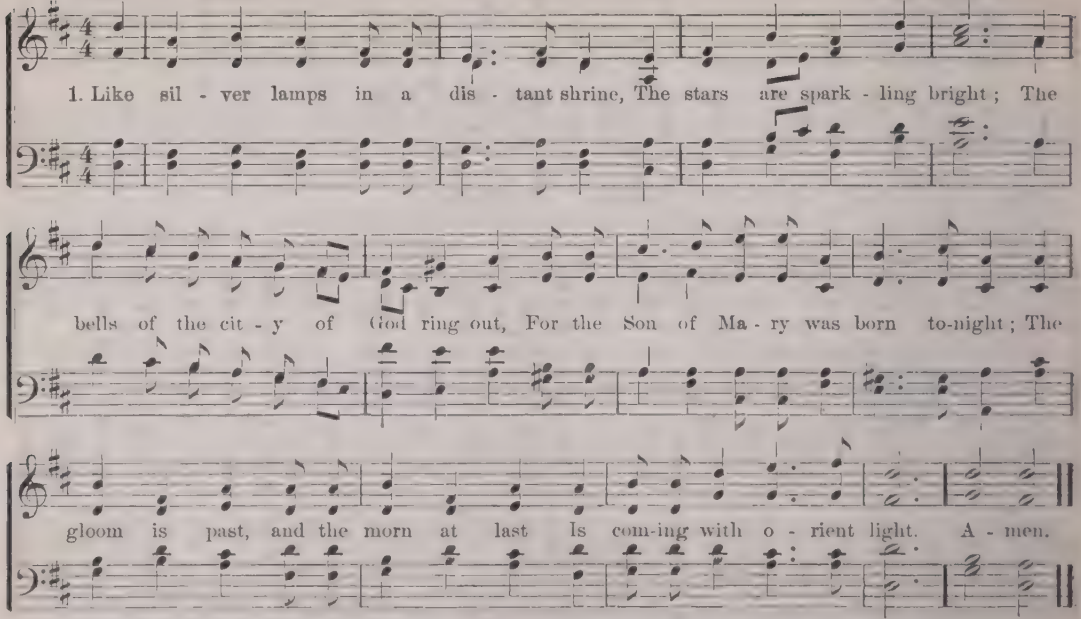
"And when they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."


W. C. Dix. 1859. Abr.
C. Kocher, Ph.D. 1838.
1. As with gladness men of old Did the guid - ing - star be - hold; As with joy they hailed its light,
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed; There to bend the knee be - fore
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger rude and bare; So may we with ho - ly joy,
Lead - ing onward, beaming bright; So, most gracious Lord, may we Ever-more be led to Thee.
Him Whom Heaven and earth adore; So may we with willing feet Ever seek Thy mer-cy - seat.
Pure, and free from sin's al-loy, All our costliest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King. Amen.

90. ST. STEPHEN THE MARTYR. I. M.

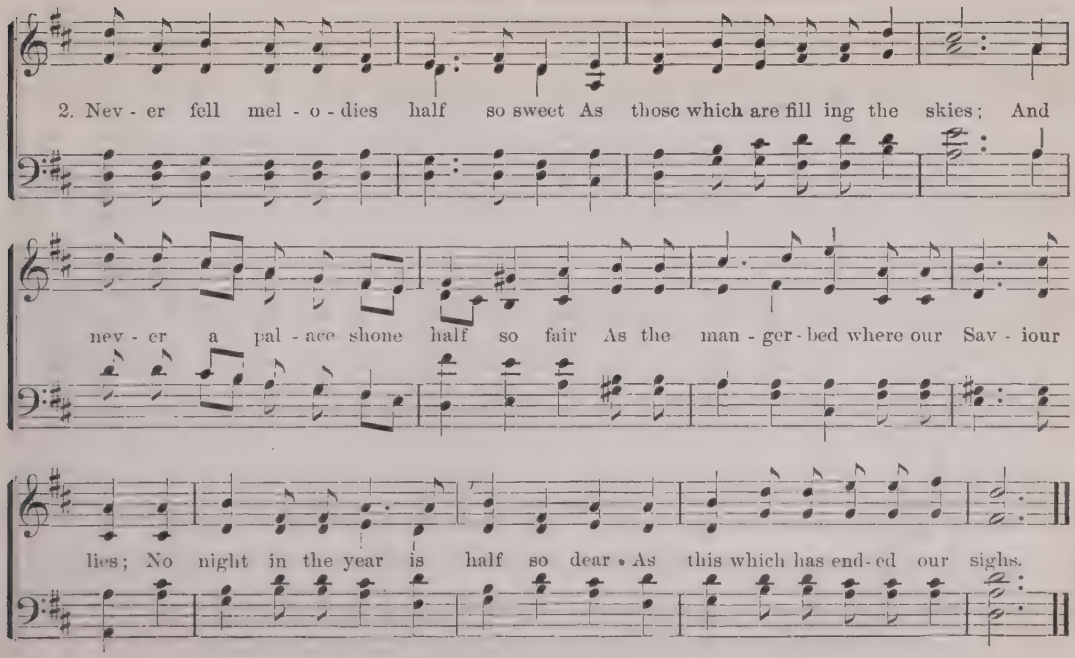
"His Name shall be called Wonderful."

The Rev. H. R. Bramley. C. Steggall, Mus. D.


1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling bright; The
bells of the cit - y of God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was born to-night; The
gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com-ing with o - rient light. A - men.

4 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the City of God peal out,
And the Angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

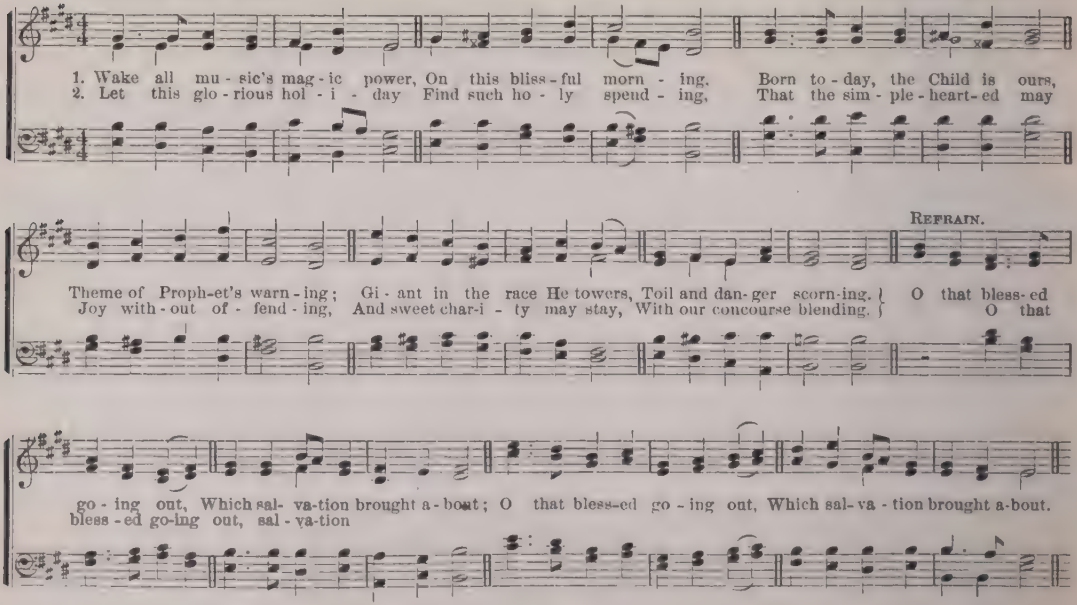
5 Faith sees no longer the stable-floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there;
The clear light of Heaven streams out to the world:
And Angels of God are crowding the air;
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless Birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair. Amen.

ST. STEPHEN THE MARTYR.—Concluded.

2. Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As those which are fill ing the skies; And
nev - er a pal - ace shone half so fair As the man - ger - bed where our Sav - iour
lies; No night in the year is half so dear As this which has end - ed our sighs.

3 Now a new Power has come on the earth,
A match for the armies of Hell:
A Child is born Who shall conquer the foe,
And all the spirits of wickedness quell;
For Mary's Son is the Mighty One
Whom the prophets of God foretell.

91. CHRISTMAS DAY. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7.

Tr. The Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY. "*The Prince of Peace.*" Sir J. STAINER, Mus. D.


1. Wake all mu - sic's mag - ic power, On this bliss - ful morn - ing, Born to - day, the Child is ours,
2. Let this glo - rious hol - i - day Find such ho - ly spend - ing, That the sim - ple - heart - ed may
REFRAIN.
Theme of Proph-et's warn - ing; Gi - ant in the race He towers, Toil and dan-ger scorn-ing. } O that bless-ed
Joy with - out of - fend - ing, And sweet char-i - ty may stay, With our concourse blending. } O that
go - ing out, Which sal- va-tion brought a - bout; O that bless-ed go - ing out, Which sal-va - tion brought a-bout.
bless - ed go-ing out, sal - va-tion

3 Give we glory to this Feast,
For man's restoration:
Now the guilty is released,
Freed from condemnation:
By the widow's son deceased,
See Elisha's station!

REFRAIN—O that blessed, etc.

4 O how bright is this day made,
Day with radiance glowing.
Which the Light of Light displayed,
Light in darkness showing:
Chasing thus death's gloomy shade,
Brightness o'er us throwing!

REFRAIN—O that blessed, etc.

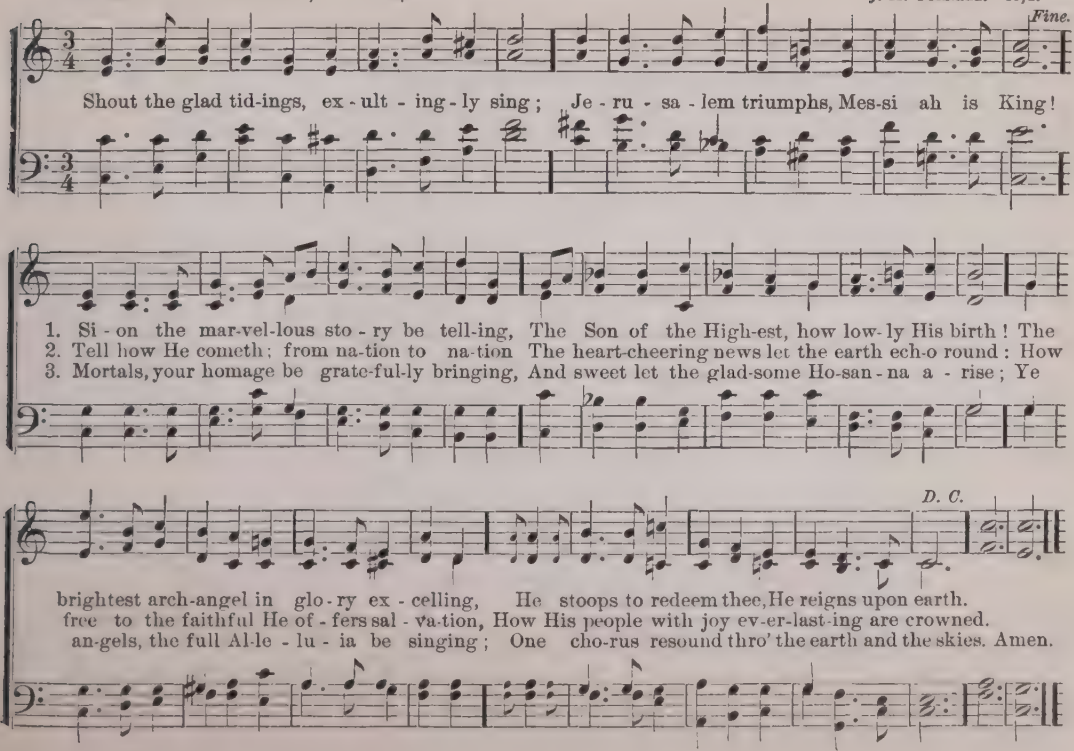
5 Risen to-day in splendor bright,
Shining to all ages,
Beams the Sun, whose distant light
Touched the Prophet's pages:
Now, to end the reign of night,
Christ His power engages.

REFRAIN—O that blessed, etc.

92. **TRIUMPH.** 10,11,11,11,12,11.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

The Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D.D. 1824. J. H. CORNELL. 1872.


Fine.
Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King!
1. Si-on the mar-vel-lous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the High-est, how low-ly His birth! The
2. Tell how He cometh; from na-tion to na-tion The heart-cheering news let the earth ech-o round: How
3. Mortals, your homage be grate-ful-ly bringing, And sweet let the glad-some Ho-san-na a-rise; Ye
D. C.
bright-est arch-angel in glo-ry ex-celling, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
free to the faithful He of-fers sal-va-tion, How His people with joy ev-er-last-ing are crowned.
an-gels, the full Al-le-lu-ia be singing; One cho-rus resound thro' the earth and the skies. Amen.

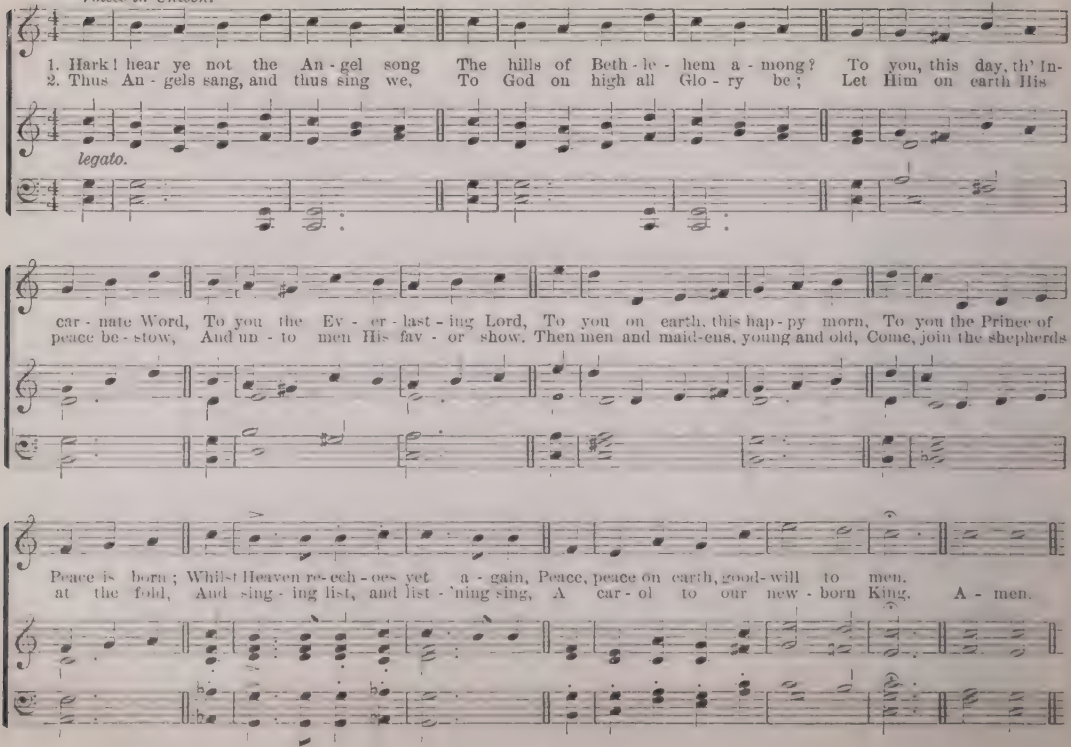
93.

ST. SALOME. L. M. D.

"On earth peace, good-will to men."

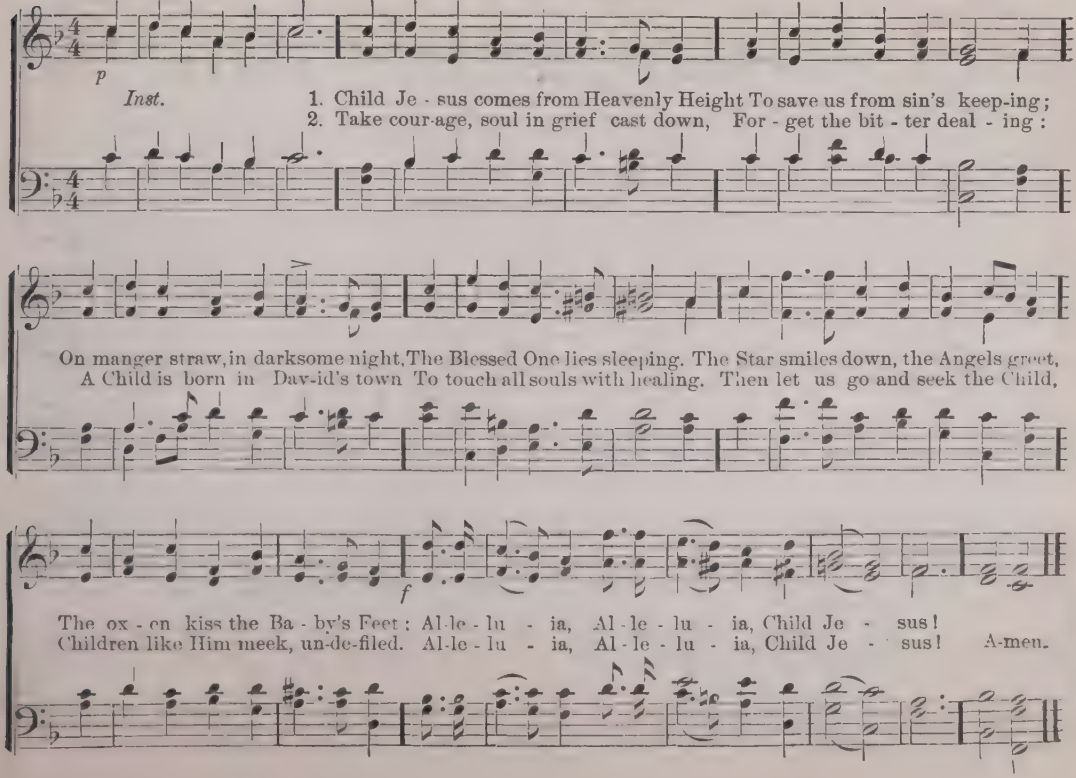
The Rev. Godfrey Thring. J. W. Elliott.

Voices in Unison.


1. Hark! hear ye not the An - gel song The hills of Beth - le - hem a - mong? To you, this day, th' In-
2. Thus An - gels sang, and thus sing we, To God on high all Glo - ry be; Let Him on earth His
legato.
car - nate Word, To you the Ev - er - last - ing Lord, To you on earth, this hap - py morn, To you the Prince of
peace be - stow, And un - to men His fav - or show. Then men and maid-ens, young and old, Come, join the shepherds
Peace is born; Whilst Heaven re-ech - oes yet a - gain, Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men.
at the fold, And sing - ing list, and list - 'ning sing, A car - ol to our new - born King. A - men.

94. **CHRISTMAS CAROL.** 8,7,8,7,8,8,11.

H. C. ANDERSEN. *"The Babe lying in a manger."* N. W. GADE.


p
Inst.
1. Child Je - sus comes from Heavenly Height To save us from sin's keep-ing;
2. Take cour-age, soul in grief cast down, For - get the bit - ter deal - ing:
On manger straw, in darksome night, The Blessed One lies sleeping. The Star smiles down, the Angels greet,
A Child is born in Dav-id's town To touch all souls with healing. Then let us go and seek the Child,
f
The ox - en kiss the Ba - by's Feet: Al-le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Child Je - sus!
Children like Him meek, un-de-filed. Al-le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Child Je - sus! A-men.

95.

ST. INNOCENTS. I. M.

"There were shepherds abiding in the fields."

The Ven. Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D.

John Farmer

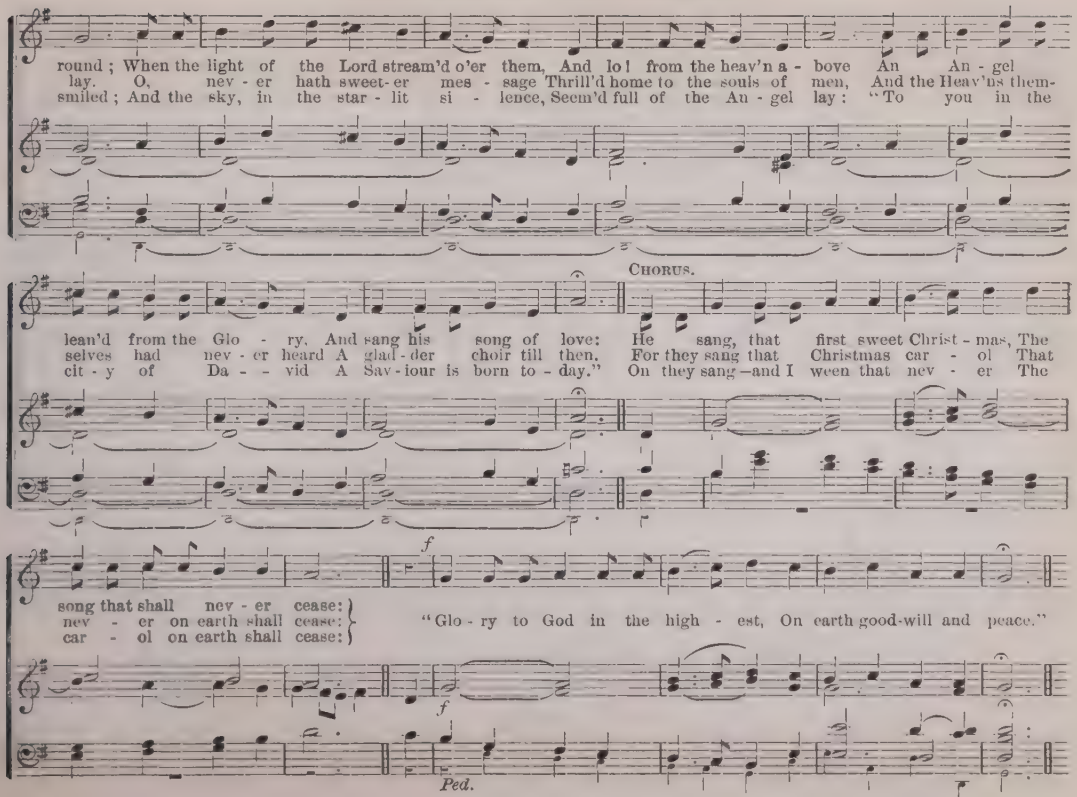
Allegretto.

p sempre legato.

Ped.

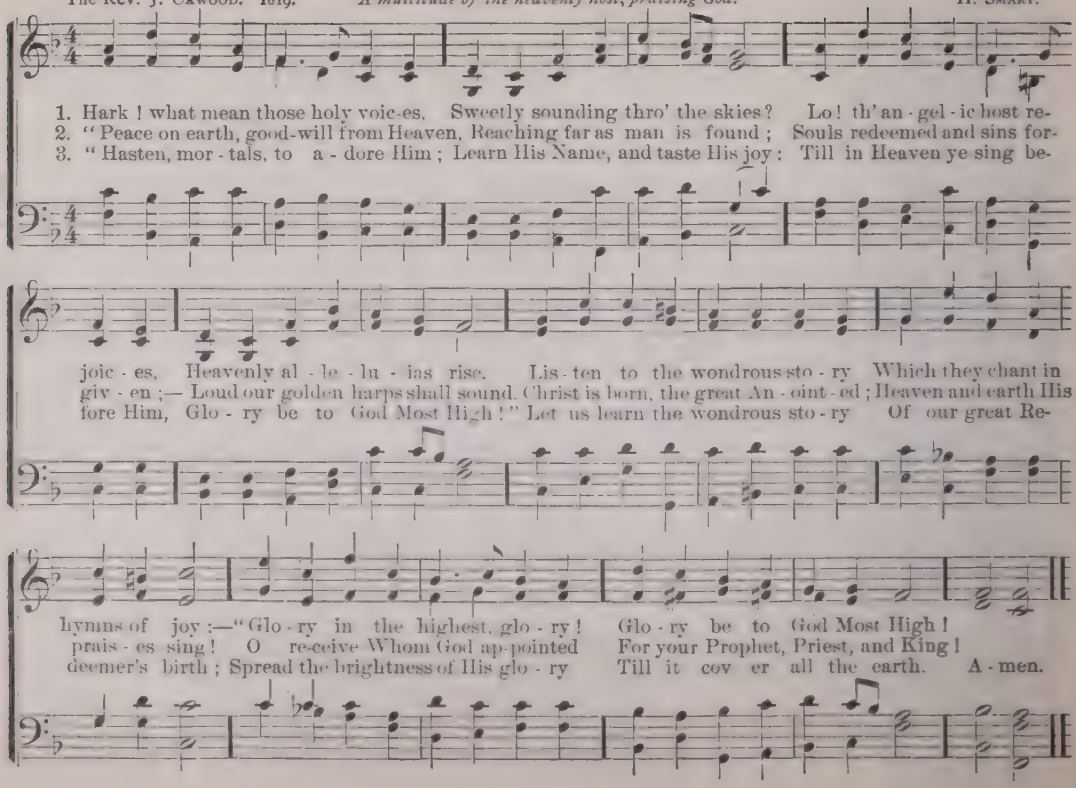
For One or More Voices.

1. In the field with their flocks a - - bid - ing, They
2. "To... you in the cit - y of Da - vid A
3. And the shep - herds came to the man - ger, And

lay on the dew - y ground; And glim - 'ring un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a-
Sav - iour is born to - day;" And sud - den a host of the heav'n-ly ones Flash'd forth to join the
gaz'd on the Ho - ly Child; And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - - dle The Vir - gin Moth- er

round; When the light of the Lord stream'd o'er them, And lo! from the heav'n a - bove An An - gel
lay. O, nev - er hath sweet-er mes - sage Thrill'd home to the souls of men, And the Heav'ns them-
smiled; And the sky, in the star - lit si - lence, Seem'd full of the An - gel lay: "To you in the
Chorus.
lean'd from the Glo - ry, And sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet Christ - mas, The
selves had nev - er heard A glad - der choir till then, For they sang that Christmas car - ol That
cit - y of Da - - vid A Sav - iour is born to - day." On they sang—and I ween that nev - er The
f
song that shall nev - er cease:
nev - er on earth shall cease:
car - ol on earth shall cease:
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good-will and peace."
f
Ped.

96. BETHANY. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

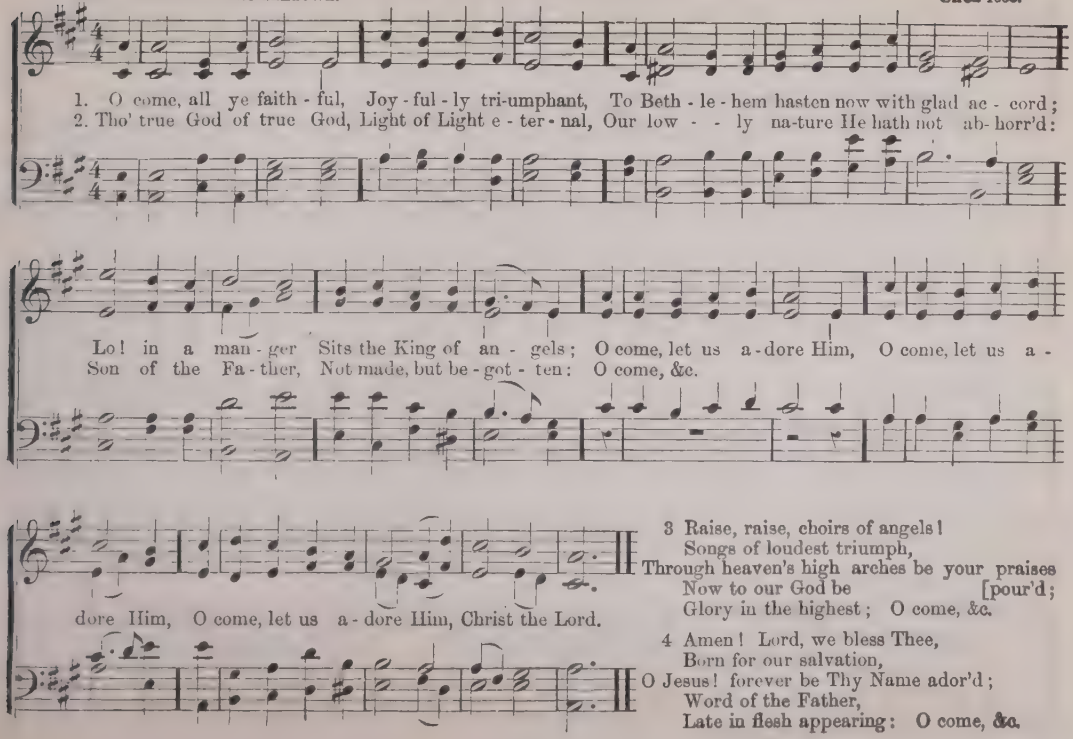
The Rev. J. Cawood. 1819. *"A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God."* H. Smart.


1. Hark! what mean those holy voic-es, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' an-gel-ic host re-
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins for-
3. "Hasten, mor-tals, to a-dore Him; Learn His Name, and taste His joy: Till in Heaven ye sing be-
joic-es, Heavenly al-le-lu-ias rise. Lis-ten to the wondrous sto-ry Which they chant in
giv-en;— Loud our golden harps shall sound. Christ is born, the great An-oint-ed; Heaven and earth His
fore Him, Glo-ry be to God Most High!" Let us learn the wondrous sto-ry Of our great Re-
hymns of joy:—"Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry! Glo-ry be to God Most High!
prais-es sing! O re-ceive Whom God ap-pointed For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
deemer's birth; Spread the brightness of His glo-ry Till it cov er all the earth. A-men.

97. ADESTE FIDELES. 6,6,11,5,6,10.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."

Latin—Author and date unknown. Circa 1680.

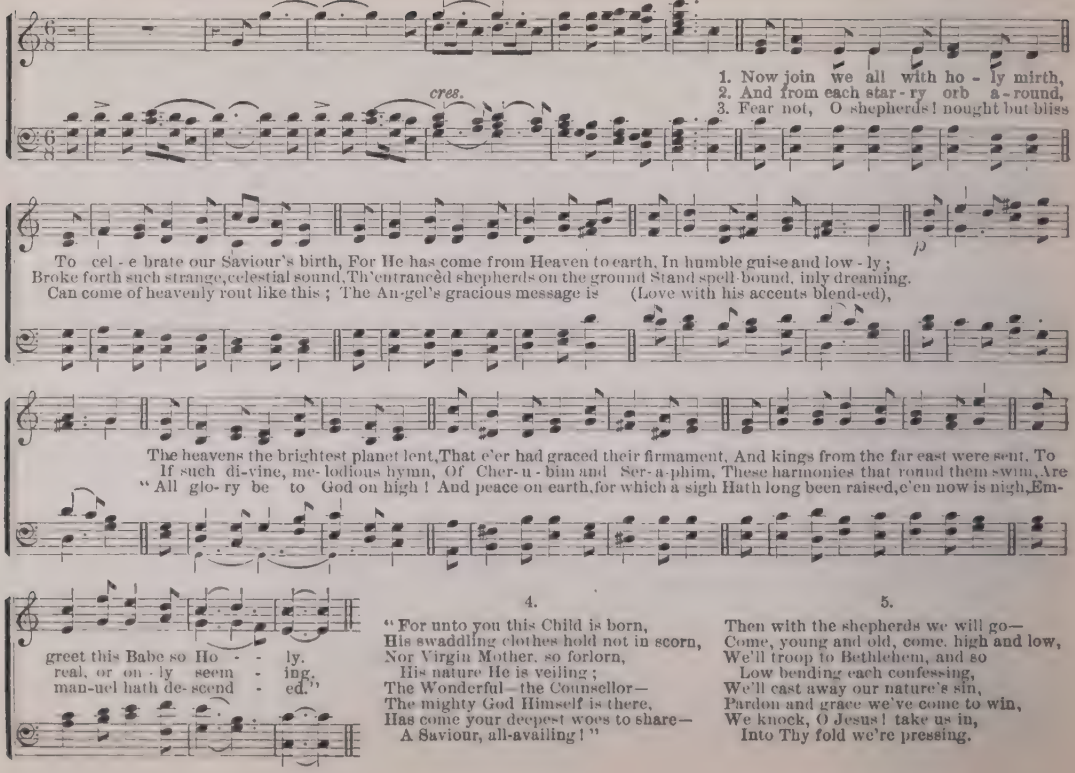

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful - ly tri-umphant, To Beth - le - hem hasten now with glad ac - cord;
2. Tho' true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal, Our low - - ly na-ture He hath not ab-horr'd:
Lo! in a man - ger Sits the King of an - gels; O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a -
Son of the Fa - ther, Not made, but be - got - ten: O come, &c.
dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises pour'd;
Now to our God be
Glory in the highest; O come, &c.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
O Jesus! forever be Thy Name ador'd;
Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing: O come, &c.

98. ST. BASIL. I. M.

The Rev. J. H. Blunt. Abr. *"For unto us a Child is born."* Sir J. Stainer, Mus. D.


cres.
1. Now join we all with ho - ly mirth,
2. And from each star - ry orb a - round,
3. Fear not, O shepherds! nought but bliss
p
To cel - e brate our Saviour's birth, For He has come from Heaven to earth, In humble guise and low - ly ;
Broke forth such strange, celestial sound, Th'entranced shepherds on the ground Stand spell-bound, inly dreaming.
Can come of heavenly rout like this ; The An-gel's gracious message is (Love with his accents blend-ed),
The heavens the brightest planet lent, That e'er had graced their firmament, And kings from the far east were sent, To
If such di-vine, me-lodious hymn, Of Cher-u - bim and Ser-a-phim, These harmonies that round them swim, Are
"All glo-ry be to God on high! And peace on earth, for which a sigh Hath long been raised, e'en now is nigh, Em-
greet this Babe so Ho - - ly.
real, or on - ly seem - ing,
man-uel hath de- scend - ed."

4.

"For unto you this Child is born,
His swaddling clothes hold not in scorn,
Nor Virgin Mother, so forlorn,
His nature He is veiling ;
The Wonderful—the Counsellor—
The mighty God Himself is there,
Has come your deepest woes to share—
A Saviour, all-availing!"

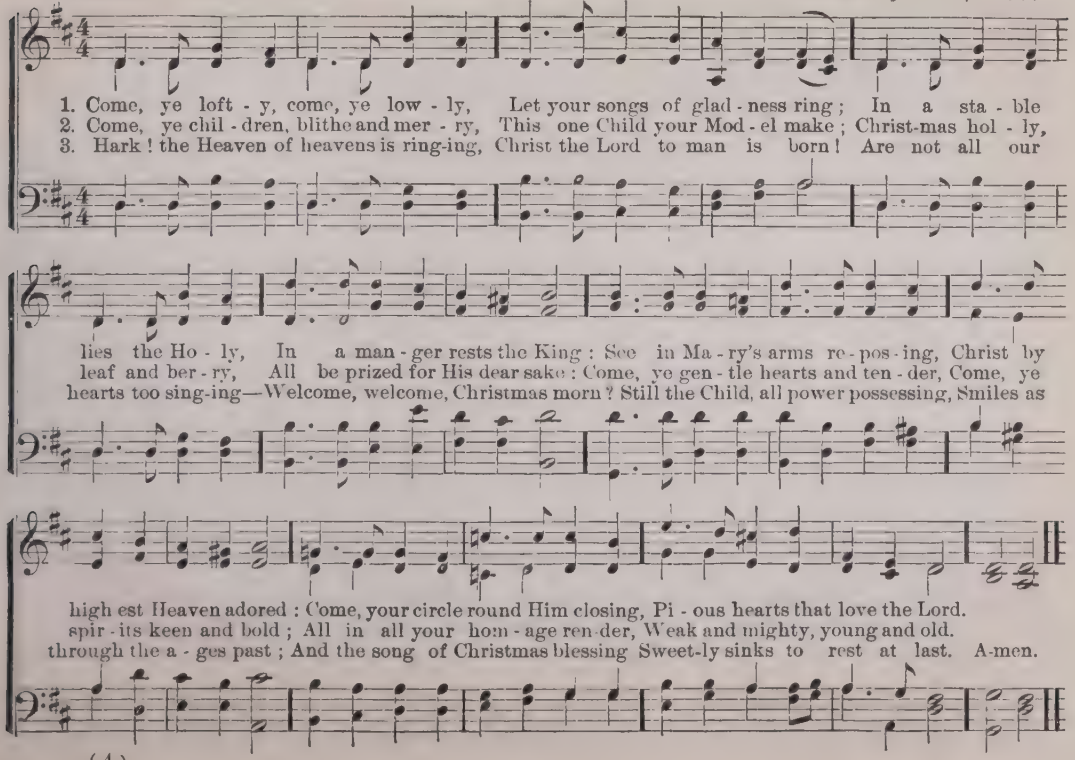
5.

Then with the shepherds we will go—
Come, young and old, come, high and low,
We'll troop to Bethlehem, and so
Low bending each confessing,
We'll cast away our nature's sin,
Pardon and grace we've come to win,
We knock, O Jesus! take us in,
Into Thy fold we're pressing.

99. COME, YE LOFTY. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

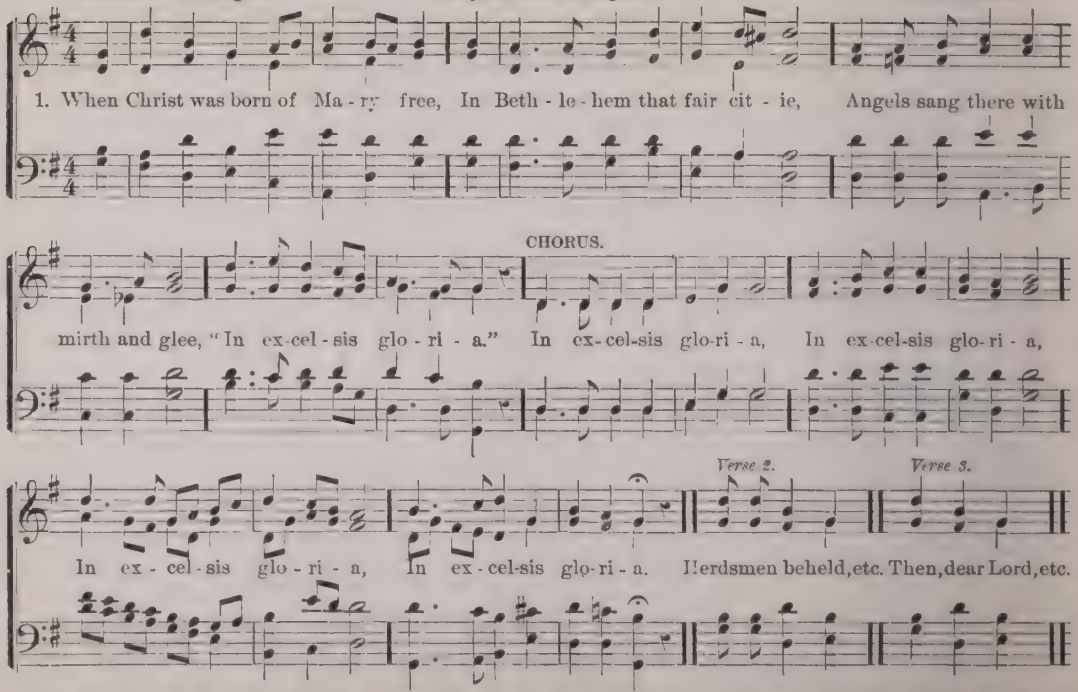
"*Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.*"

The Rev. A. T. Gurney. Abr. Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. D.


1. Come, ye loft - y, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad - ness ring; In a sta - ble
2. Come, ye chil - dren, blithe and mer - ry, This one Child your Mod - el make; Christ-mas hol - ly,
3. Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ring-ing, Christ the Lord to man is born! Are not all our
lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King: See in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing, Christ by
leaf and ber - ry, All be prized for His dear sake: Come, ye gen - tle hearts and ten - der, Come, ye
hearts too sing-ing—Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn? Still the Child, all power possessing, Smiles as
high est Heaven adored: Come, your circle round Him closing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.
spir - its keen and bold; All in all your hom - age ren - der, Weak and mighty, young and old.
through the a - ges past; And the song of Christmas blessing Sweet-ly sinks to rest at last. A-men.

100. WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN. 8,8,8,7.

Traditional. Old English. "*Glory to God in the highest.*" A. H. Brown.


1. When Christ was born of Ma - ry free, In Beth - le - hem that fair cit - ie, Angels sang there with
CHORUS.
mirth and glee, "In ex-cel - sis glo - ri - a." In ex-cel-sis glo-ri - a, In ex-cel-sis glo-ri - a,
In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a, In ex - cel-sis glo-ri - a.
Verse 2.
Herdsmen beheld, etc.
Verse 3.
Then, dear Lord, etc.

2 Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, God's Son is born to-night,
"In excelsis gloria."—Cho.

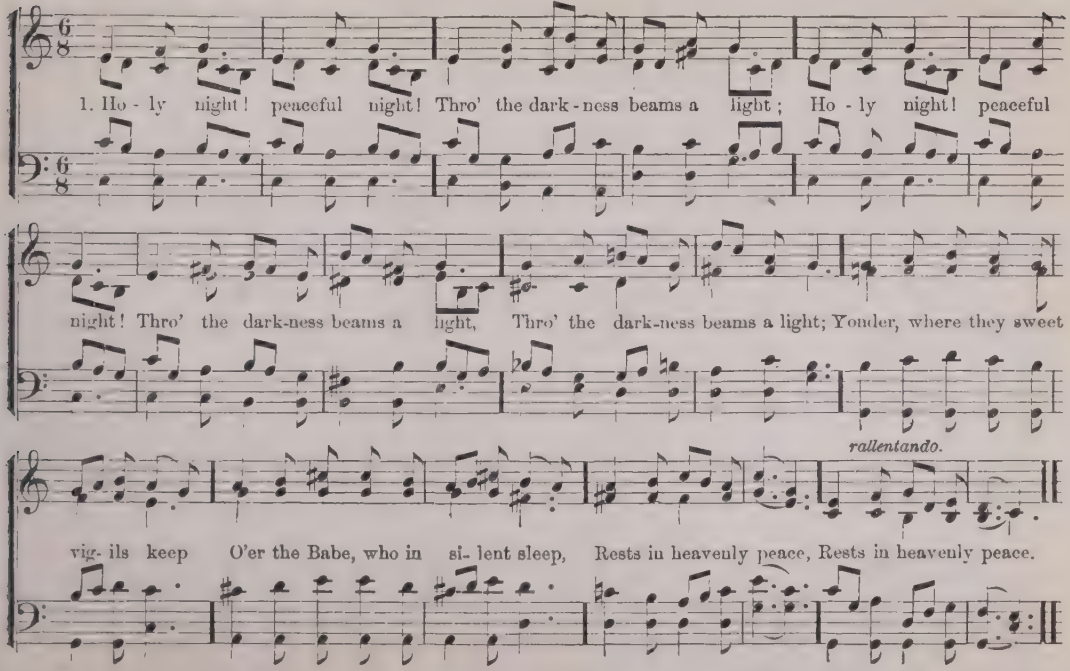
3 The King is come to save mankind,
As in the Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"In excelsis gloria."—Cho.

4 Then, dear Lord, for Thy great Grace
Grant us in bliss to see Thy Face,
That we may sing to Thy Solace,
"In excelsis gloria."—Cho.

101. HOLY NIGHT. I. M.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

JOSEPH MOHR. 1818. *Tr.* J. F. WARNER. 1843. J. BARNBY. 1868


1. Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the dark - ness beams a light; Ho - ly night! peaceful
night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light; Yonder, where they sweet
rallentando.
vig- ils keep O'er the Babe, who in si- lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holiest night!
Darkness flies and all is light!
Shepherds hear the angels sing—
"Alleluia! hail the King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

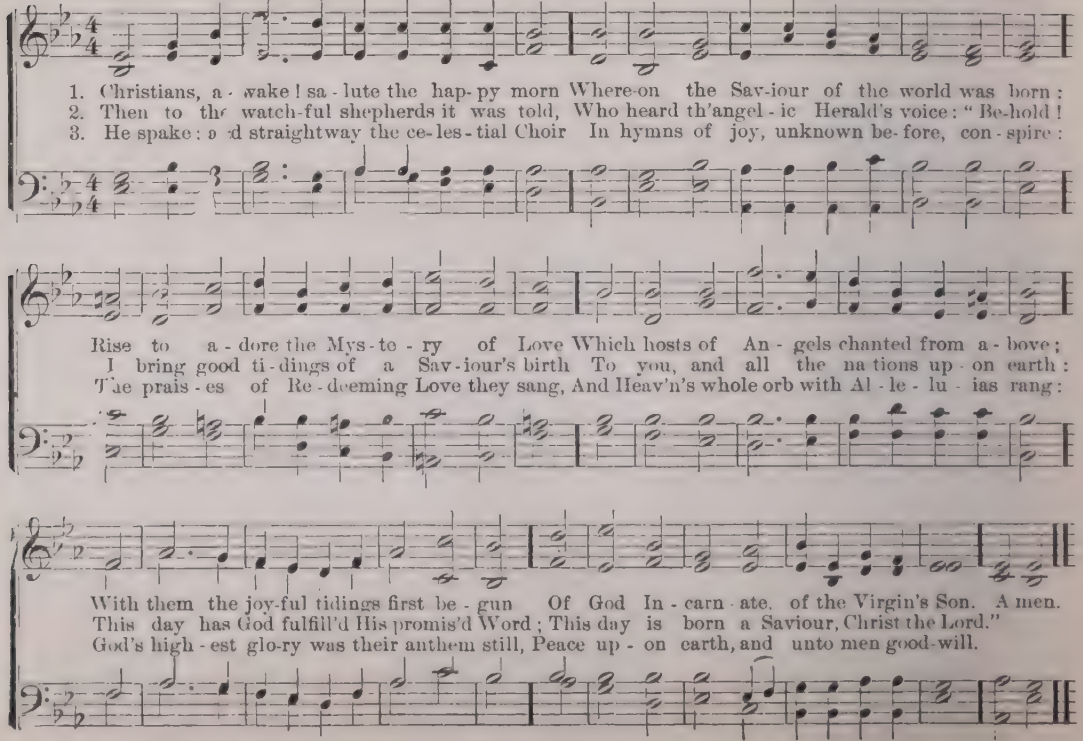
3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus, the Saviour, is here!

4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star! O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

102. CHRISTMAS MORN. 10,10,10,10,10,10.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

J. Byrom. Slightly alter'd. Abr. Sir J. Goss, Mus. D. 1872.

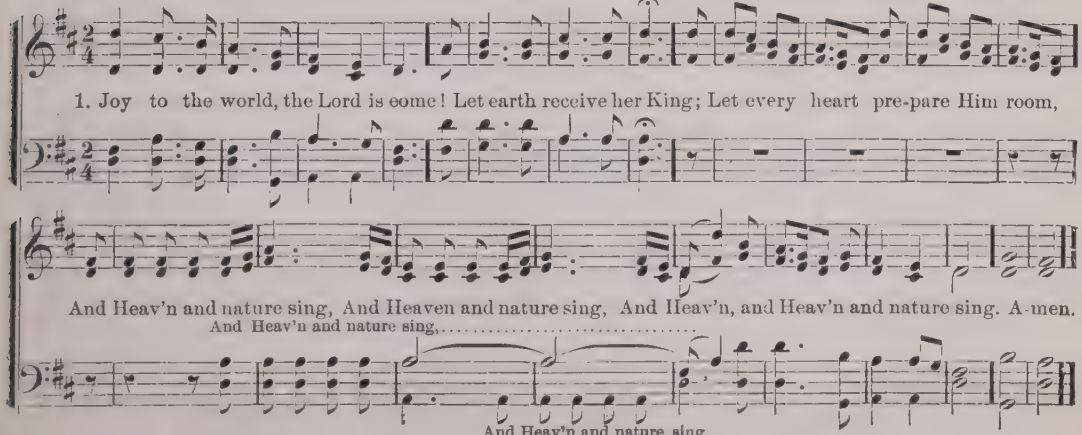

1. Christians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn Where-on the Sav-iour of the world was born:
2. Then to the watch-ful shepherds it was told, Who heard th'angel - ic Herald's voice: "Be-hold!
3. He spake: and straightway the ce-les-tial Choir In hymns of joy, unknown be-fore, con - spire:
Rise to a - dore the Mys-te - ry of Love Which hosts of An - gels chanted from a - bove;
I bring good ti - dings of a Sav-iour's birth To you, and all the na tions up - on earth:
The prais - es of Re - deeming Love they sang, And Heav'n's whole orb with Al - le - lu - ias rang:
With them the joy-ful tidings first be - gun Of God In - carn - ate, of the Virgin's Son. A men.
This day has God fulfill'd His promis'd Word; This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
God's high - est glo-ry was their anthem still, Peace up - on earth, and unto men good-will.

CHRISTMAS MORN. Concluded.

4 To Bethlehem straight th' enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the Wonders God had wrought for man;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn;
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
These first Apostles of the Saviour's Name.

5 Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphant song:
He That was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heaven's Almighty King. Amen.

103. ANTIOCH. C. M.

The Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. 1719. "*The Lord reigneth.*" G. F. HANDEL. 1741.?

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let every heart pre-pare Him room,
And Heav'n and nature sing, And Heaven and nature sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and nature sing. A-men.
And Heav'n and nature sing,
And Heav'n and nature sing,

2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

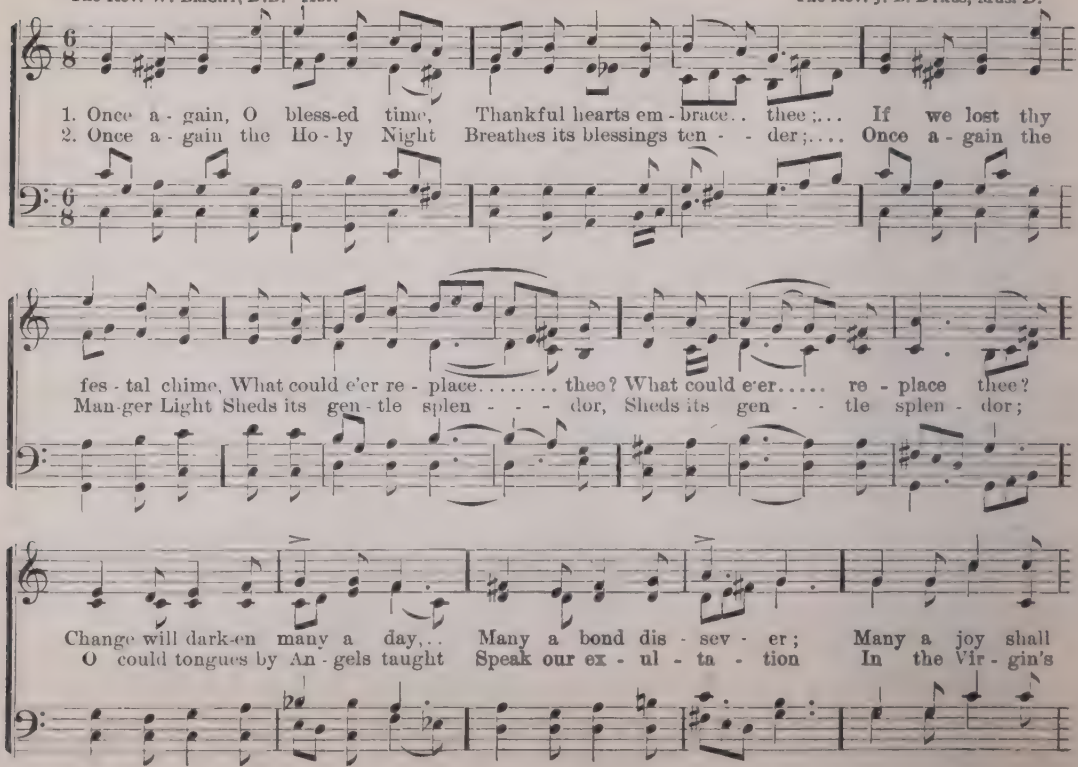
3 No more let sins and sorrows glow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

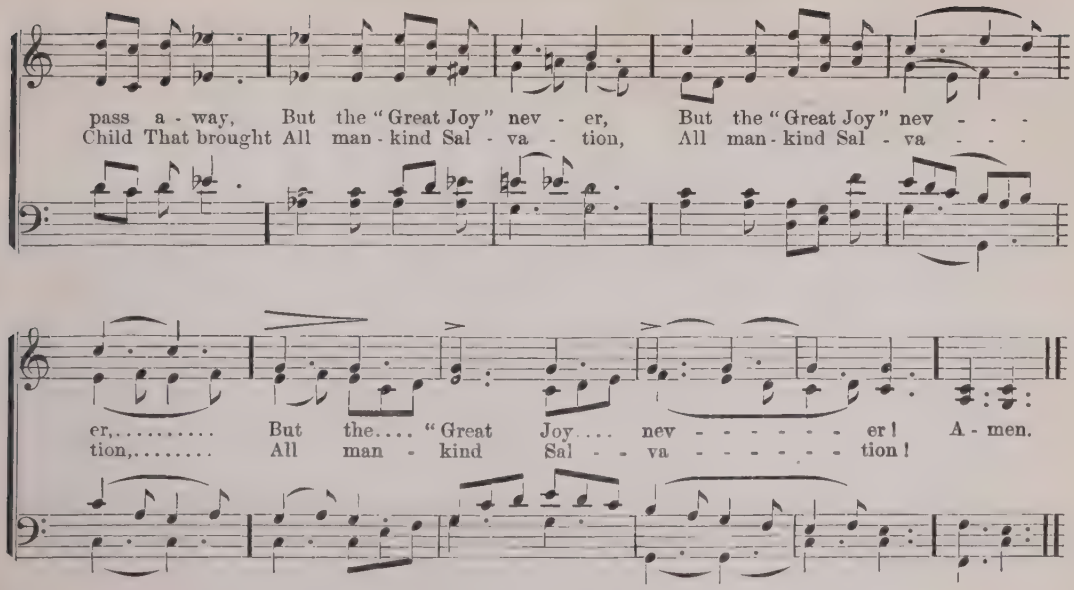
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love. Amen.

104. CHRISTMAS SONG. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7.

"*Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God.*"

The Rev. W. BRIGHT, D.D. Abr. — The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D.


1. Once a - gain, O bless-ed time, Thankful hearts em - brace.. thee;... If we lost thy
2. Once a - gain the Ho - ly Night Breathes its blessings ten - - der;.... Once a - gain the
fes - tal chime, What could e'er re - place..... thee? What could e'er..... re - place thee?
Man-ger Light Sheds its gen - tle splen - - - dor, Sheds its gen - - tle splen - dor;
Change will dark-en many a day,.. Many a bond dis - sev - er; Many a joy shall
O could tongues by An - gels taught Speak our ex - ul - ta - tion In the Vir - gin's

CHRISTMAS SONG. Concluded.

pass a - way, But the "Great Joy" nev - er, But the "Great Joy" nev - - -
Child That brought All man - kind Sal - va - tion, All man - kind Sal - va - - -
er,..... But the.... "Great Joy.... nev - - - - - - er! A - men.
tion,..... All man - kind Sal - - va - - - - - - tion!

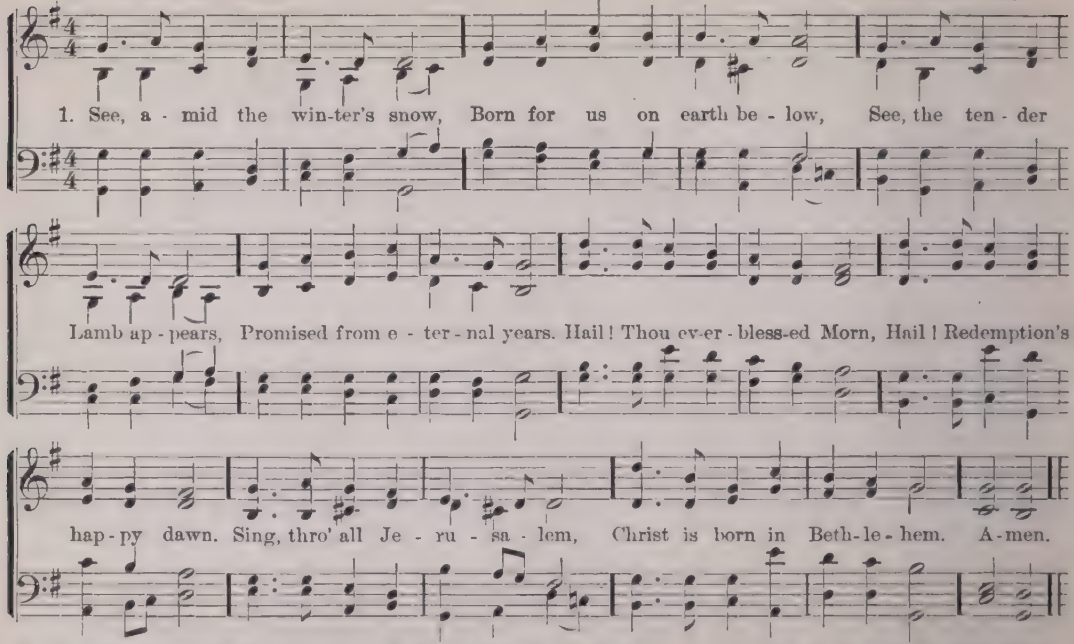
3 So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee True God, and Thee True Man,
‖: On our knees confessing; :‖
While Thy Birth-day morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O Most True and Sweet!
In Thy Mercy's Ocean.

4 Thou That once, 'mid stable cold
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou Whose Altar-veils enfold
‖: Power and Life Undying, :‖
Thou Whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavor,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise forever. Amen.

105. HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

"*Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea.*"

The Rev. E. Caswall. 1849. Abr. Sir J. Goss, Mus. D. 1867.


1. See, a - mid the win-ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low, See, the ten - der
Lamb ap - pears, Promised from e - ter - nal years. Hail! Thou ev-er - bless-ed Morn, Hail! Redemption's
hap - py dawn. Sing, thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth-le - hem. A - men.

2 Lo! within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He Who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim.
Hail! Thou everblessed, etc.

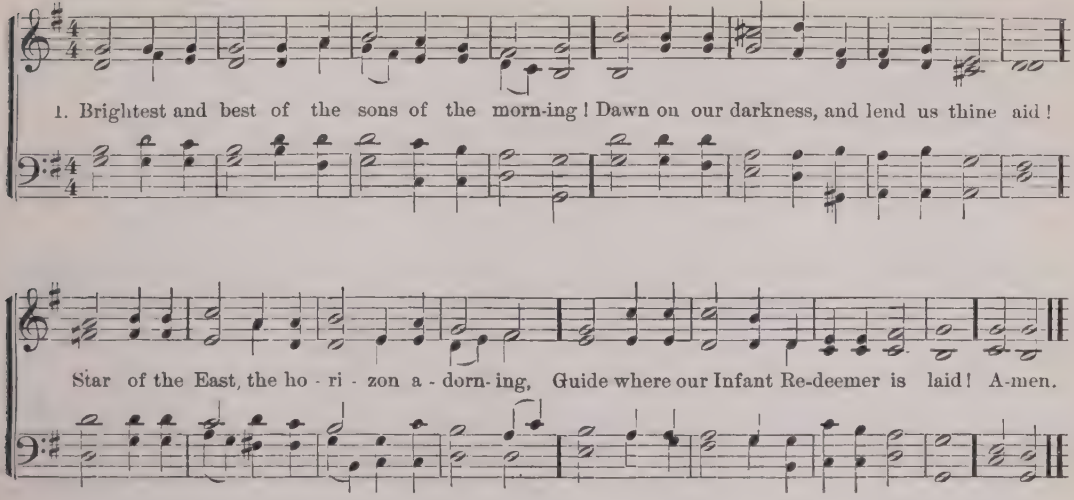
3 Sacred Infant, All Divine.
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this.
Hail! Thou everblessed, etc.

4 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child.
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.
Hail! Thou everblessed, etc.
Amen.

106. ST. NINIAN. 11,10,11,10.

"*The Dayspring from on High hath visited us.*"

The Rt. Rev. R. Heber, D.D. 1827. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn- ing, Guide where our Infant Re-deemer is laid! A-men.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

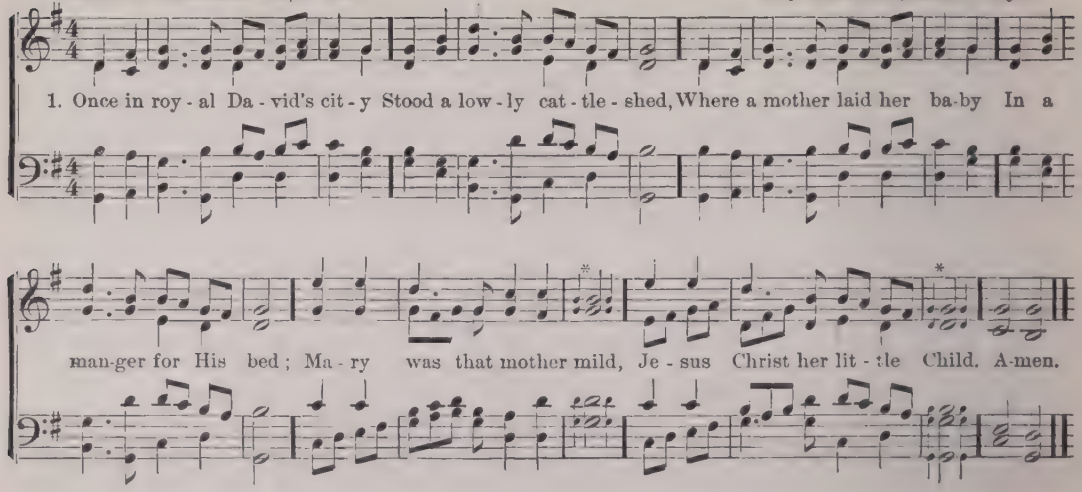
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid! Amen.

107. IRBY. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

"The Holy Child Jesus."

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. 1848. Abr. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1856.


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed, Where a mother laid her ba-by In a
man-ger for His bed; Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-men.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

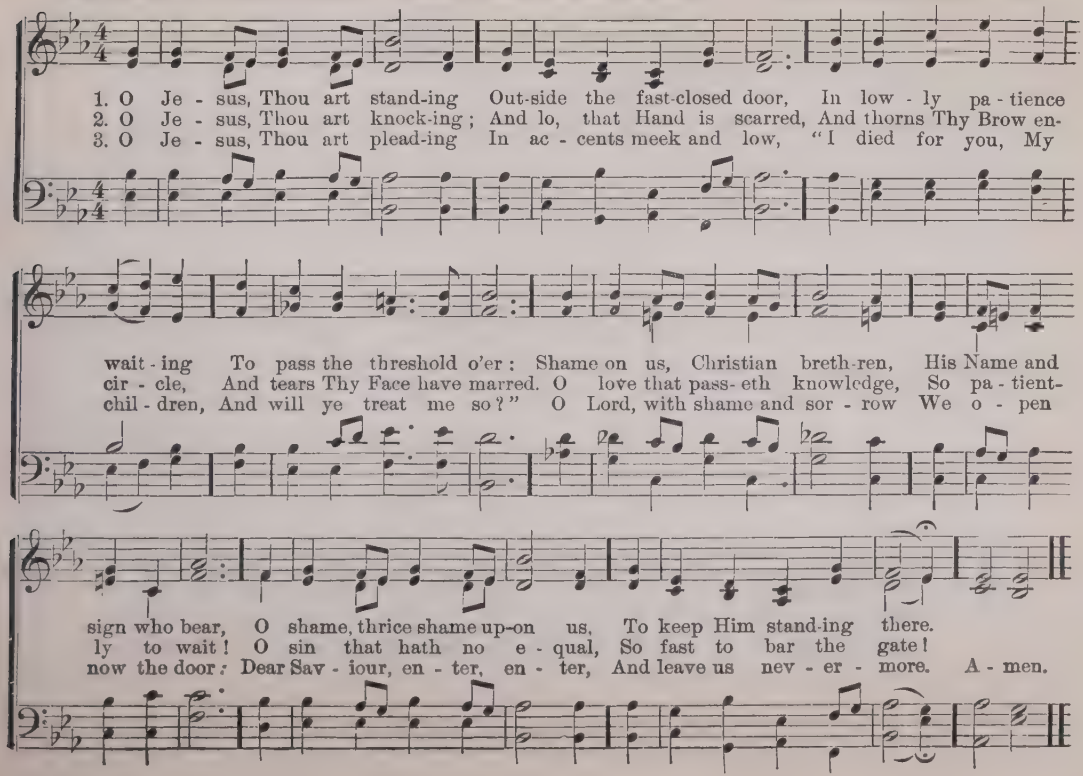
3 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above:
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's Right Hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

* The small notes are for the second stanza and fifth and sixth lines.

108. **LUX MUNDI.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

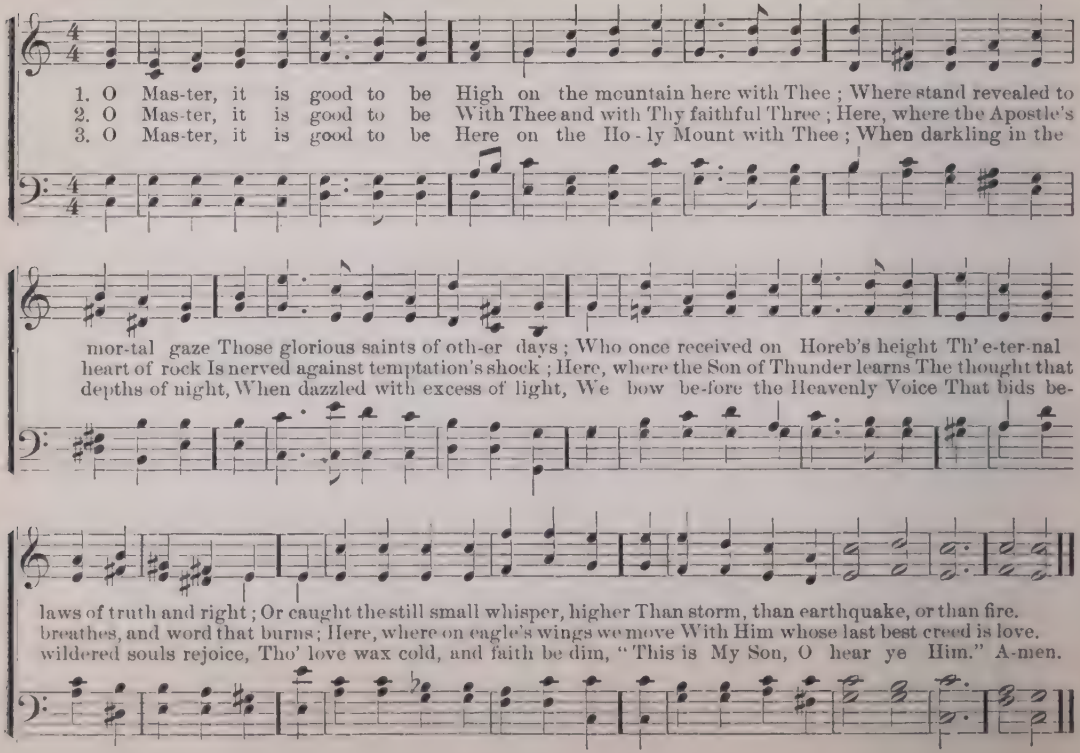
The Rt. Rev. W. W. How, D.D. 1854. "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*" Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. 1872.


1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that Hand is scarred, And thorns Thy Brow en-
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My
wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: Shame on us, Christian breth-ren, His Name and
cir - cle, And tears Thy Face have marred. O love that pass- eth knowledge, So pa - tient-
chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen
sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing there.
ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A - men.

109. ST. CASIMIR. L. M. D.

"*It is good for us to be here.*"

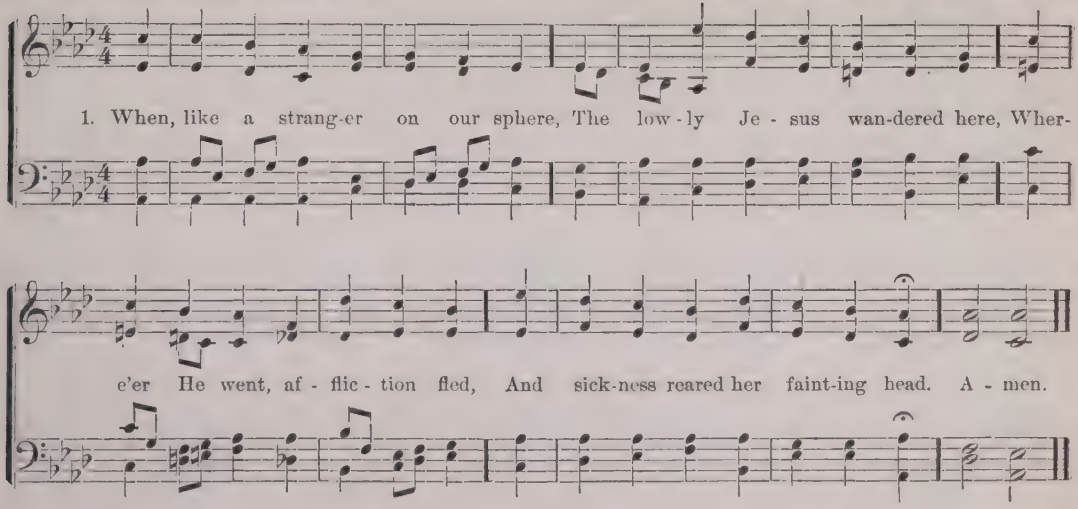
The Very Rev. A. P. Stanley, D.D. 1872. Abr. Sir J. Goss, Mus. D. 1872.


1. O Mas-ter, it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee ; Where stand revealed to
2. O Mas-ter, it is good to be With Thee and with Thy faithful Three ; Here, where the Apostle's
3. O Mas-ter, it is good to be Here on the Ho - ly Mount with Thee ; When darkling in the
mor-tal gaze Those glorious saints of oth-er days ; Who once received on Horeb's height Th' e-ter-nal
heart of rock Is nerved against temptation's shock ; Here, where the Son of Thunder learns The thought that
depths of night, When dazzled with excess of light, We bow be-fore the Heavenly Voice That bids be-
laws of truth and right ; Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
breathes, and word that burns ; Here, where on eagle's wings we move With Him whose last best creed is love.
wildered souls rejoice, Tho' love wax cold, and faith be dim, "This is My Son, O hear ye Him." A-men.

110. ST. LAWRENCE. L. M.

"He went about doing good."

J. MONTGOMERY. 1797. Abr. and alt. The Rev. L. G. HAYNE. Mus. D. 1868.


1. When, like a strang-er on our sphere, The low-ly Je - sus wan-dered here, Wher-
e'er He went, af - flic - tion fled, And sick-ness reared her faint-ing head. A - men.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld His Face, for God is Light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, His praises sung.

3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave, He bowed His Head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

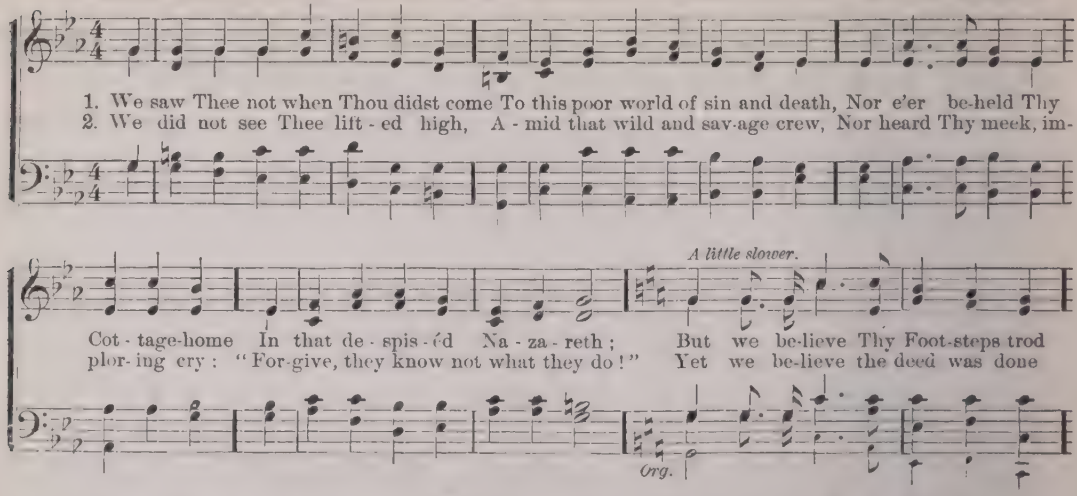
4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
In His inspiring Presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The gifts of our benevolence. Amen.

III. CREDO. 8,8,8,8,8,8.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

"Songs of the Valley," KIRBY LONSDALE, 1834. Rewritten by the Rev. J. H. GURNEY, 1851. Abr. Sir J. STAINER, Mus. D.


1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death, Nor e'er be-held Thy
2. We did not see Thee lift - ed high, A - mid that wild and sav-age crew, Nor heard Thy meek, im-
A little slower.
Cot - tage-home In that de - spis - éd Na - za - reth ;
plor- ing cry : "For-give, they know not what they do !"
But we be-lieve Thy Foot-steps trod
Yet we be-lieve the deed was done
Org.
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God. A - men.
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

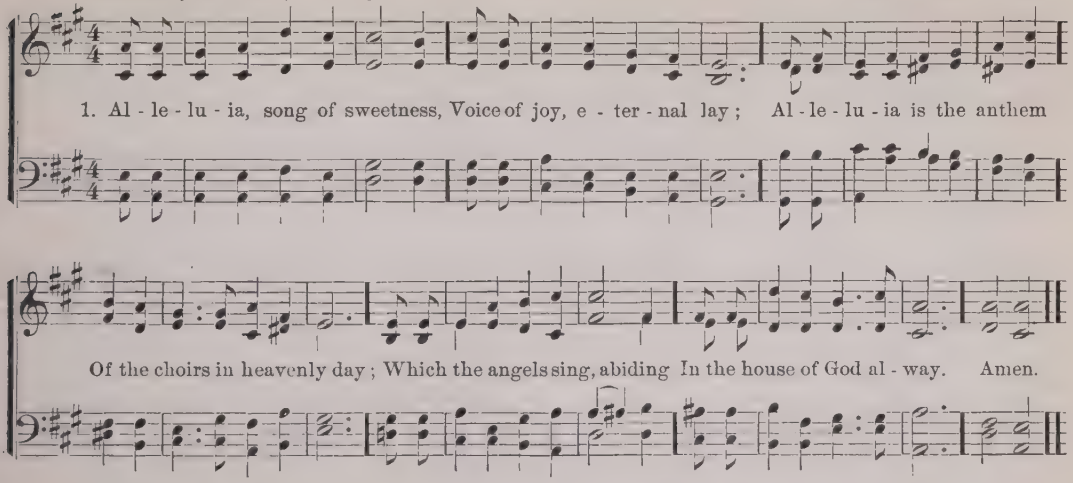
3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred Body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way ;
But we believe that angels said
"Why seek the Living with the dead ?"

4 And now that Thou dost reign on High,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
But we believe Thy faithful Word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord. **Amen.**

112. ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN. 8,7,8,7,8,7.

"*I heard a great voice of much people in Heaven, saying, Alleluia.*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1851. E. J. HOPKINS. Mus. D. 1872.


1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweetness, Voice of joy, e - ter - nal lay; Al - le - lu - ia is the anthem
Of the choirs in heavenly day; Which the angels sing, abiding In the house of God al - way. Amen.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother of the blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit your place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we by Babel's waters
Sit in bondage, sore distressed.

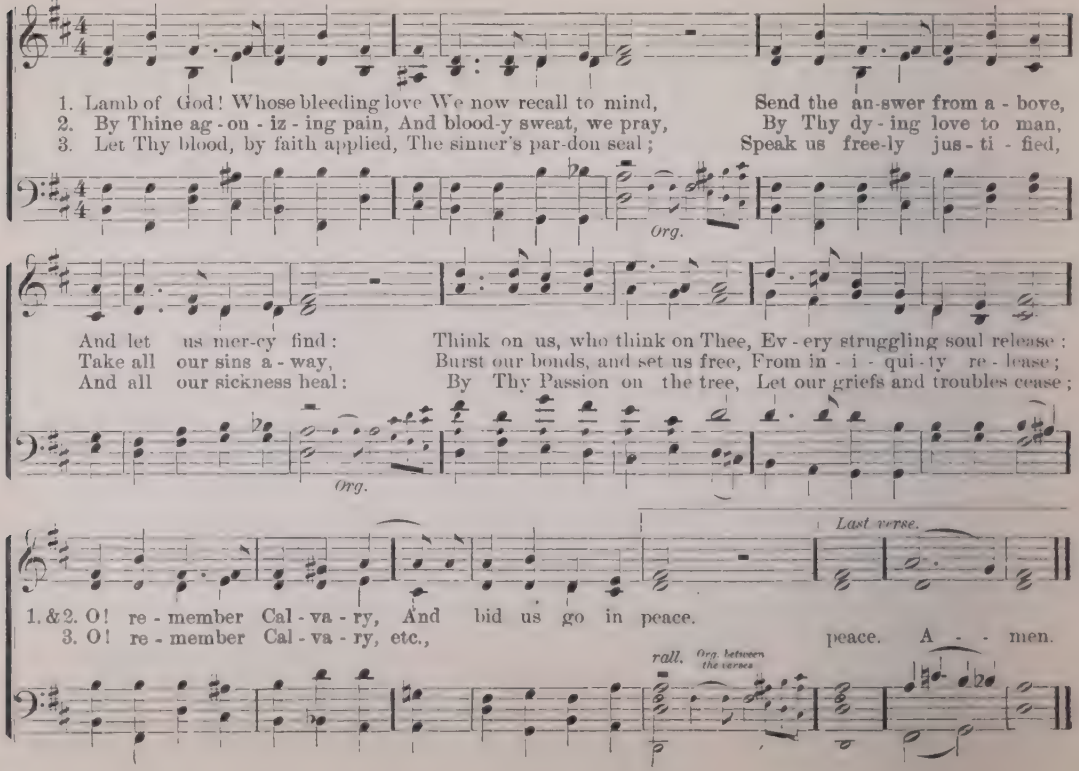
3 Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while give o'er;
For the holy time is coming
Bidding us our sins deplore.

4 Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all to keep Thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.

113. **PASSOVER.** 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

"*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.*"

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1745. Abr. J. Booth. 1887.

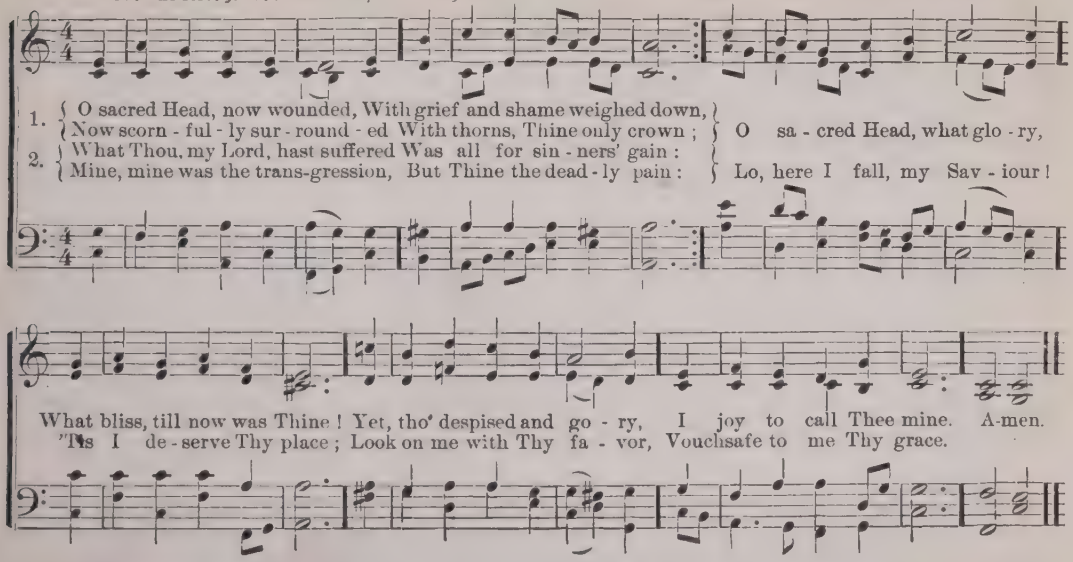

1. Lamb of God! Whose bleeding love We now recall to mind, Send the an-swer from a - bove,
2. By Thine ag - on - iz - ing pain, And blood-y sweat, we pray, By Thy dy - ing love to man,
3. Let Thy blood, by faith applied, The sinner's par-don seal; Speak us free-ly jus - ti - fied,
Org.
And let us mer-cy find: Think on us, who think on Thee, Ev - ery struggling soul release:
Take all our sins a - way, Burst our bonds, and set us free, From in - i - qui - ty re - lease;
And all our sickness heal: By Thy Passion on the tree, Let our griefs and troubles cease;
Org.
Last verse.
1. & 2. O! re - member Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace.
3. O! re - member Cal - va - ry, etc., peace. A - - men.
rall.
Org. between the verses

114. PASSION CHORALE. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"*And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His Head.*"

BERNARD of Clairvaux, 1100. *Tr.* The Rev. P. GERHARDT, D.D., 1653.
Tr. The Rev. J. W. ALEXANDER, D.D. 1829. Abr.

HANS L. HASLER or HASSLER, 1601 and 1613.


1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine only crown ; O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry,
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered Was all for sin - ners' gain :
Mine, mine was the trans-gression, But Thine the dead - ly pain : Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour !
What bliss, till now was Thine ! Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.
'Tis I de - serve Thy place ; Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

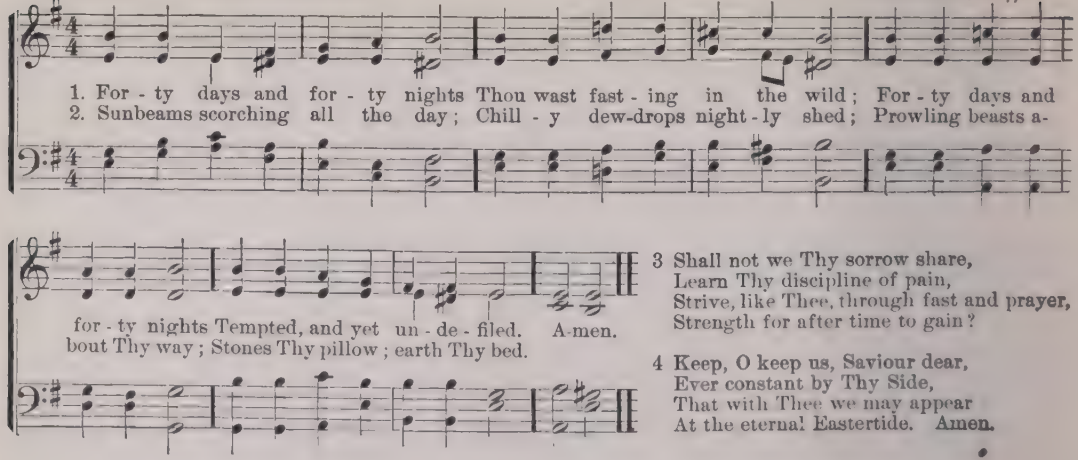
3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever ;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 And when I am departing,
O part not Thou from me;
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free :
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By Thine own pain and woe. Amen.

115. HEINLEIN. 7,7,7,7.

"In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted."

The Rev. H. G. Smyttan. 1856. Abr. P. Heinlein? 1677.


1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast - ing in the wild; For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempted, and yet un - de - filed. A-men.
2. Sunbeams scorching all the day; Chill - y dew-drops night - ly shed; Prowling beasts a- bout Thy way; Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

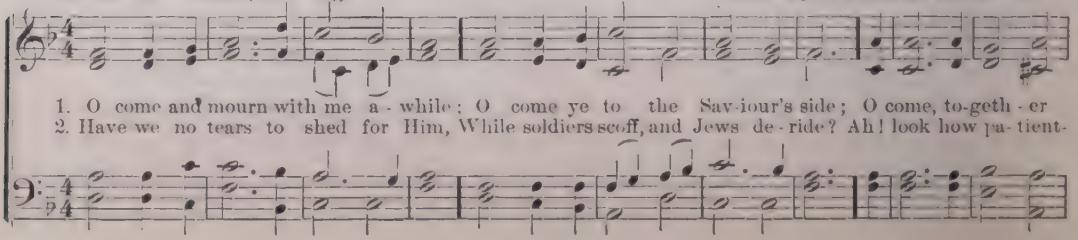
3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
Learn Thy discipline of pain,
Strive, like Thee, through fast and prayer,
Strength for after time to gain?

4 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy Side,
That with Thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

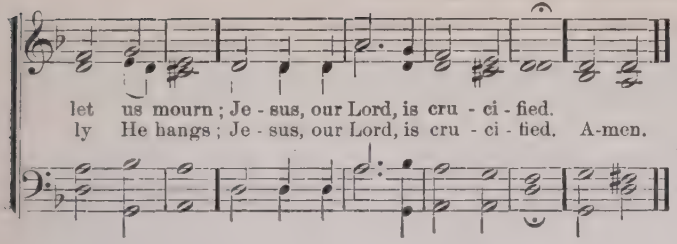
116. ST. CROSS. L. M.

"They crucified Him."

The Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. 1849. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1860.


1. O come and mourn with me a - while; O come ye to the Sav-iour's side; O come, to-geth - er
2. Have we no tears to shed for Him, While soldiers scoff, and Jews de - ride? Ah! look how pa- tient-

ST. CROSS.—Concluded.



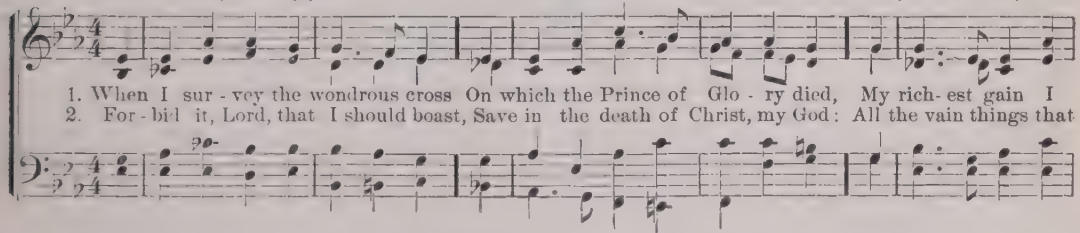
3.
Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men·
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

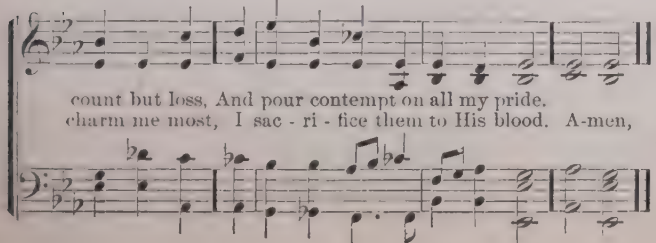
4.
A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified. Amen.

117. CRUX BEATA. L. M.

"But God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

The Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. 1707. J. BOOTH. 1887.


1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich- est gain I
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God : All the vain things that



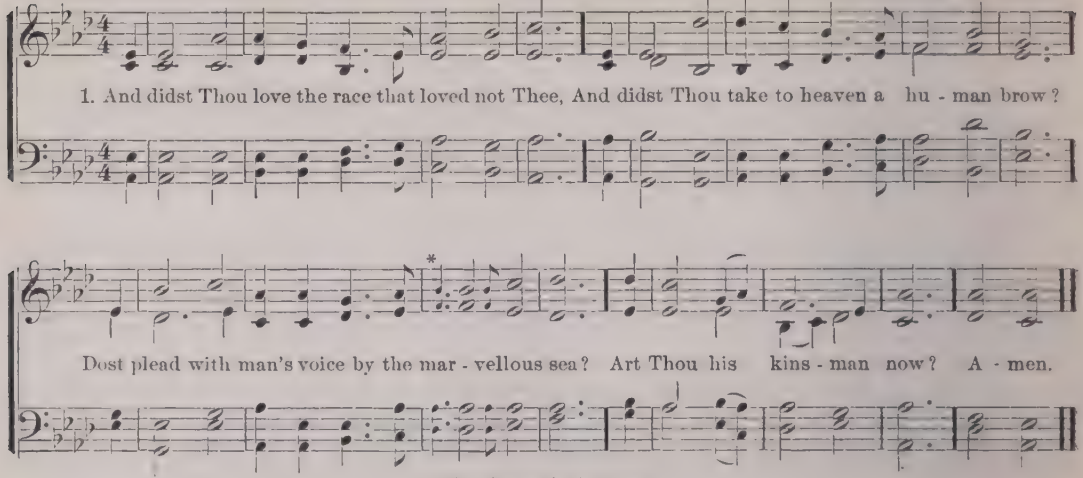
3 See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all. Amen.

118. ARTAVIA. 10,10,10,6.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Miss Jean Ingelow. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1887.


1. And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee, And didst Thou take to heaven a hu - man brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the mar - vellous sea? Art Thou his kins - man now? A - men.

* Small notes for 1st verse.

2 O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose Feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose Lips drawn human breath!

3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high Heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

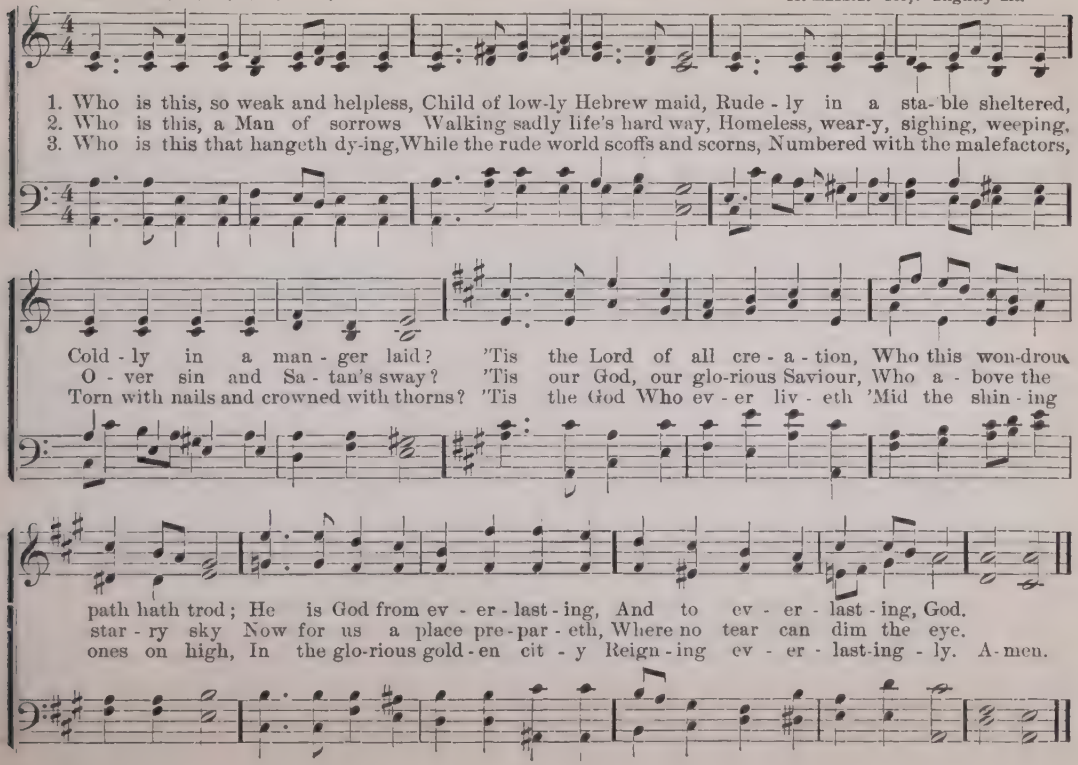
4 By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign. Amen.

119. EXALTATION. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

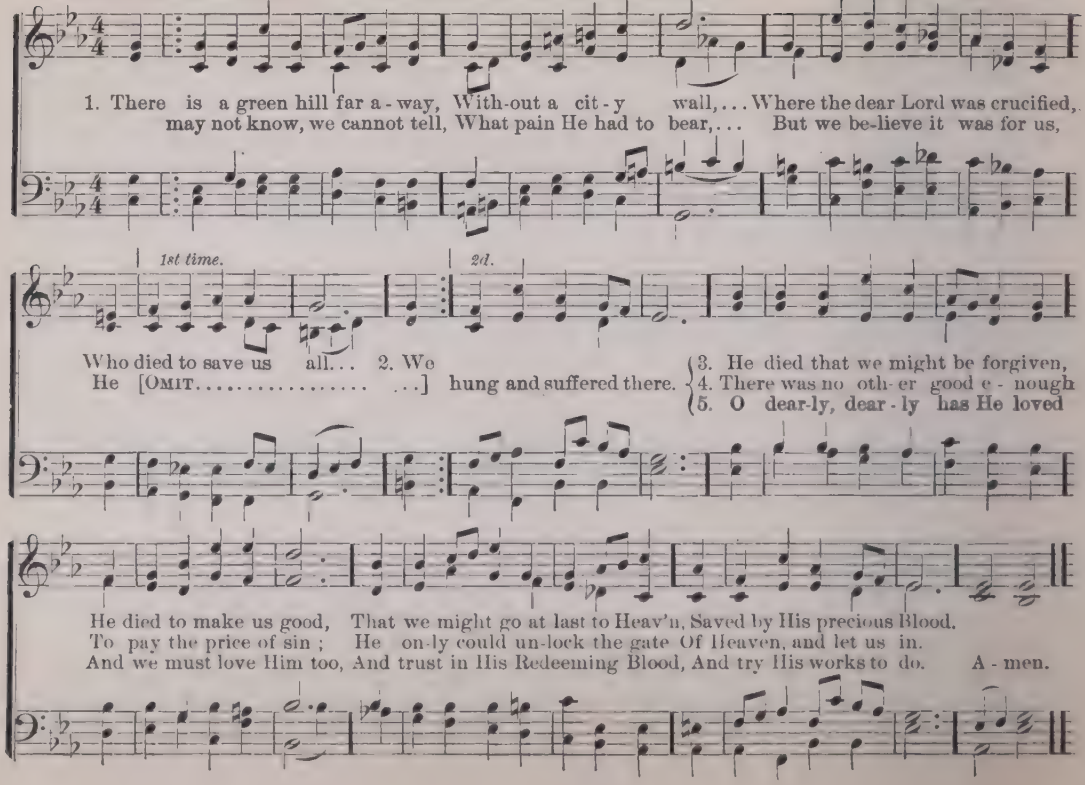
"A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

The Rt. Rev. W. W. How. Abr. H. Leslie. 1887. Slightly alt.


1. Who is this, so weak and helpless, Child of low-ly Hebrew maid, Rude - ly in a sta - ble sheltered,
Cold - ly in a man - ger laid? 'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this wond-drous
path hath trod; He is God from ev - er - last - ing, And to ev - er - last - ing, God.
2. Who is this, a Man of sorrows Walking sadly life's hard way, Homeless, wear-y, sighing, weeping,
O - ver sin and Sa - tan's sway? 'Tis our God, our glo-rious Saviour, Who a - bove the
star - ry sky Now for us a place pre - par - eth, Where no tear can dim the eye.
3. Who is this that hangeth dy-ing, While the rude world scoffs and scorns, Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails and crowned with thorns? 'Tis the God Who ev - er liv - eth 'Mid the shin - ing
ones on high, In the glo-rious gold - en cit - y Reign - ing ev - er - last-ing - ly. A - men.

120. CRUCIFIXION. C. M.

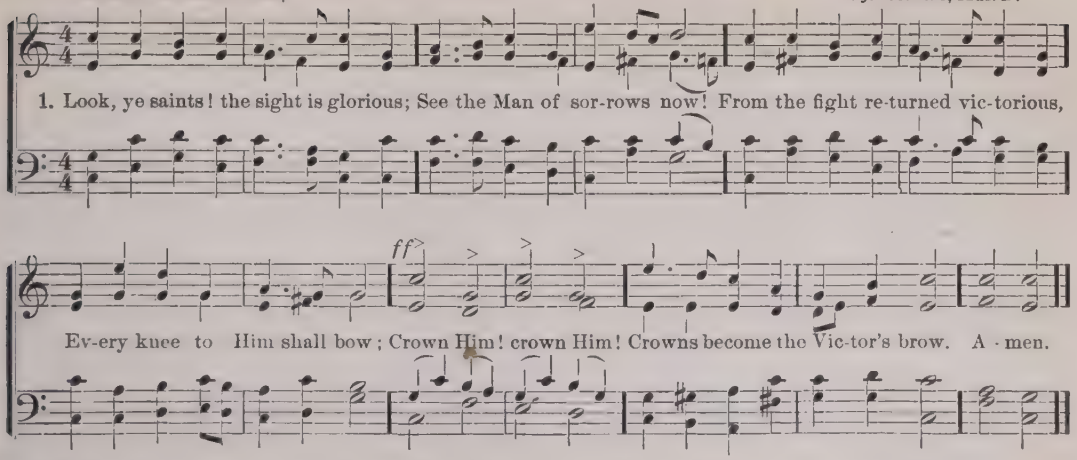
Mrs. C. F. Alexander. 1848. *"And they led Him away to crucify Him."* G. A. Burdett. 1881.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall, . . . Where the dear Lord was crucified,
may not know, we cannot tell, What pain He had to bear, . . . But we be-lieve it was for us,
1st time.
2d.
Who died to save us all. . . 2. We
He [Omit. . . . .]
hung and suffered there.
3. He died that we might be forgiven,
4. There was no oth-er good e - nough
5. O dear-ly, dear - ly has He loved
He died to make us good, That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His precious Blood.
To pay the price of sin ; He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of Heaven, and let us in.
And we must love Him too, And trust in His Redeeming Blood, And try His works to do.
A - men.

121. EDLINGHAM. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

"That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

The Rev. Th. Kelly. 1804. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.


1. Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious; See the Man of sor-rows now! From the fight re-turned vic-torious,
ff
Ev-ery knee to Him shall bow; Crown Him! crown Him! Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow. A - men.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

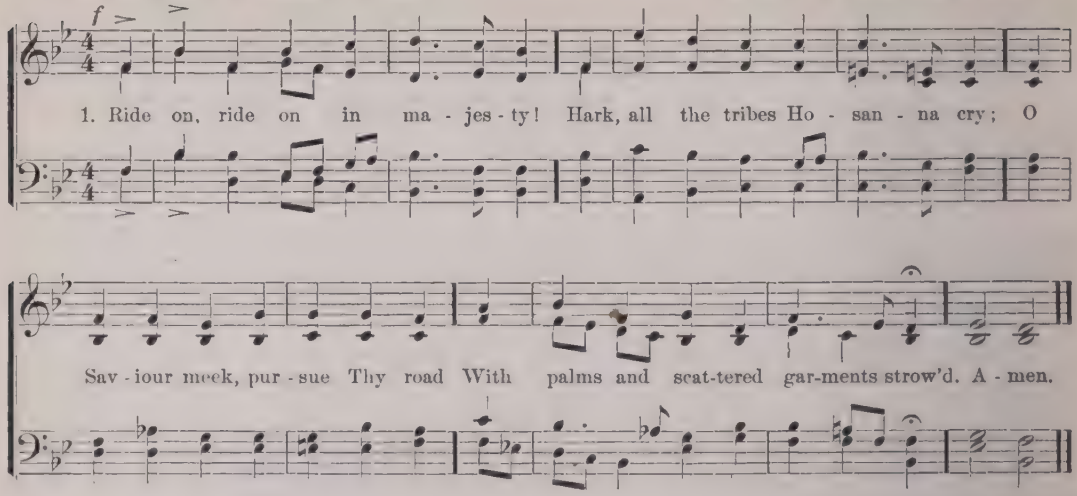
3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim,—
Saints and angels throng around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name;
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of Lords, Amen.

122. ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

"And as He went, they spread their clothes in the way."

The Very Rev. H. H. Milman, D.D. 1827. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1860.


1. Ride on, ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark, all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O
Sav - iour meek, pur - sue Thy road With palms and scat-tered gar-ments strow'd. A - men.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

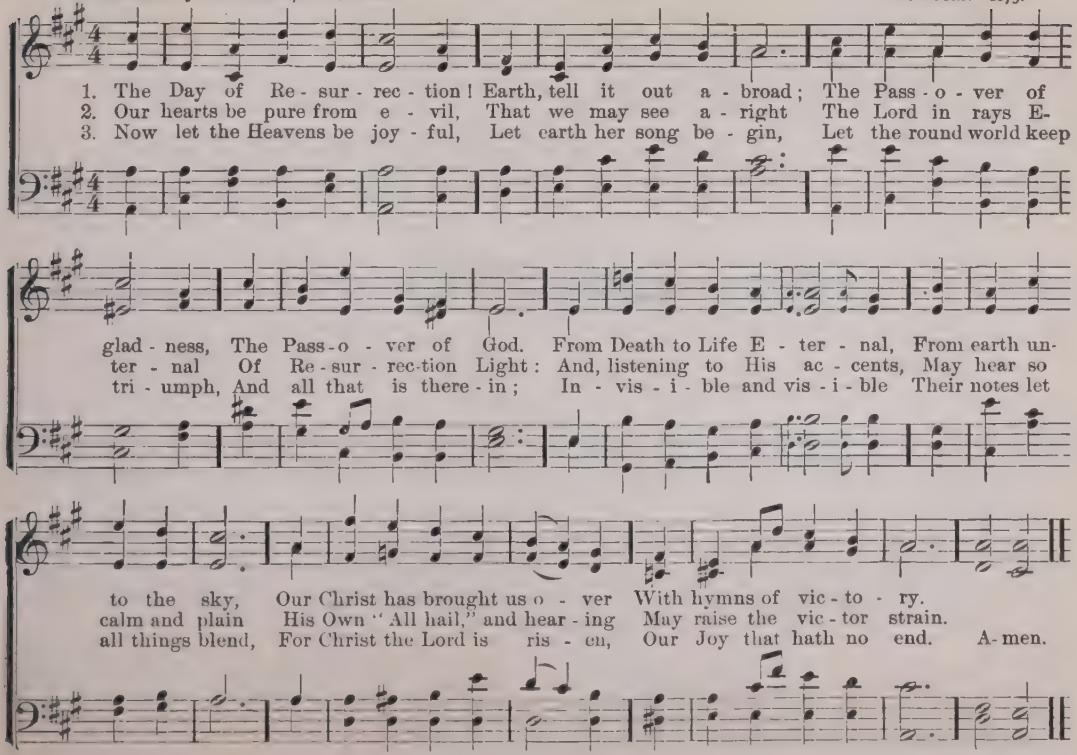
4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His Sapphire Throne
Expects His Own Anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign. Amen.

123. **ROTTERDAM.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

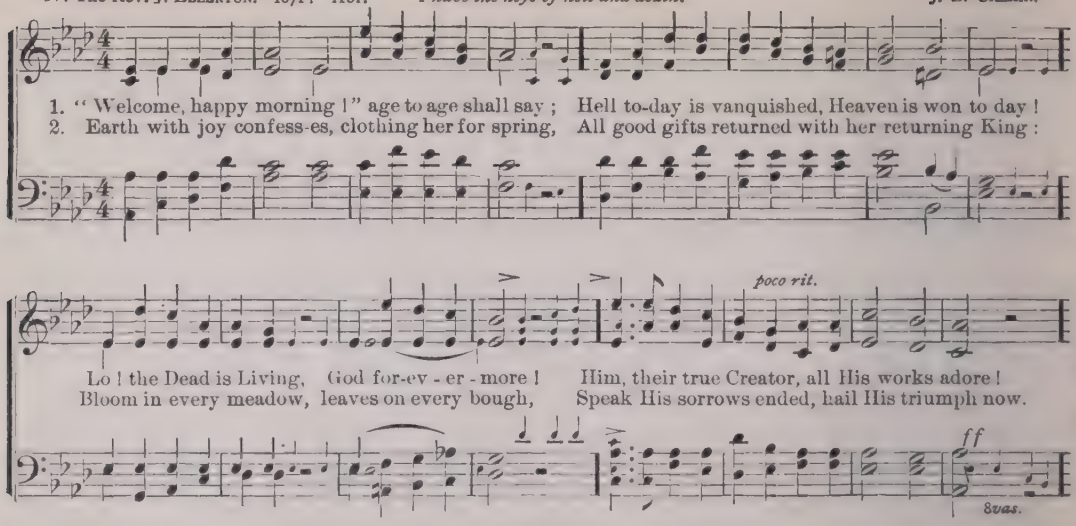
"*Jesus met them, saying, 'All Hail.'*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. 1862. B. Tours. 1875.


1. The Day of Re - sur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad; The Pass - o - ver of
2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right The Lord in rays E-
3. Now let the Heavens be joy - ful, Let earth her song be - gin, Let the round world keep
glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. From Death to Life E - ter - nal, From earth un-
ter - nal Of Re - sur - rec - tion Light: And, listening to His ac - cents, May hear so
tri - umph, And all that is there - in; In - vis - i - ble and vis - i - ble Their notes let
to the sky, Our Christ has brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry.
calm and plain His Own "All hail," and hear - ing May raise the vic - tor strain.
all things blend, For Christ the Lord is ris - en, Our Joy that hath no end. A - men.

124. WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING. 11,11,11,11.

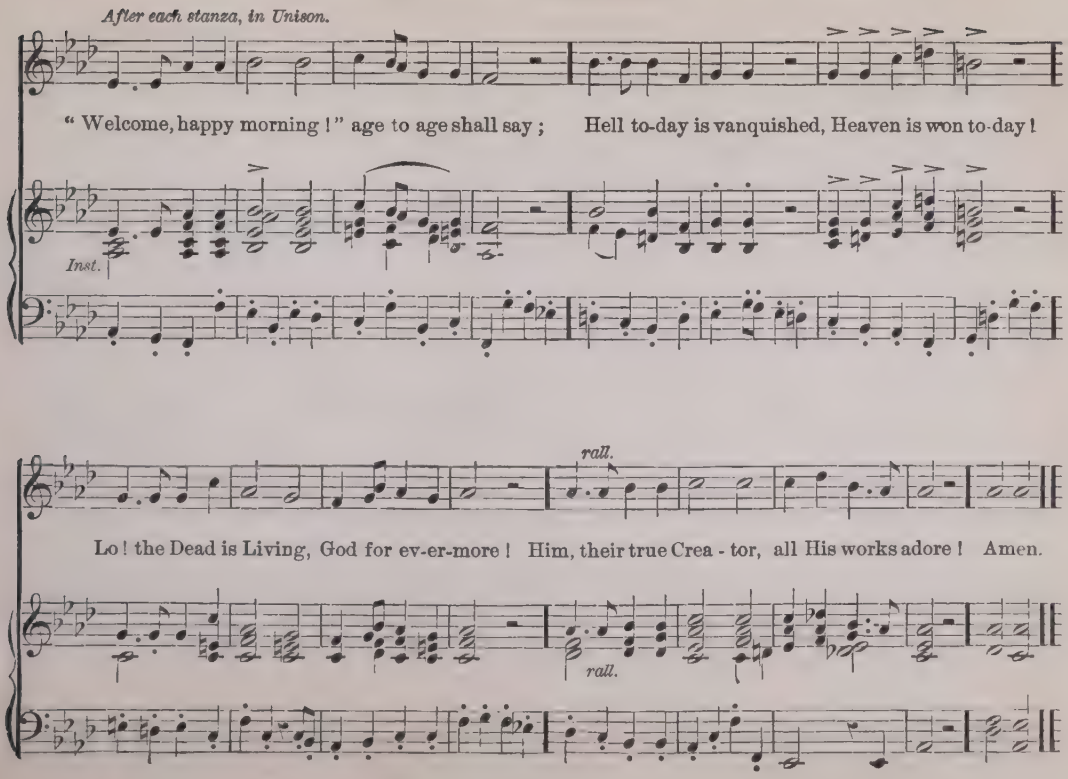
Tr. The Rev. J. Ellerton. 1871? Abr. "*I have the keys of hell and death.*" J. B. Calkin.


1. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heaven is won to day!
2. Earth with joy confess-es, clothing her for spring, All good gifts returned with her returning King:
poco rit.
Lo! the Dead is Living, God for-ev - er - more! Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough, Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.
ff
8vas.

3 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead True and Only Son,
Manhood to deliver, Manhood didst put on.
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

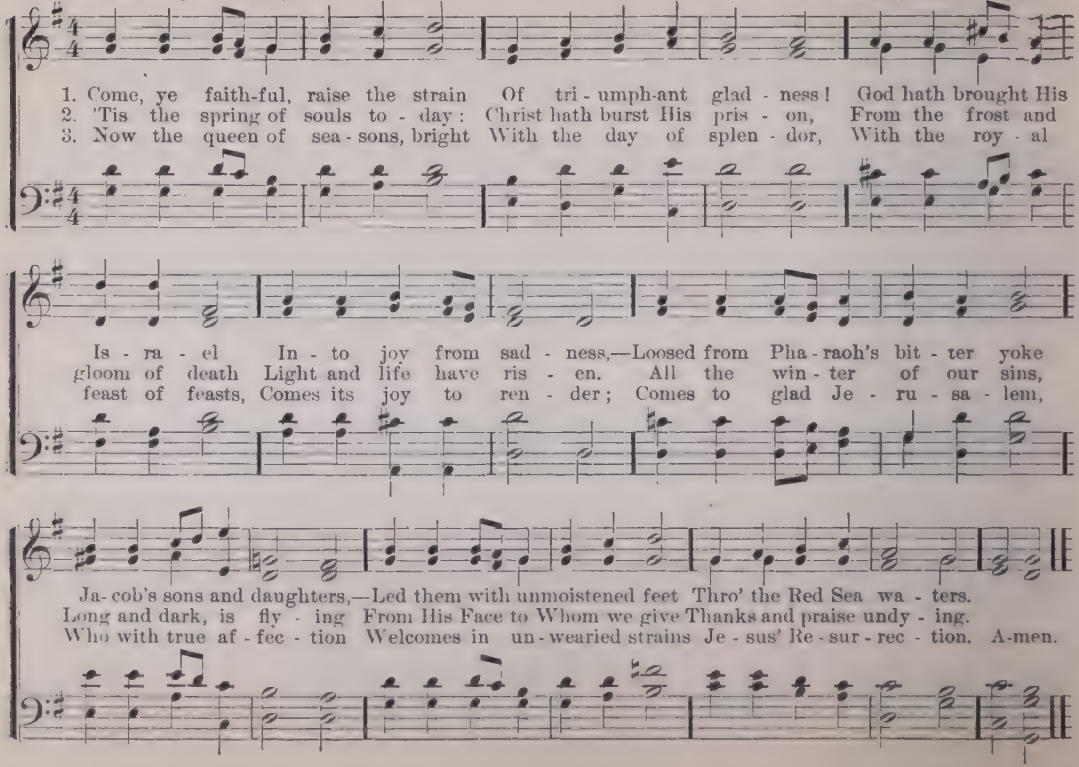
4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chains;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc. Amen.

WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING. Concluded.


After each stanza, in Unison.
" Welcome, happy morning !" age to age shall say ; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heaven is won to-day !
Inst.
rall.
Lo ! the Dead is Living, God for ev-er-more ! Him, their true Crea - tor, all His works adore ! Amen.
rall.

125. **ST. KEVIN.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

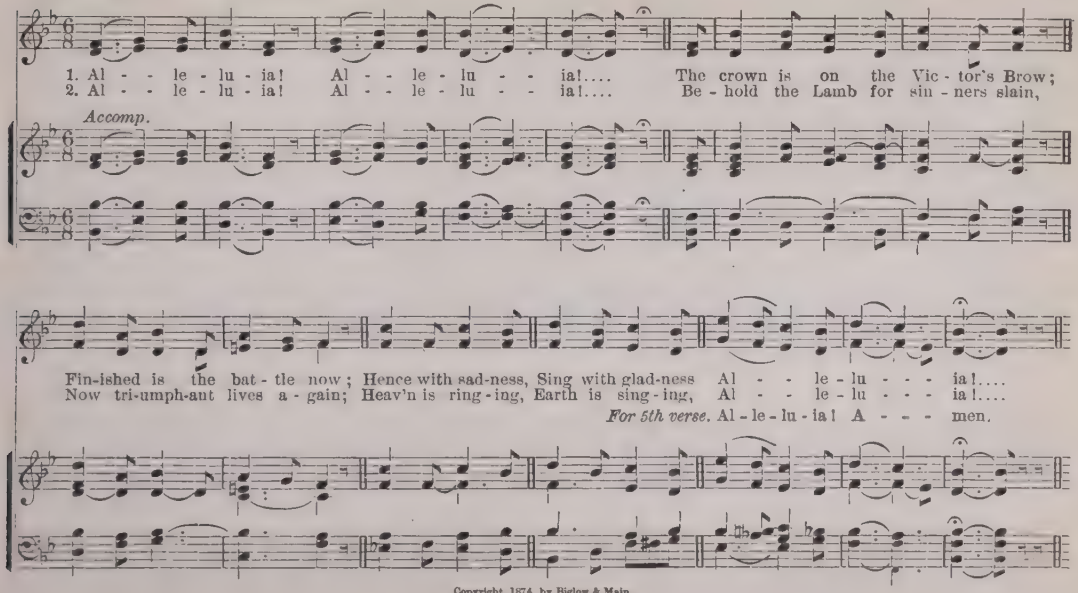
"*He hath broken the gates of brass.*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. Sir A. S. SULLIVAN, Mus. D. 187-

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph-ant glad - ness! God hath brought His
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ hath burst His pris - on, From the frost and
3. Now the queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor, With the roy - al
Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness,—Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke
gloom of death Light and life have ris - en. All the win - ter of our sins,
feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der; Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem,
Ja- cob's sons and daughters,—Led them with unmoistened feet Thro' the Red Sea wa - ters.
Long and dark, is fly - ing From His Face to Whom we give Thanks and praise undy - ing.
Who with true af - fec - tion Welcomes in un - wearied strains Je - sus' Re - sur - rec - tion. A-men.

126. ST. CHARLES. 8,7,4,4.

"*For to this end Christ both died and rose, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.*"

The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. Slightly alt. J. H. CORNELL. 1874.


1. Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - - ia!.... The crown is on the Vic - tor's Brow;
2. Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - - ia!.... Be - hold the Lamb for sin - ners slain,
Accomp.
Fin-ished is the bat - tle now; Hence with sad-ness, Sing with glad-ness Al - - le - lu - - - ia!....
Now tri-umph-ant lives a - gain; Heav'n is ring - ing, Earth is sing - ing, Al - - le - lu - - - ia!....
For 5th verse. Al - le - lu - ia! A - - - men.

Copyright, 1874, by Biglow & Main.

3.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
O glorious morning when He rose,
Captive leading all His foes;
Sing we lauding,
And applauding,
Alleluia!

4.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
The night of death has passed away,
Christ has ope'd the gate of day;
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness
Alleluia!

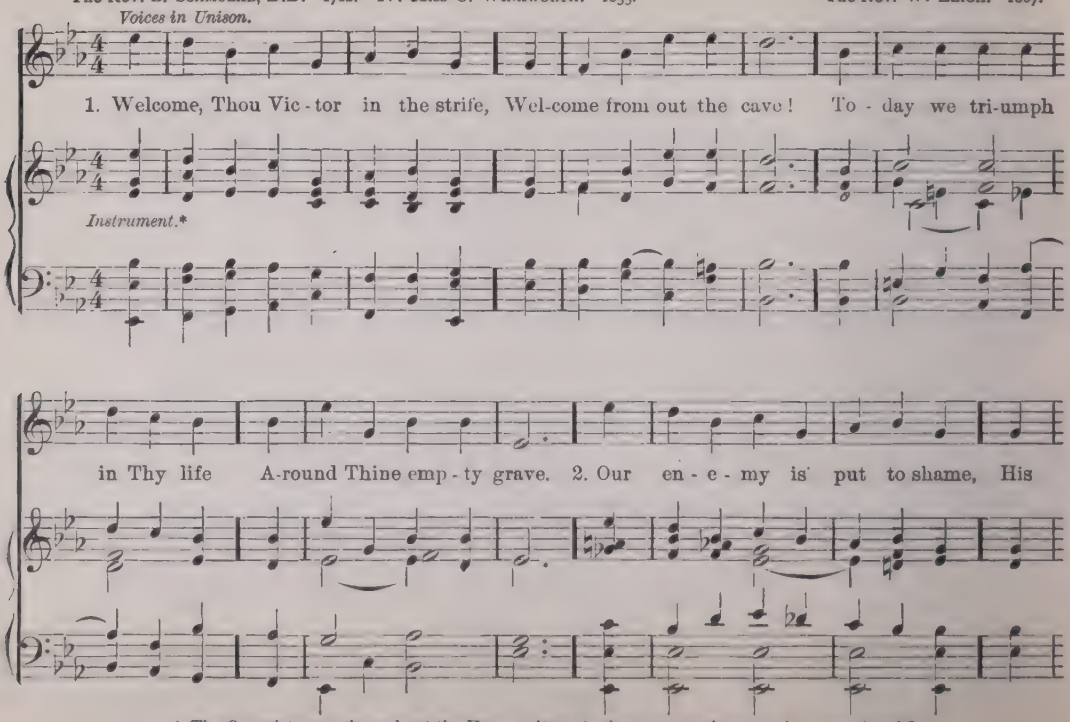
5.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
O Risen Lord, we call on Thee,
So from death to set us free,
That our living
Be thanksgiving!
Alleluia! Amen.

127. SUTHER. C. M.

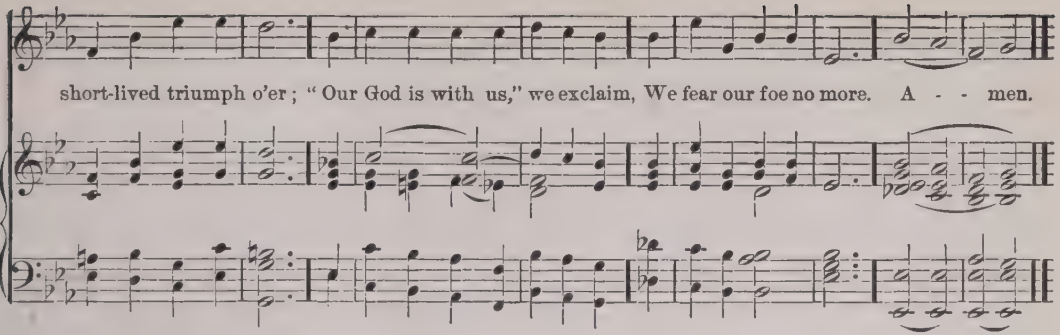
"*And they told what things were done in the way, and how He was known to them in breaking of bread. And as they thus spake, Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them and said unto them: 'Peace be unto you.'*"

The Rev. B. Schmolke, D.D. 1712. *Tr.* Miss C. Winkworth. 1855. The Rev. W. Leigh. 1867.


Voices in Unison.
1. Welcome, Thou Vic - tor in the strife, Wel-come from out the cave! To - day we tri-umph
Instrument.*
in Thy life A-round Thine emp - ty grave. 2. Our en - e - my is put to shame, His

* The Organist may, throughout the Hymn, alternate the accompaniment as in verses 1 and 2.

SUTHER. Concluded.



3 The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in the midst, Thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with Thee.

4 O share with us the spoils, we pray,
Thou diedst to achieve;
We meet within Thy house to-day
Our portion to receive.

5 And let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenwards up to Thee.

6 We bury all our sin and crime
Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
And seek the treasure there, that time
Nor change can e'er consume.

7 We die with Thee: O let us live
Henceforth to Thee aright;
The blessings Thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

8 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If Thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

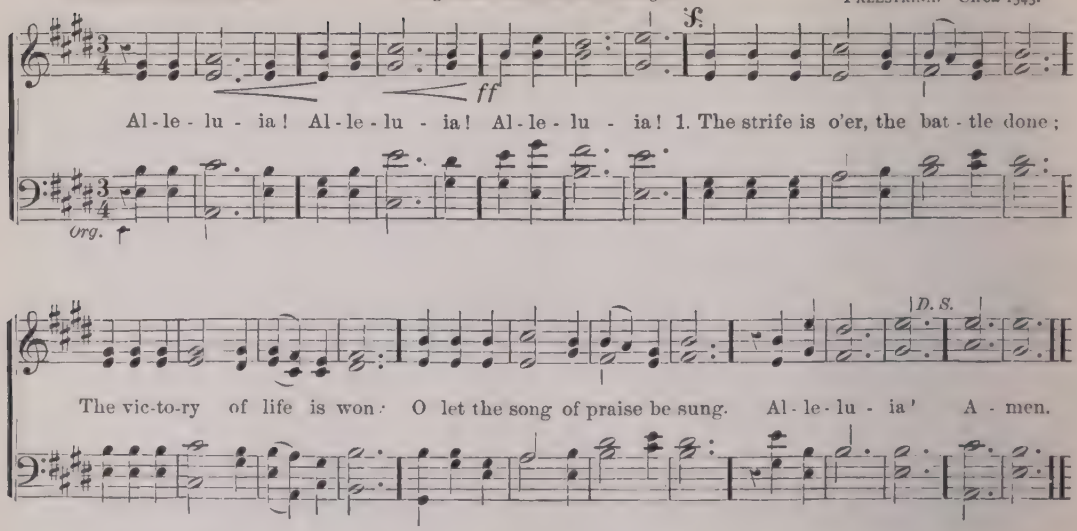
9 Death hurts us not; his power is gone
And pointless all his darts:
God's favor now on us hath shone,
Joy filleth all our hearts. Amen.

128. PALESTRINA. 8,8,8,4.

The Rev. F. Pott. 1860.

"Sing aloud unto God our Strength."

From a "Gloria Patri," by Palestrina. Circa 1545.


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! 1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done;
Org.
The vic-to-ry of life is won: O let the song of praise be sung. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
D. S.

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

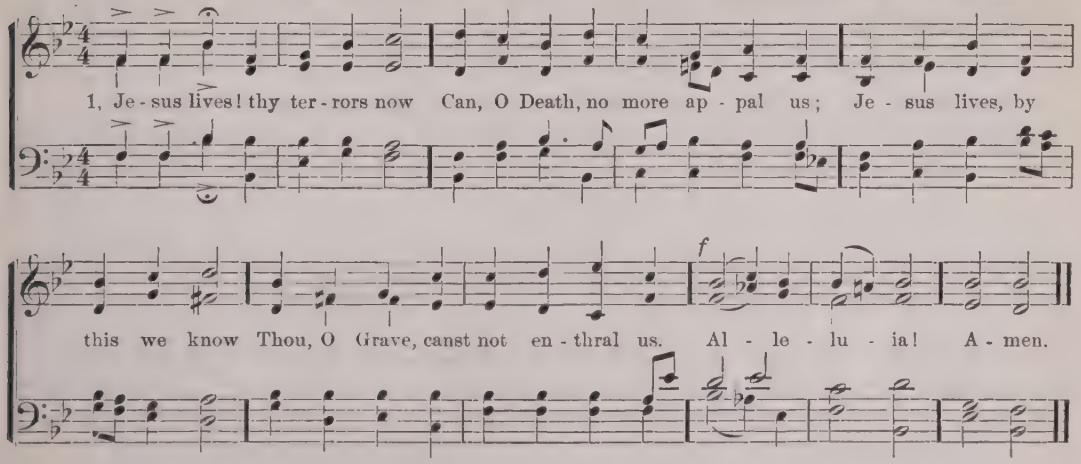
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from Heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee.
Alleluia! Amen.

129. LINDISFARNE. 7,8,7,8,4.

"I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and I have the keys of hell and of death."

C. F. GELLERT. 1757. *Tr.* Miss F. E. COX. 1841. Alt. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS. D. 1860.


1, Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O Death, no more ap - pal us; Je - sus lives, by
this we know Thou, O Grave, canst not en - thral us. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
f

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

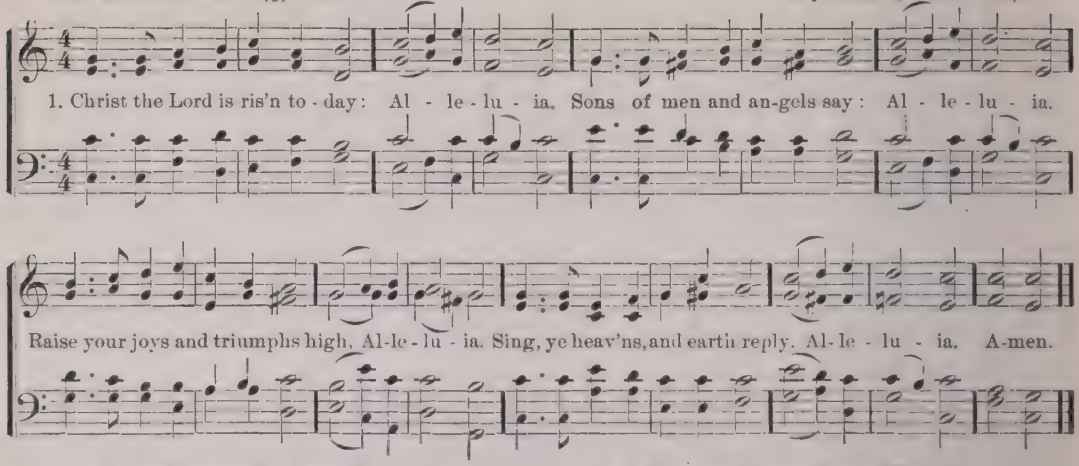
4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever:
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia! Amen.

130. RESURRECTION. 7,7,7,7.

"*The Lord is risen indeed.*"

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1739. Abr. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1887.


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day: Al - le - lu - ia. Sons of men and an-gels say: Al - le - lu - ia.
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Al-le - lu - ia. Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply. Al-le - lu - ia. A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O Grave?

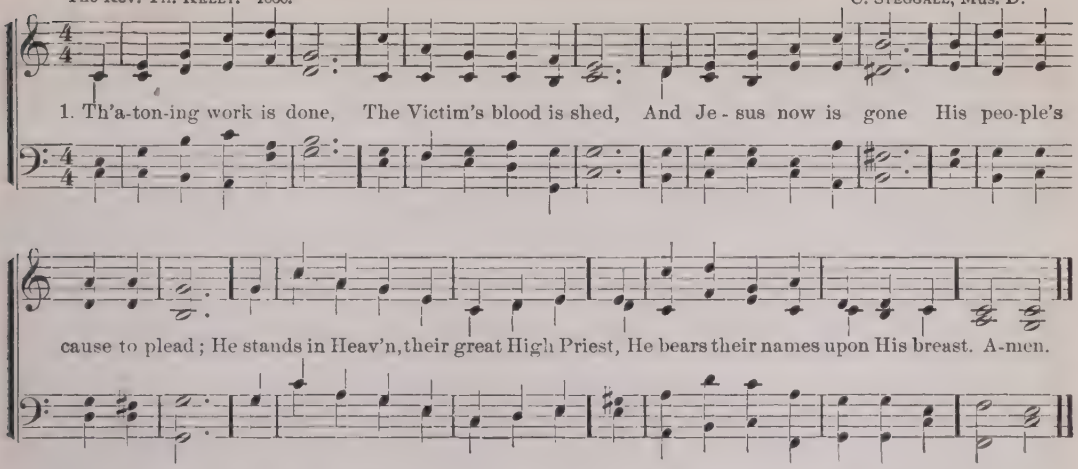
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven!
Praise to Thee by Both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou! Amen.

131. CHRIST CHURCH. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

"*We have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens.*"

The Rev. TH. KELLY. 1806. C. STEGGALL, Mus. D.


1. Th'a-ton-ing work is done, The Victim's blood is shed, And Je - sus now is gone His peo-ple's
cause to plead; He stands in Heav'n, their great High Priest, He bears their names upon His breast. A-men.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For Justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But Justice now withstands no more,
And Mercy yields her boundless store.

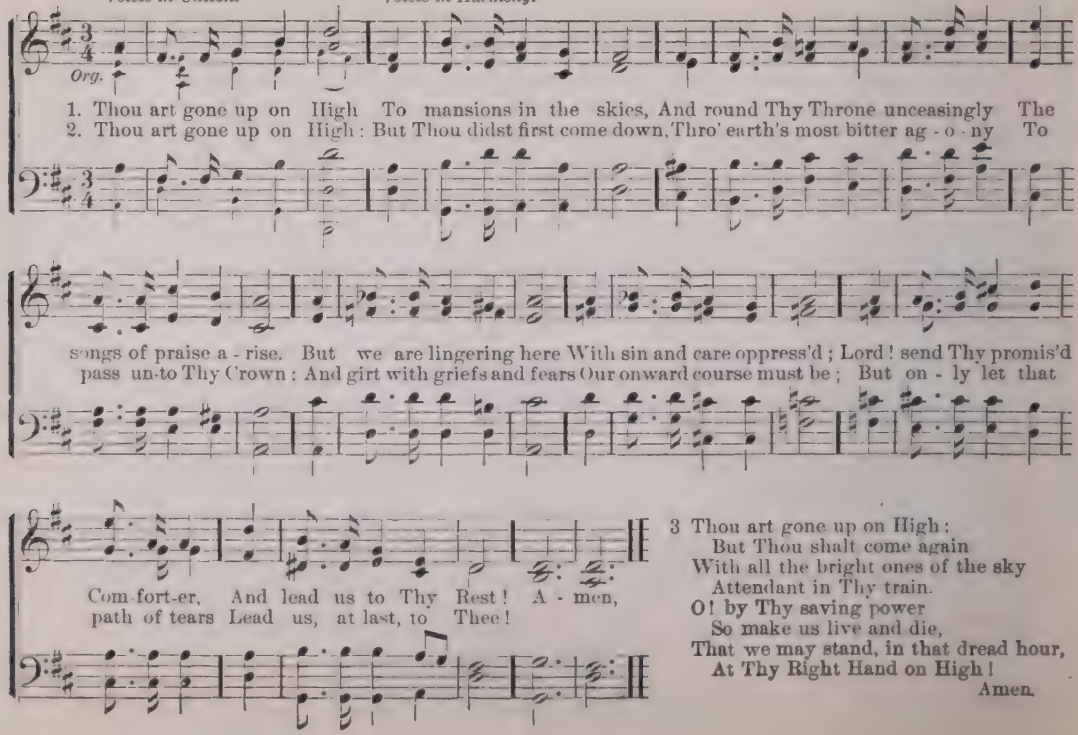
3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In Heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His.
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

4 And though a while He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest Glory He will come,
And take His waiting people Home. Amen.

132. CANTERBURY PRECINCTS. S. M. D.

"And while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Mrs. Emma Toke, 1851. J. Naylor, Mus. D. 1872.

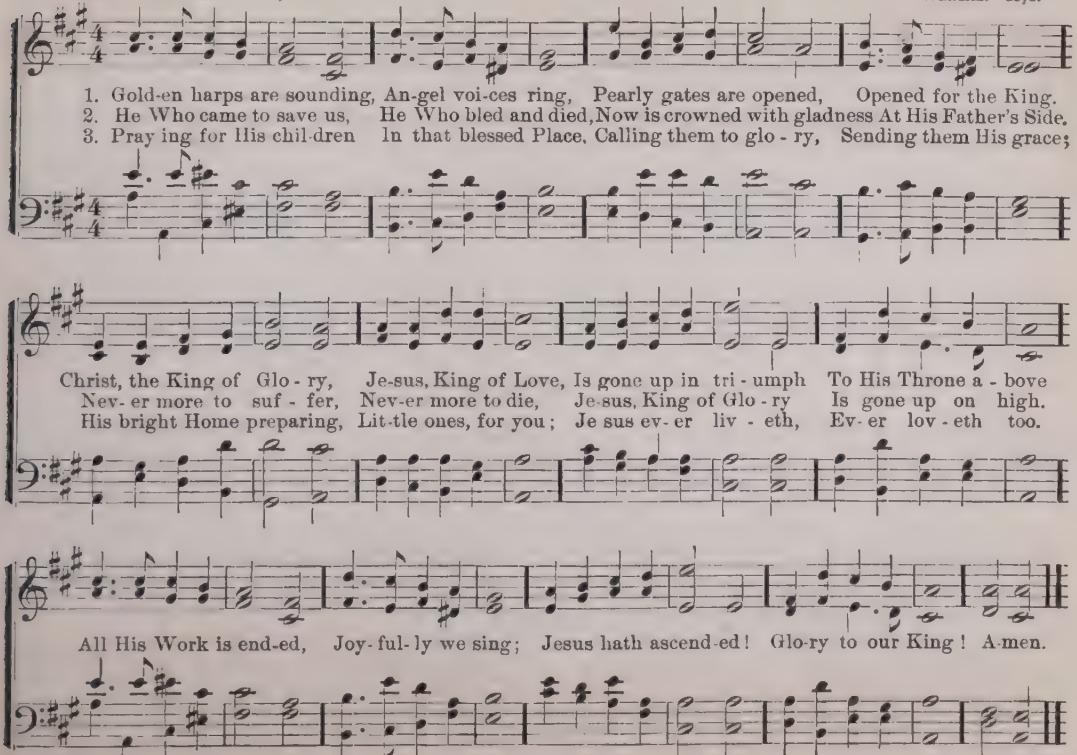
Voices in Unison. *Voices in Harmony.*

Org.
1. Thou art gone up on High To mansions in the skies, And round Thy Throne unceasingly The
2. Thou art gone up on High: But Thou didst first come down, Thro' earth's most bitter ag - o - ny To
songs of praise a - rise. But we are lingering here With sin and care oppress'd; Lord! send Thy promis'd
pass un-to Thy Crown: And girt with griefs and fears Our onward course must be; But on - ly let that
Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy Rest! A - men,
path of tears Lead us, at last, to Thee!

3 Thou art gone up on High:
But Thou shalt come again
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
O! by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy Right Hand on High!
Amen.

133. HERMAS. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"*And I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps.*"

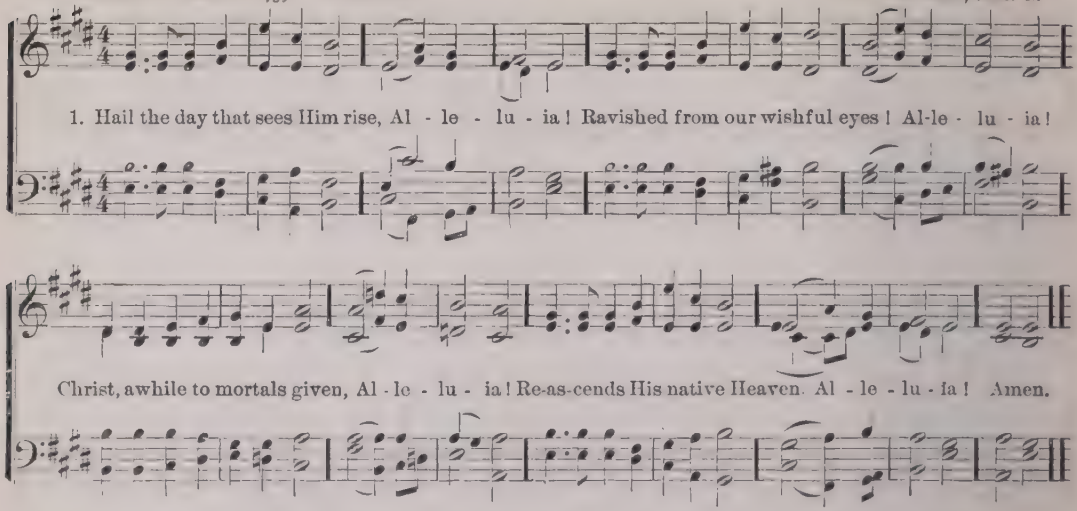
Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. 1872. Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. 1872.


1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pearly gates are opened, Opened for the King.
2. He Who came to save us, He Who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness At His Father's Side.
3. Pray ing for His chil-dren In that blessed Place, Calling them to glo - ry, Sending them His grace;
Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je-sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His Throne a - bove
Nev- er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die, Je-sus, King of Glo - ry Is gone up on high.
His bright Home preparing, Lit-tle ones, for you; Je sus ev- er liv - eth, Ev- er lov - eth too.
All His Work is end-ed, Joy- ful- ly we sing; Jesus hath ascend-ed! Glo-ry to our King! A-men.

ASCENSION. 7,7,7,7.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1739. Abr. and alt. S. Reay, Mus. B.


1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Ravished from our wishful eyes! Al-le - lu - ia!
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Al - le - lu - ia! Re-as-cends His native Heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! Amen.

2 There the glorious triumph waits, Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates! Alleluia!
Wide unfold the radiant scene, Alleluia!
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia!

3 Him though highest Heaven receives, Alleluia!
Still He loves the earth He leaves: Alleluia!
Though returning to His Throne, Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own. Alleluia!

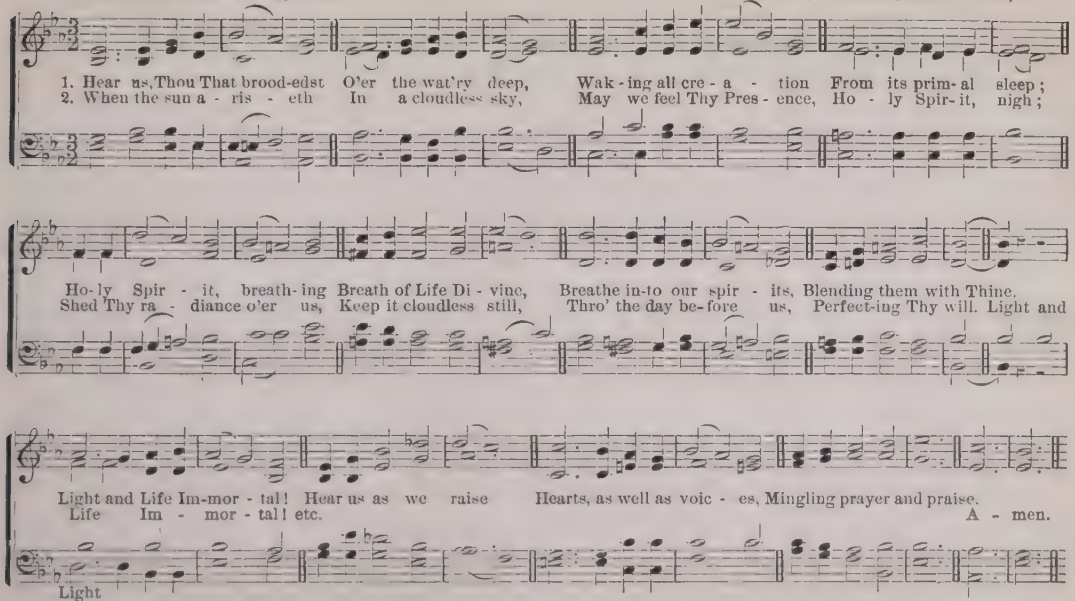
4 Still for us His Death He pleads: Alleluia!
Prevalent, He intercedes: Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
Harbinger of human race. Alleluia!

5 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
High above yon azure height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Following Thee beyond the skies! Alleluia!
Amen.

135. ISCA. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh."

The Rev. G. THRING. 1879. Abr. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. D. 1887.


1. Hear us, Thou That brood-edst O'er the wat'ry deep, Wak-ing all cre-a-tion From its prim-al sleep;
2. When the sun a-ris-eth In a cloudless sky, May we feel Thy Pres-ence, Ho-ly Spir-it, nigh;
Ho-ly Spir-it, breath-ing Breath of Life Di-vine, Breathe in-to our spir-its, Blending them with Thine.
Shed Thy ra-diance o'er us, Keep it cloudless still, Thro' the day be-fore us, Perfect-ing Thy will. Light and
Light and Life Im-mor-tal! Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voic-es, Mingling prayer and praise.
Life Im-mor-tal! etc. A-men.
Light

3 When the fight is fiercest,
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's Feet,
There to find a refuge,
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.
Light and Life, etc.

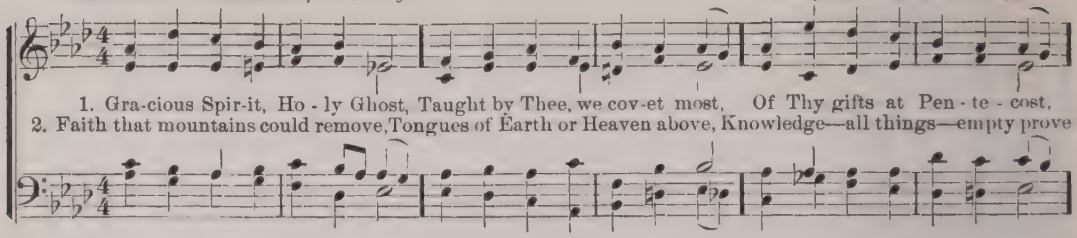
4 If the day be falling,
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life, etc.

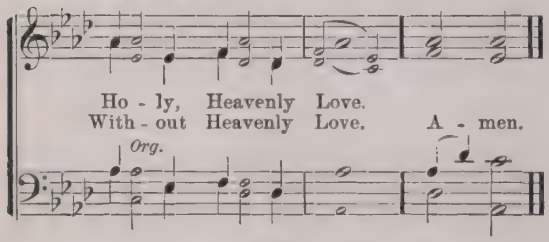
5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, Gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life, that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from Heaven above.
Light and Life, etc. Amen.

136. CHARITY. 7,7,7,5.

"*The fruit of the Spirit is love.*"

The Rt. Rev. C. Wordsworth, D.D. 1865. Sir J. Stainer, Mus. D. 1874.


1. Gra-cious Spir-it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we cov-et most, Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost,
2. Faith that mountains could remove, Tongues of Earth or Heaven above, Knowledge—all things—empty prove

Voices in Unison.

3.
Though I as a Martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if Love I need;
Therefore, give me Love.

4.
Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

5.
Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore, give us Love.

6.
Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore, give us Love.

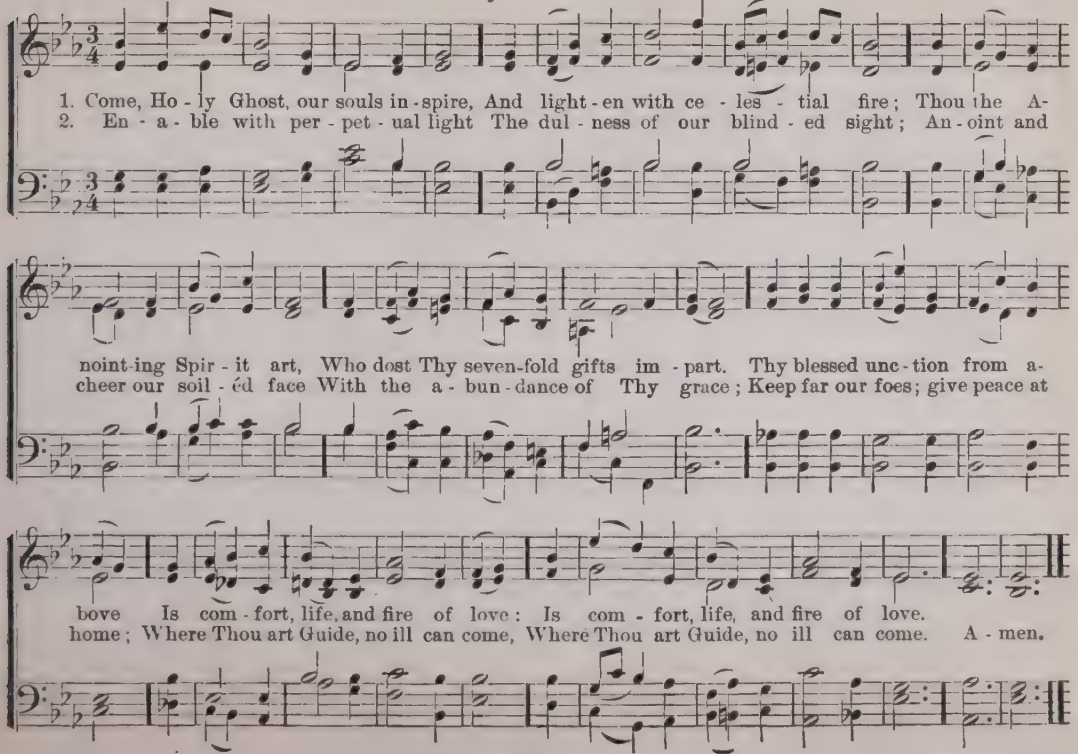
7.
Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

8.
From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, Heavenly Love! Amen.

137. VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS. 8,8,8,8,8,8.

"*And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind.*"

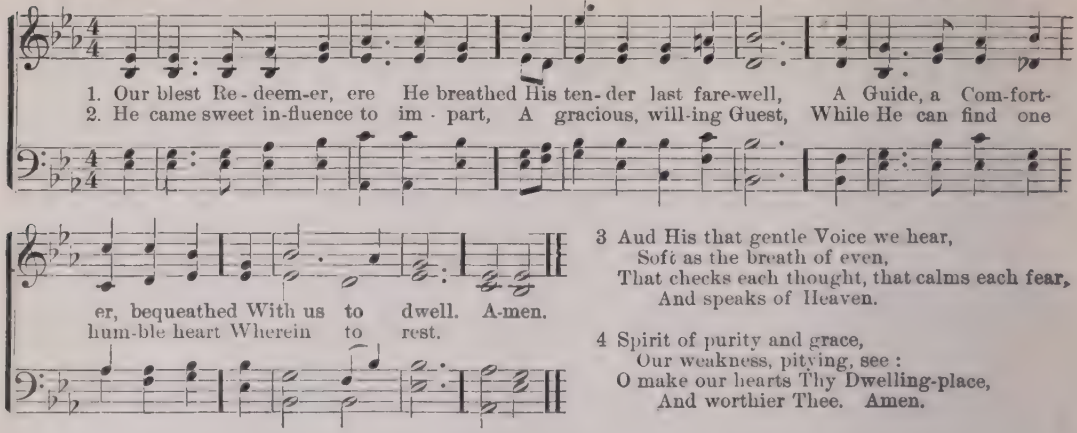
Tr. The Rt. Rev. J. Cosin, D.D. 1627. Abr. T. Attwood.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire; Thou the A-
2. En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The dul - ness of our blind - ed sight; An - oint and
noint-ing Spir - it art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts im - part. Thy blessed unc - tion from a-
cheer our soil - éd face With the a - bun - dance of Thy grace; Keep far our foes; give peace at
bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of love: Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.
home; Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come, Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come. A - men.

138. ST. CUTHBERT. 8,6,8,4.

"If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."

Miss H. Auber. 1829. Abr. — The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1860.


1. Our blest Re - deem-er, ere He breathed His ten- der last fare-well, A Guide, a Com-fort-
2. He came sweet in-fluence to im - part, A gracious, will-ing Guest, While He can find one
er, bequeathed With us to dwell. A-men.
hum-ble heart Wherein to rest.

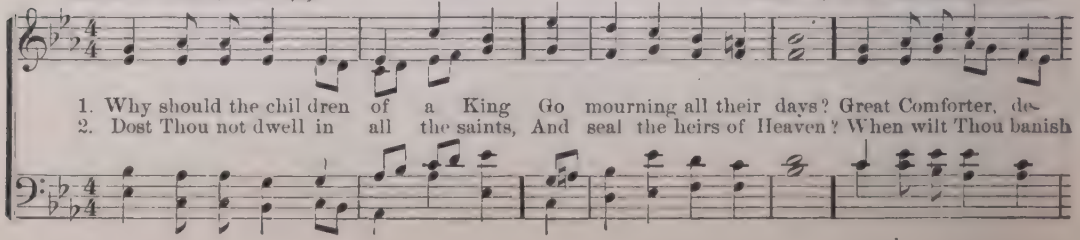
3 And His that gentle Voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

4 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy Dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee. **Amen.**

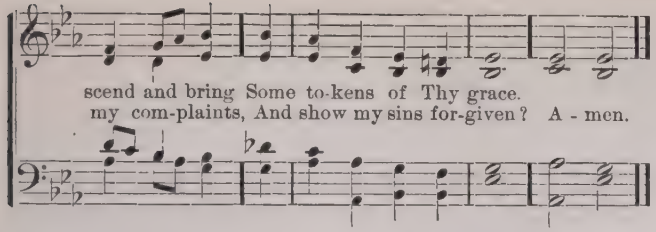
139. ELVET. C. M.

"The Spirit Itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

The Rev. I. Watts, D.D. 1709. — The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1862.


1. Why should the chil dren of a King Go mourning all their days? Great Comforter, de-
2. Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints, And seal the heirs of Heaven? When wilt Thou banish

ELVET.—Concluded.



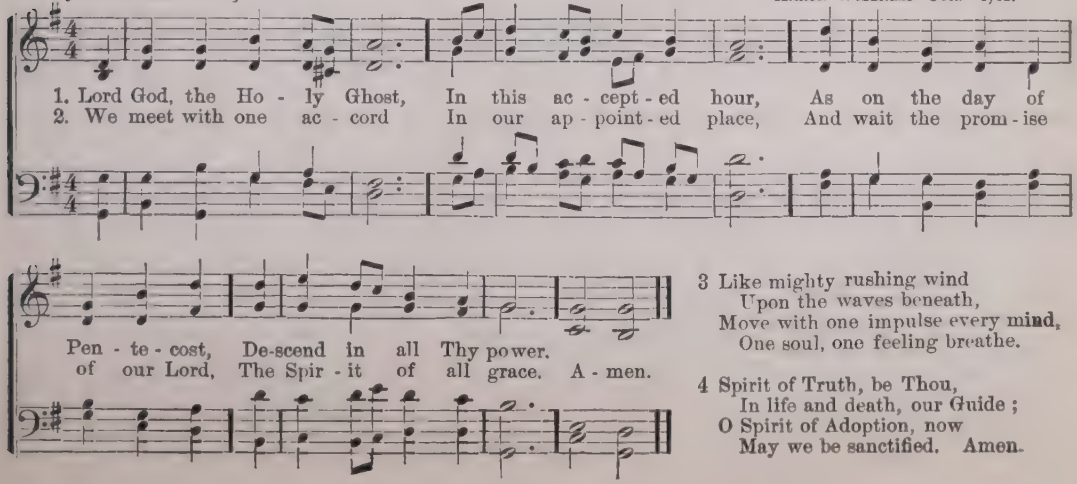
3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's Blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the Earnest of His love
The Pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft Wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home. Amen.

140. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come they were all with one accord in one place."

J. MONTGOMERY. 1819. Abr. AARON WILLIAMS' Coll. 1762.


1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As on the day of
2. We meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place, And wait the prom - ise
Pen - te - cost, De-scend in all Thy power.
of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace. A - men.

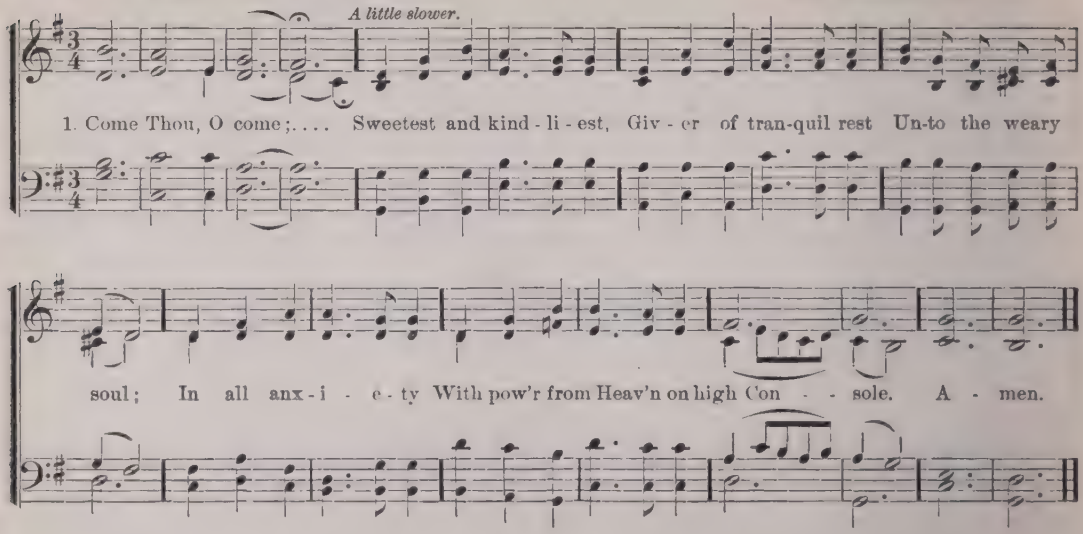
3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,
In life and death, our Guide;
O Spirit of Adoption, now
May we be sanctified. Amen.

141. BEACONHILL. I. M.

"*Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.*"

From the Latin. *Tr.* by the Rev. G. MOULTRIE. E. J. HOPKINS, MUS. D. 1887.


A little slower.
1. Come Thou, O come;.... Sweetest and kind - li - est, Giv - er of tran-quil rest Un-to the weary
soul; In all anx - i - e - ty With pow'r from Heav'n on high Con - - sole. A - men.

2.

Come Thou, O come;
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans' and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

3.

Come Thou, O come;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost;
Harbor our souls to save
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

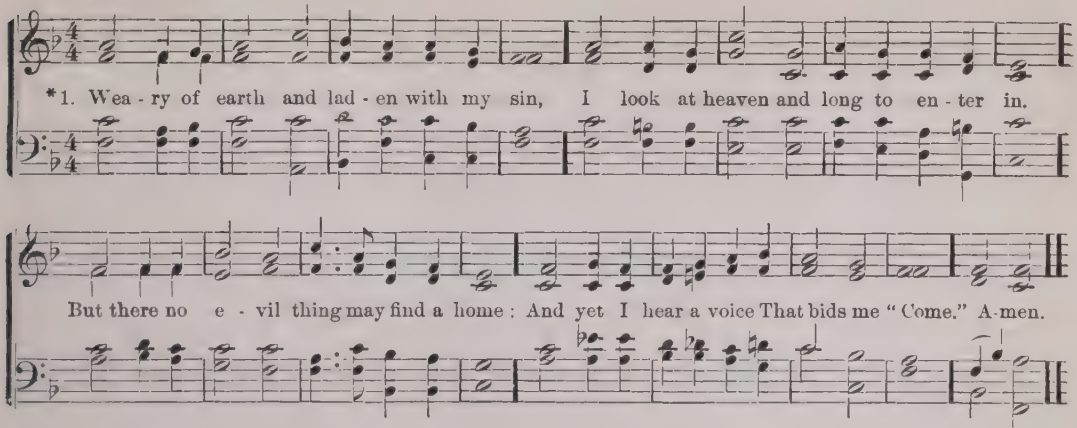
4.

Come Thou, O come;
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, Blessèd Spirit, come;
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find with Thee
Our Home. Amen.

142. LANGRAN. 10,10,10,10.

"In Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins."

The Rev. S. J. Stone. 1865. Abr. J. Langran. 1863.


*1. Wea - ry of earth and lad - en with my sin, I look at heaven and long to en - ter in.
But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice That bids me "Come." A-men.

*2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

*3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

4 It is the Voice of Jesus That I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood That can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy Righteousness.

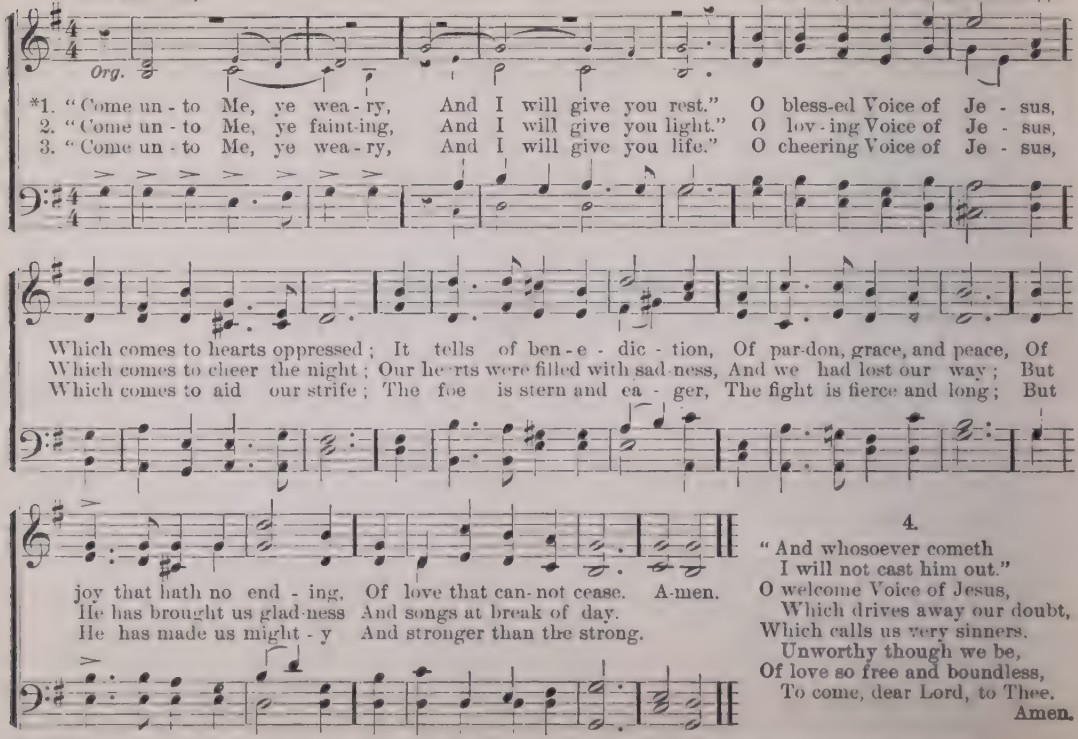
7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord,
Thine all the Merits, mine the great Reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the Life laid down.
Amen.

* Those verses marked with an asterisk may be omitted in singing this hymn.

143. COME UNTO ME. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

W. C. Dix. 1867. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1874.


Org.
*1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." O bless-ed Voice of Je - sus,
2. "Come un - to Me, ye faint-ing, And I will give you light." O lov - ing Voice of Je - sus,
3. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you life." O cheering Voice of Je - sus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par-don, grace, and peace, Of
Which comes to cheer the night; Our hearts were filled with sad-ness, And we had lost our way; But
Which comes to aid our strife; The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long; But
joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can-not cease. A-men.
He has brought us glad-ness And songs at break of day.
He has made us might - y And stronger than the strong.

4.

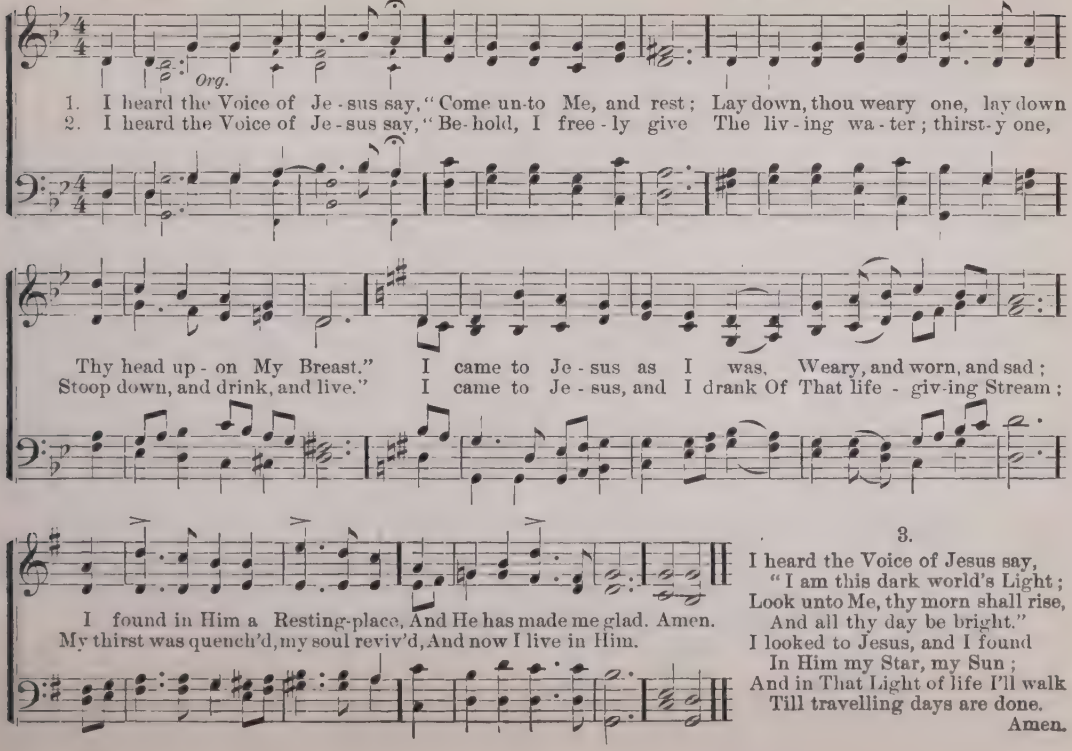
"And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome Voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.
Amen.

* The first two lines of each verse may be sung by Tenors and Basses only, or in unison by all the voices.

VOX DILECTI. C. M. D.

"Of His Fulness we all received, and grace for grace."

The Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. 1857. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1868.


Org.
1. I heard the Voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me, and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
2. I heard the Voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one,
Thy head up - on My Breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad;
Stoop down, and drink, and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of That life - giv-ing Stream;
I found in Him a Resting-place, And He has made me glad. Amen.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him.

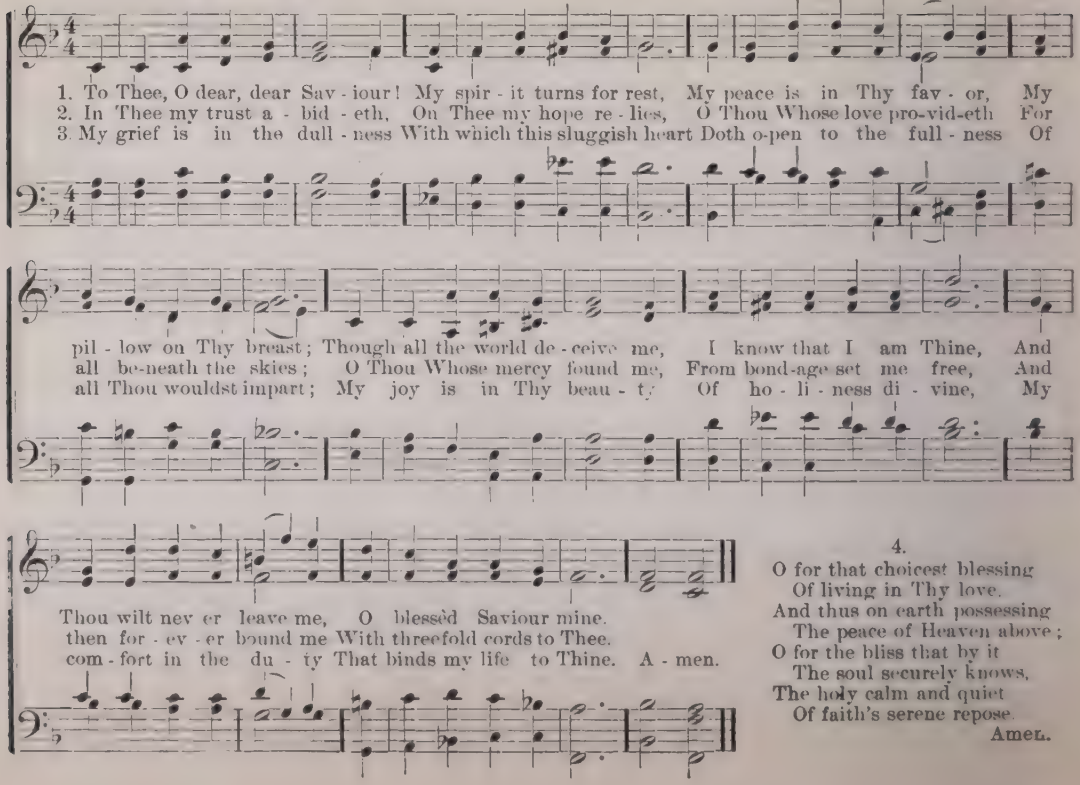
3.

I heard the Voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in That Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.
Amen.

145. SAVOY CHAPEL. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

The Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D. Abr. J. B. CALKIN.

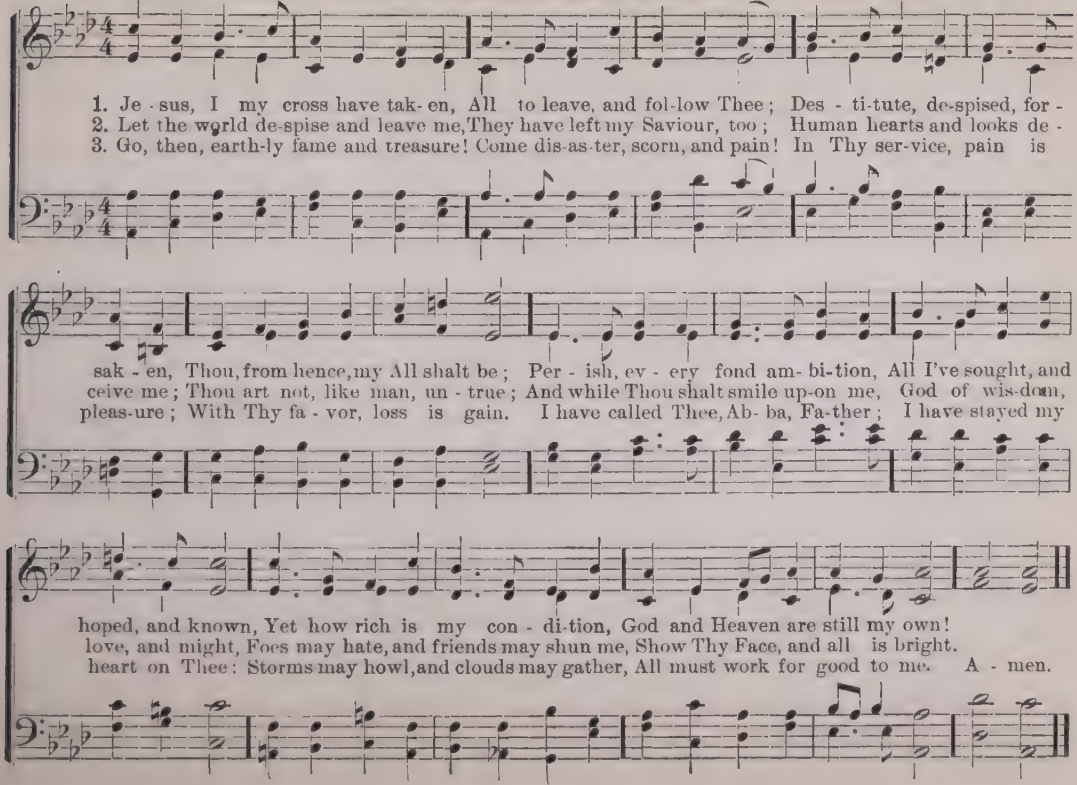

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My spir - it turns for rest, My peace is in Thy fav - or, My
2. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies, O Thou Whose love pro-vid-eth For
3. My grief is in the dull - ness With which this sluggish heart Doth o-pen to the full - ness Of
pil - low on Thy breast; Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine, And
all be-neath the skies; O Thou Whose mercy found me, From bond-age set me free, And
all Thou wouldst impart; My joy is in Thy beau - ty Of ho - li - ness di - vine, My
Thou wilt nev er leave me, O blessèd Saviour mine.
then for - ev - er bound me With threefold cords to Thee.
com - fort in the du - ty That binds my life to Thine. A - men.

4.

O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love.
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of Heaven above;
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose.
Amen.

146. **AINGER.** 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

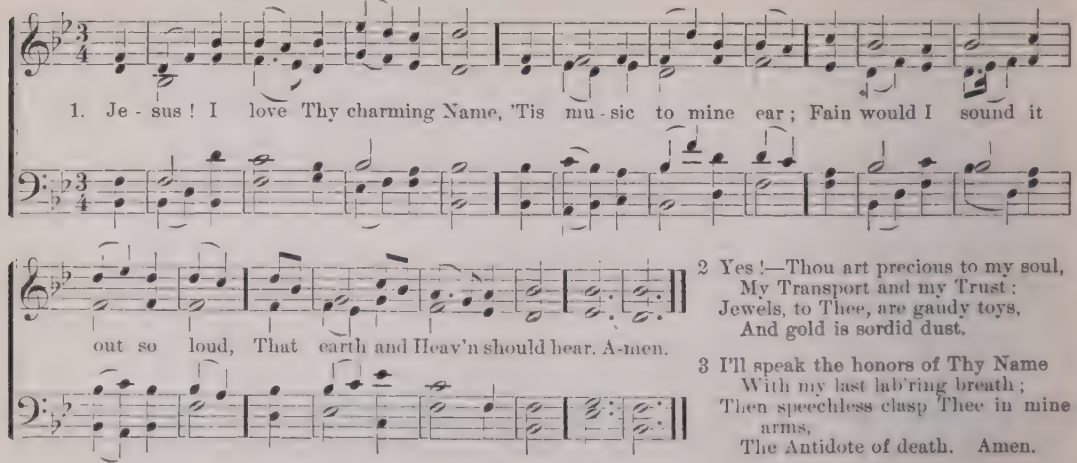
The Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1825. Abr. "*Lord, we have left all, and followed Thee.*" E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1881.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave, and fol-low Thee; Des - ti-tute, de-spised, for -
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks de -
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure! Come dis-as-ter, scorn, and pain! In Thy ser-vice, pain is
sak - en, Thou, from hence, my All shalt be; Per - ish, ev - ery fond am- bi-tion, All I've sought, and
ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true; And while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom,
pleas-ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain. I have called Thee, Ab- ba, Fa-ther; I have stayed my
hoped, and known, Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heaven are still my own!
love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy Face, and all is bright.
heart on Thee: Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me. A - men.

147. WILTSHIRE NEW. C. M.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

The Rev. P. Doddridge, D.D. 1740. Abr. Sir G. T. Smart. 1833.

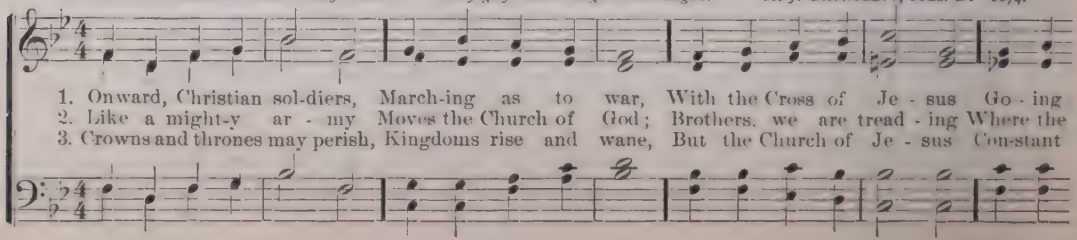

1. Je - sus ! I love Thy charming Name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear; Fain would I sound it
out so loud, That earth and Heav'n should hear. A-men.

2 Yes !—Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust:
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

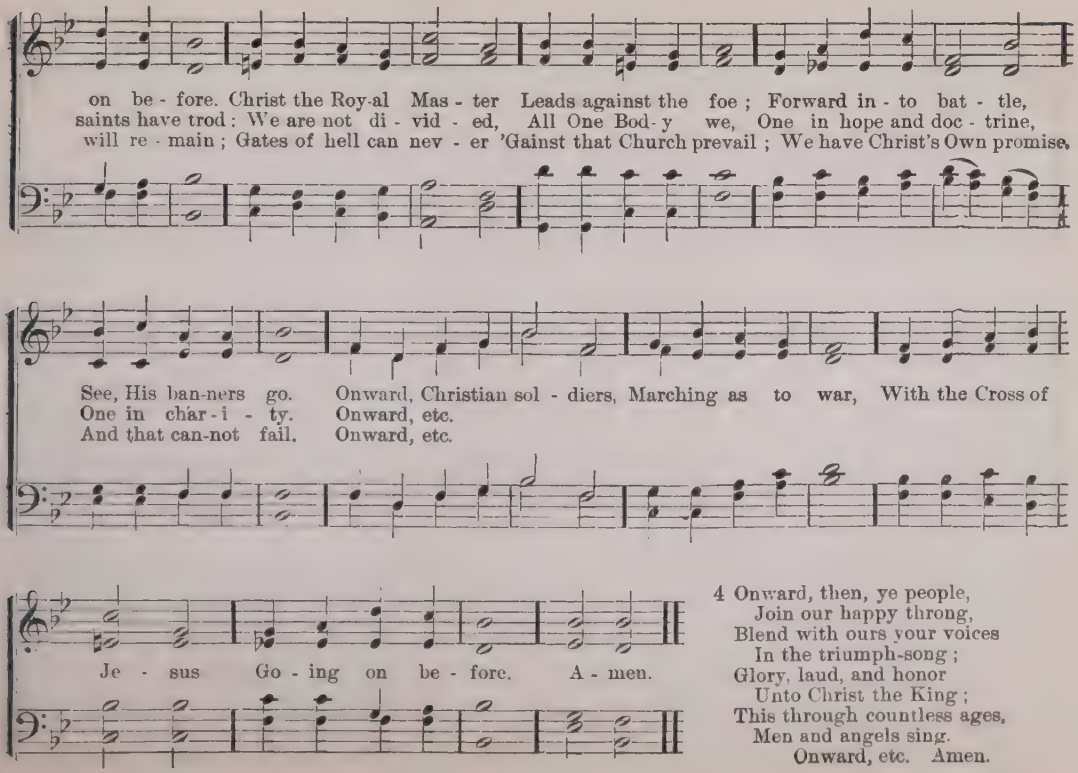
3 I'll speak the honors of Thy Name
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms,
The Antidote of death. Amen.

148. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould. 1865. Abr. *"They go from strength to strength."* H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D. 1874.


1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. Concluded.


on be - fore. Christ the Roy-al Mas - ter Leads against the foe ; Forward in - to bat - tle,
saints have trod ; We are not di - vid - ed, All One Bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine,
will re - main ; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail ; We have Christ's Own promise,
See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of
One in char - i - ty. Onward, etc.
And that can-not fail. Onward, etc.
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

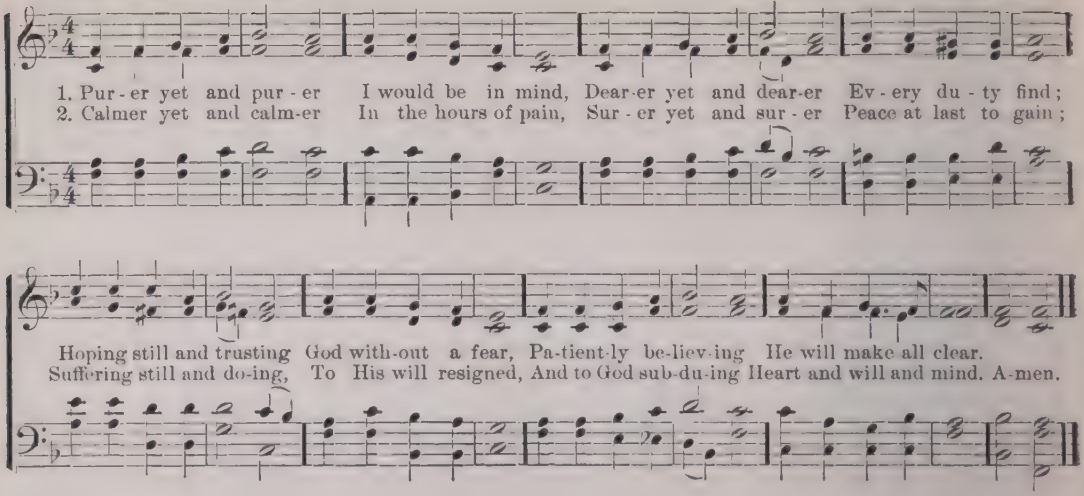
4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, etc. Amen.

149. ST. MARY MAGDALENE. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

J. W. Von Goethe. *Tr.* Anon.

"*Blessed are the pure in heart.*"

The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1862.


1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and dear-er Ev - ery du - ty find;
2. Calmer yet and calm-er In the hours of pain, Sur - er yet and sur - er Peace at last to gain;
Hoping still and trusting God with-out a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear.
Suffering still and do-ing, To His will resigned, And to God sub-du-ing Heart and will and mind. A-men.

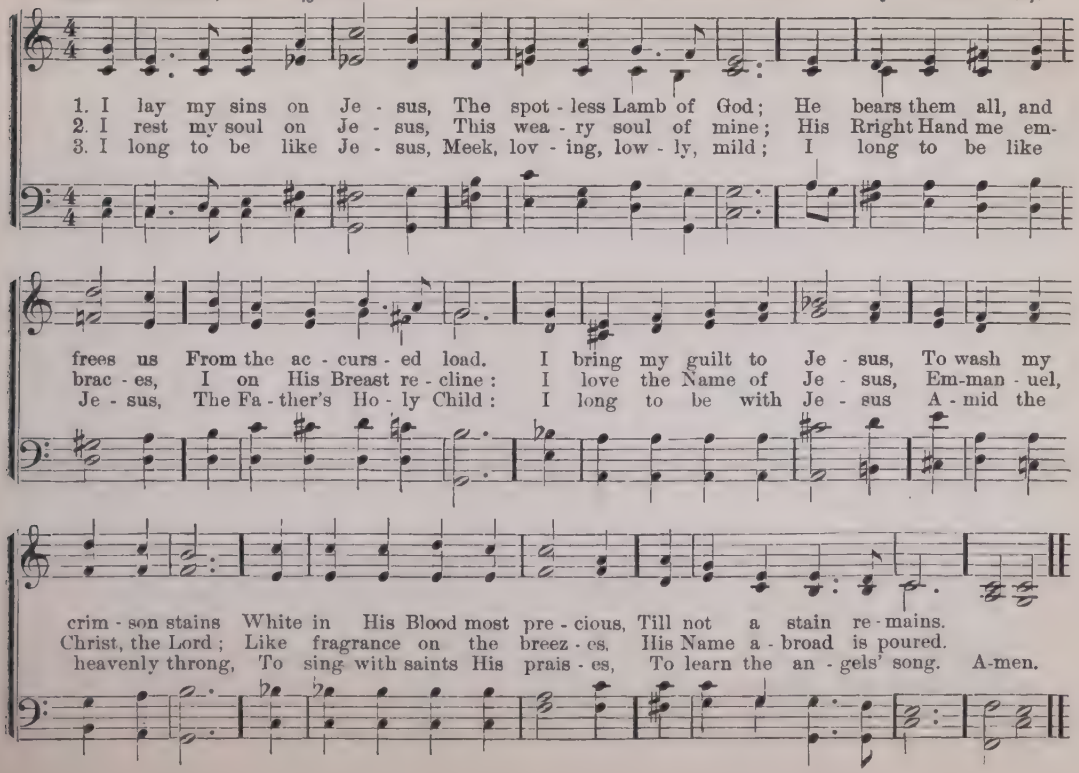
3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed. Amen.

150. **MOSCOW.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"*Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.*"

The Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. 1843. Abr. J. B. Calkin. 1867.

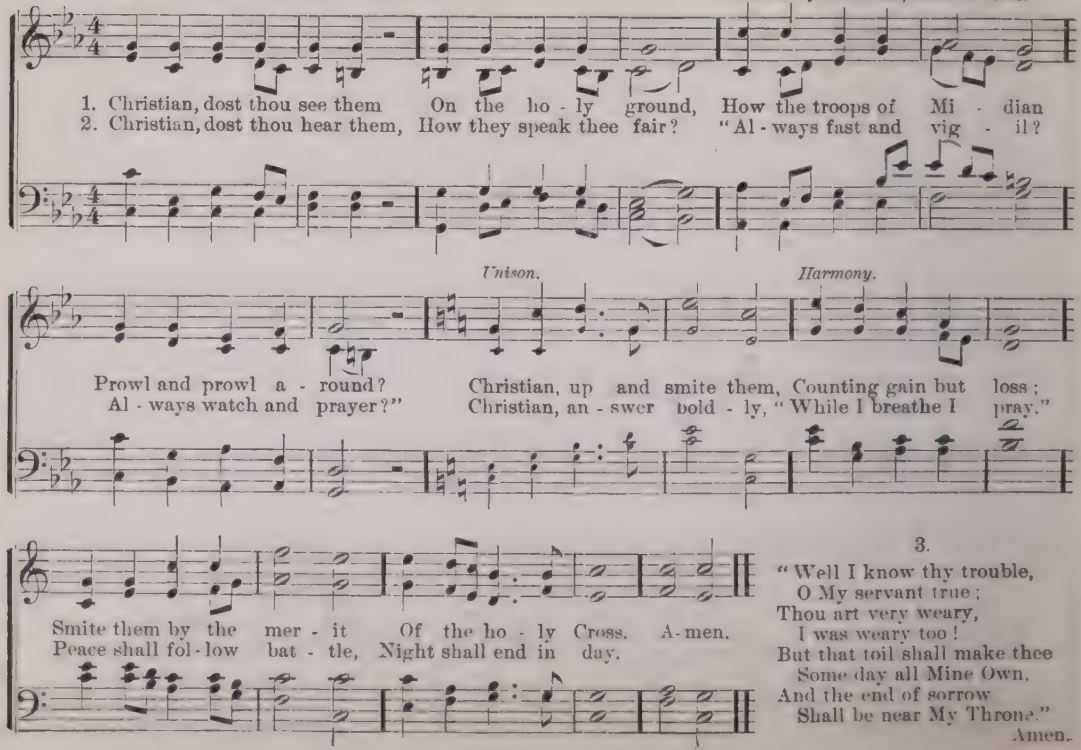

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and
2. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wea - ry soul of mine; His Rright Hand me em-
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like
frees us From the ac - curs - ed load. I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my
brac - es, I on His Breast re - cline: I love the Name of Je - sus, Em-man - uel,
Je - sus, The Fa - ther's Ho - ly Child: I long to be with Je - sus A - mid the
crim - son stains White in His Blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
Christ, the Lord; Like fragrance on the breez - es, His Name a - broad is poured.
heavenly throng, To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song. A-men.

151. ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"*Whom withstand, steadfast in your faith.*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1862. Abr.

The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1868.


1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the troops of Mi - dian
2. Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and vig - il?
Unison.
Harmony.
Prowl and prowl a - round?
Al - ways watch and prayer?"
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss;
Christian, an - swer bold - ly, "While I breathe I pray."
Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly Cross. A - men.
Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.

3.

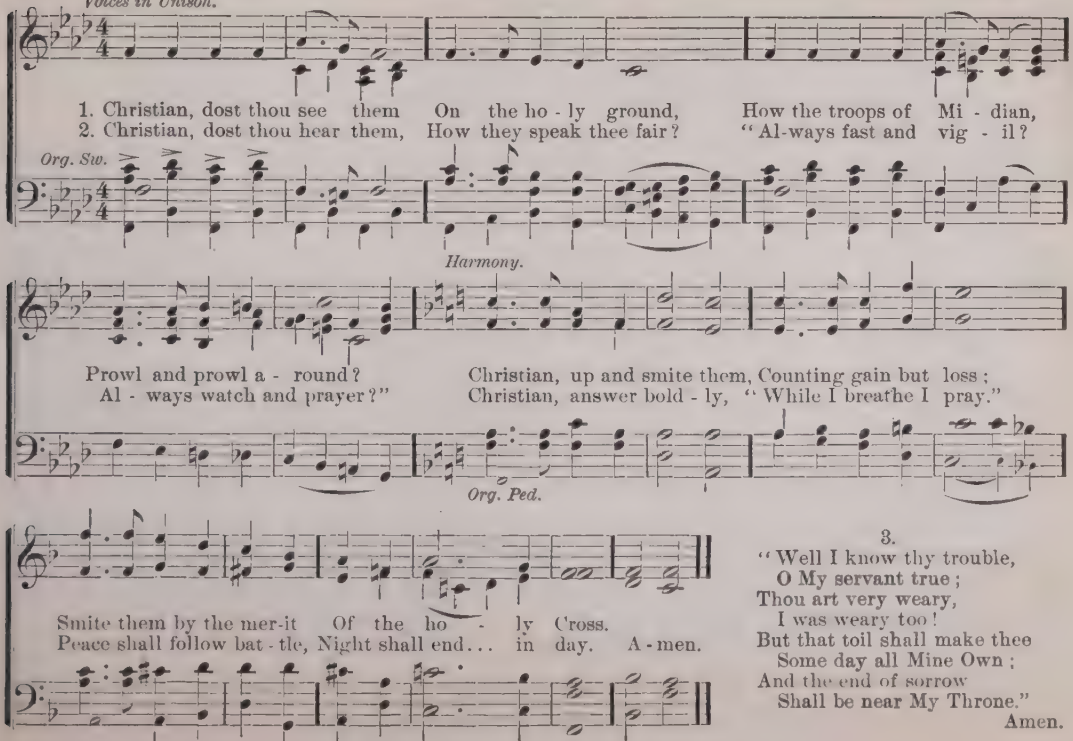
"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too!
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine Own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."

Amen.

151.—SECOND TUNE. **HOLY WAR.** 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"Whom resist steadfast in the faith."

ST. ANDREW of Crete. *Tr.* The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1862. Abr. J. BOOTH. 1887.


Voices in Unison.
1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the troops of Mi - dian,
2. Christian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al-ways fast and vig - il?
Org. Sw.
Harmony.
Prowl and prowl a - round?
Al - ways watch and prayer?"
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss;
Christian, answer bold - ly, "While I breathe I pray."
Org. Ped.
Smite them by the mer-it Of the ho - ly Cross.
Peace shall follow bat - tle, Night shall end... in day. A - men.

3.

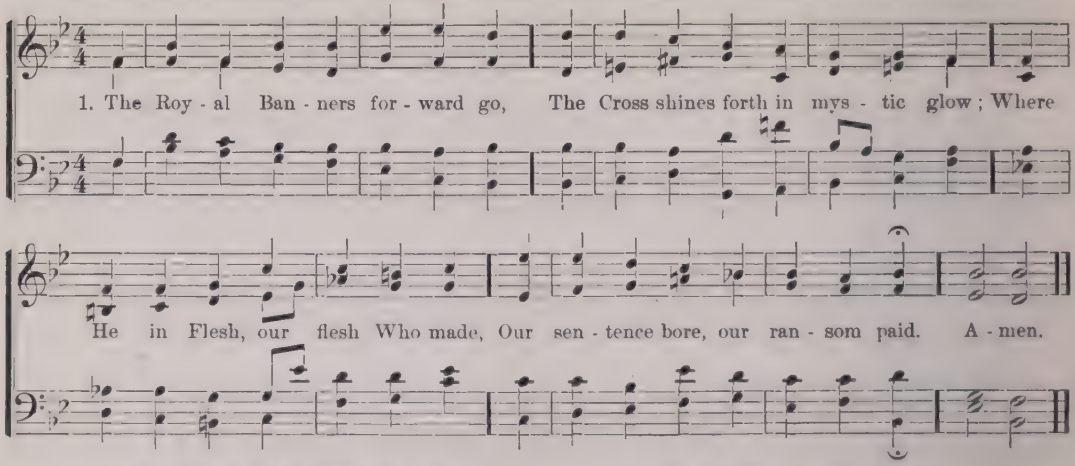
"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too!
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine Own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."

Amen.

152. VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT. L. M.

"Who His Own Self bare our sins in His Own Body on the Tree."

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS (circa 580). *Tr.* The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1851. G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D. 1872.


1. The Roy - al Ban - ners for - ward go, The Cross shines forth in mys - tic glow; Where
He in Flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sen - tence bore, our ran - som paid. A - men.

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His Side,
To wash us in that precious Flood
Where mingled Water flowed and Blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told
In the prophetic song of old,
Amidst the nations God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.

4 O Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O Tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on Whose triumphal breast
Those holy Limbs should find their rest;

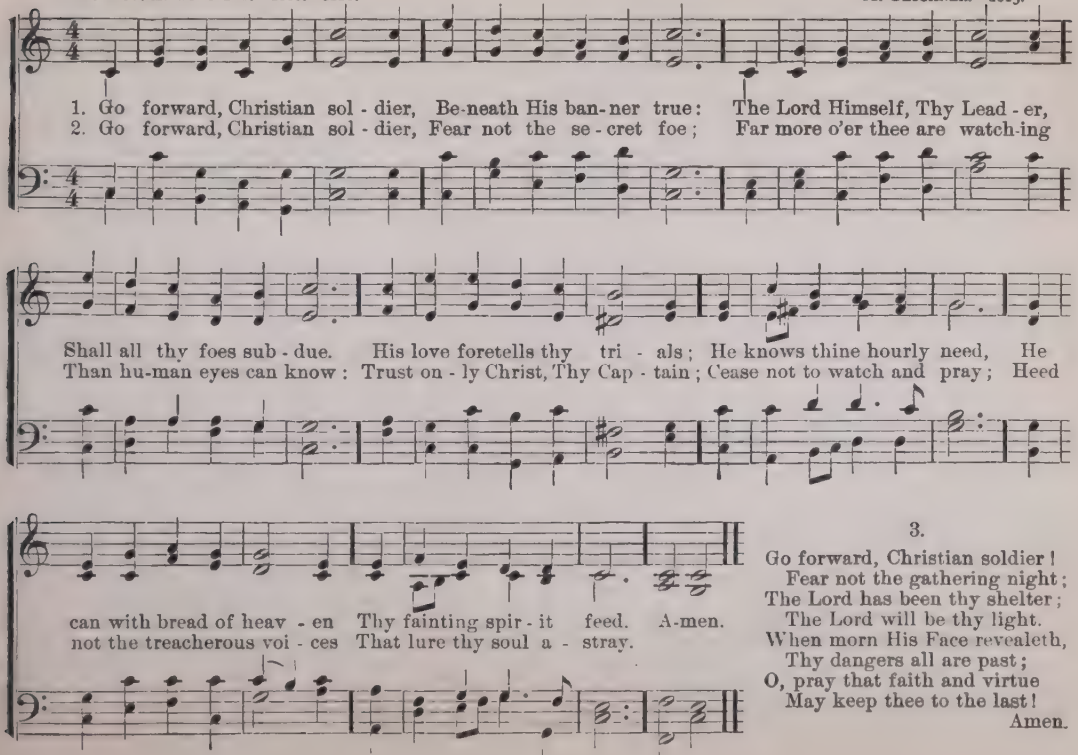
5 On Whose dear Arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung;
The price of human-kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

6 To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done,
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

153. ST. THEODULPH. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"*Fight the good fight of faith.*"

The Rev. L. Tuttiett. 1866. Abr. M. Teschner. 1615.


1. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Be-neath His ban-ner true: The Lord Himself, Thy Lead - er,
2. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe; Far more o'er thee are watch-ing
Shall all thy foes sub - due. His love foretells thy tri - als; He knows thine hourly need, He
Than hu-man eyes can know: Trust on - ly Christ, Thy Cap - tain; Cease not to watch and pray; Heed
can with bread of heav - en Thy fainting spir - it feed. A-men.
not the treacherous voi - ces That lure thy soul a - stray.

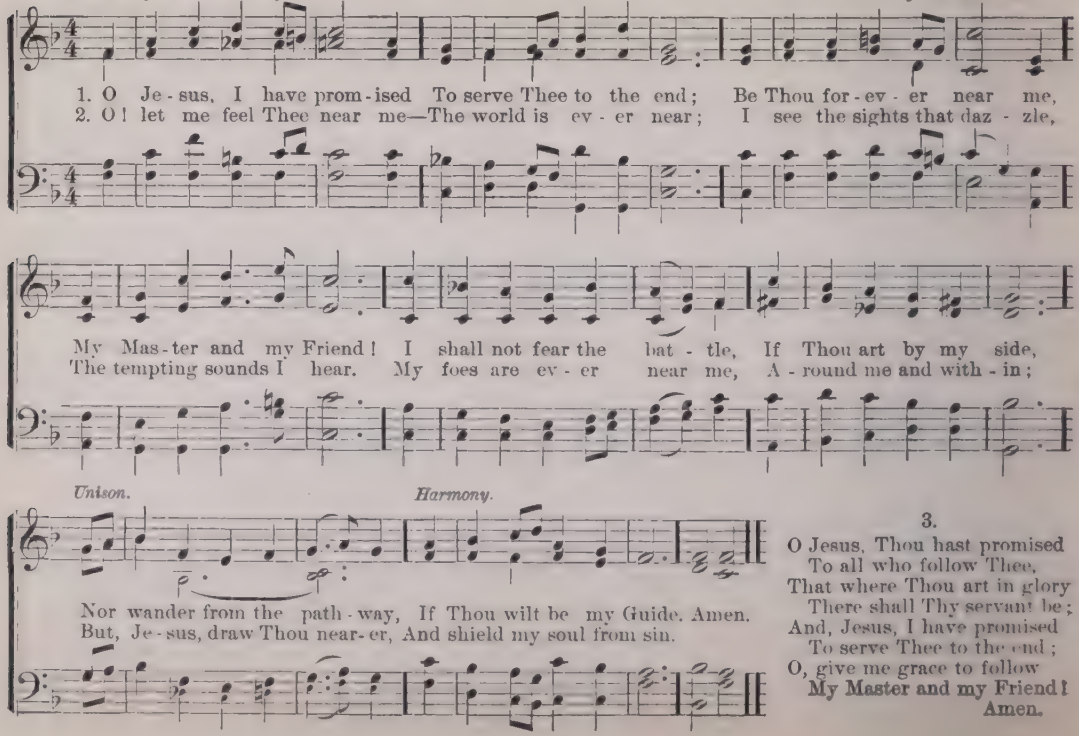
3.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His Face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last!
Amen.

154. **DAY OF REST.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."

The Rev. J. E. Bode. 1869. Abr. J. W. Elliott.


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for - ev - er near me,
2. O! let me feel Thee near me—The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that daz - zle,
My Mas - ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,
The tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
Unison.
Harmony.
Nor wander from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. Amen.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.

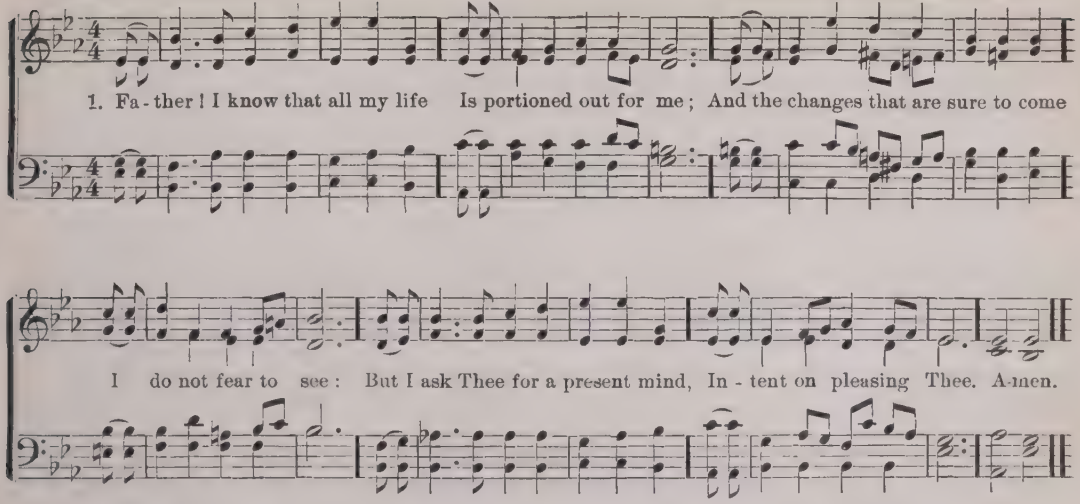
3.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!
Amen.

155. **ST. BEDE.** 8,6,8,6,8,6.

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

Miss A. L. WARING. 1850. Abr. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1867.


1. Fa - ther ! I know that all my life Is portioned out for me ; And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see : But I ask Thee for a present mind, In - tent on pleasing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

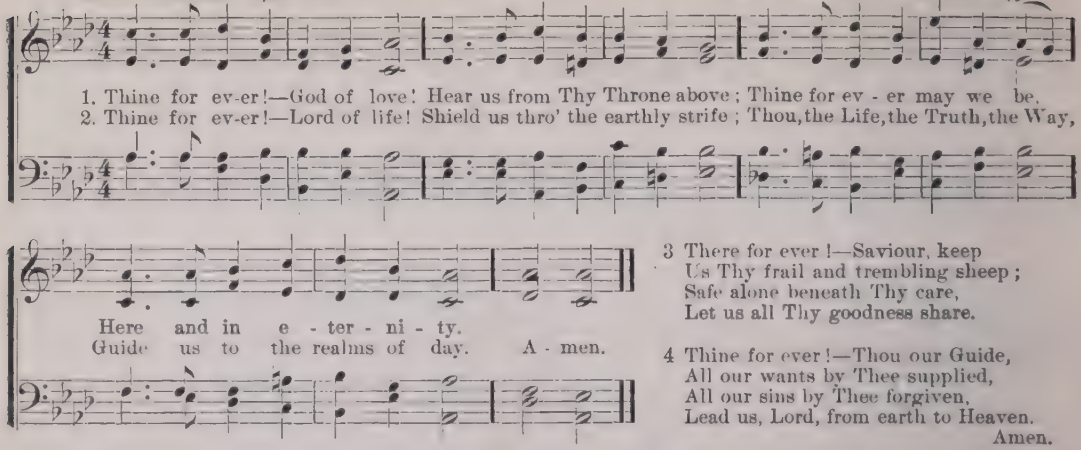
3 So I ask Thee for Thy daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy Side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

4 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful not to serve Thee much,
But to please thee perfectly. Amen.

156. NEWINGTON. 7,7,7,7.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

Miss M. F. Maude. 1848. Abr. — The Rt. Rev. W. D. Maclagan. 1875.


1. Thine for ev-er!—God of love! Hear us from Thy Throne above; Thine for ev - er may we be.
2. Thine for ev-er!—Lord of life! Shield us thro' the earthly strife; Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Guide us to the realms of day. A - men.

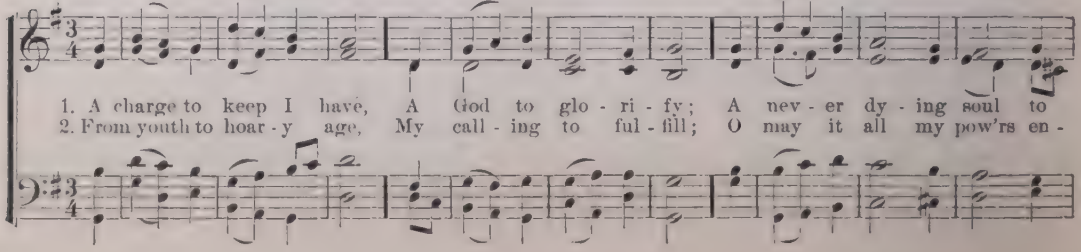
3 There for ever!—Saviour, keep
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine for ever!—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven.
Amen.

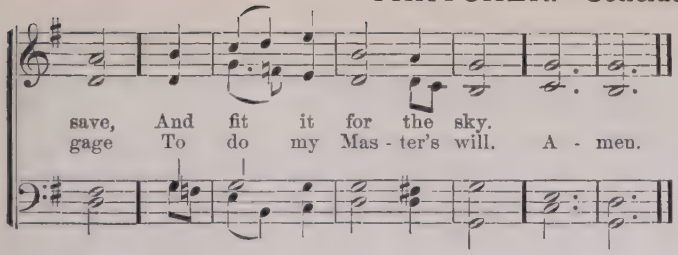
157. THATCHER. S. M.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1762. — G. F. Händel. "Semele." 1743.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er dy - ing soul to
2. From youth to hoar - y age, My call - ing to ful - fill; O may it all my pow'rs en -

THATCHER.—Concluded.



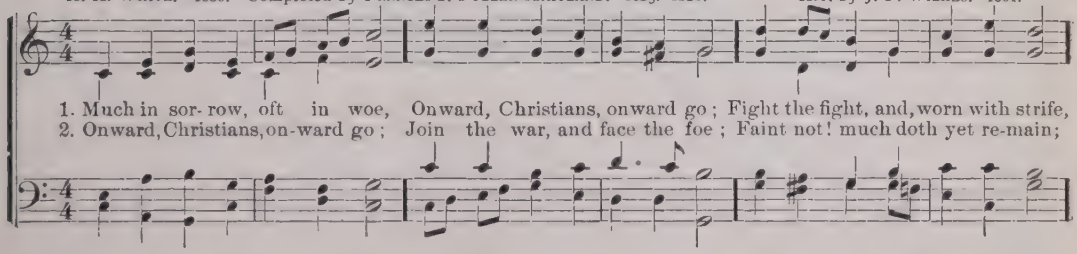
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

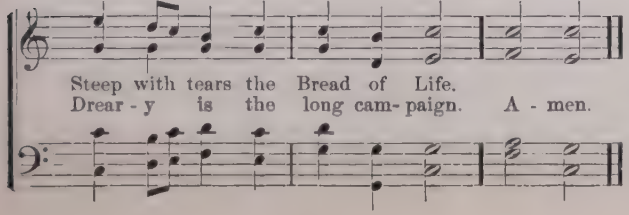
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely:
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. Amen.

158. MONKLAND. 7,7,7,7.

"*If we suffer we shall also reign with Him.*"

H. K. White. 1806. Completed by Frances S. Fuller-Maitland. 1825. Abr. Arr. by J. P. Wilkes. 1861.


1. Much in sor- row, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go; Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
2. Onward, Christians, on-ward go; Join the war, and face the foe; Faint not! much doth yet re-main;



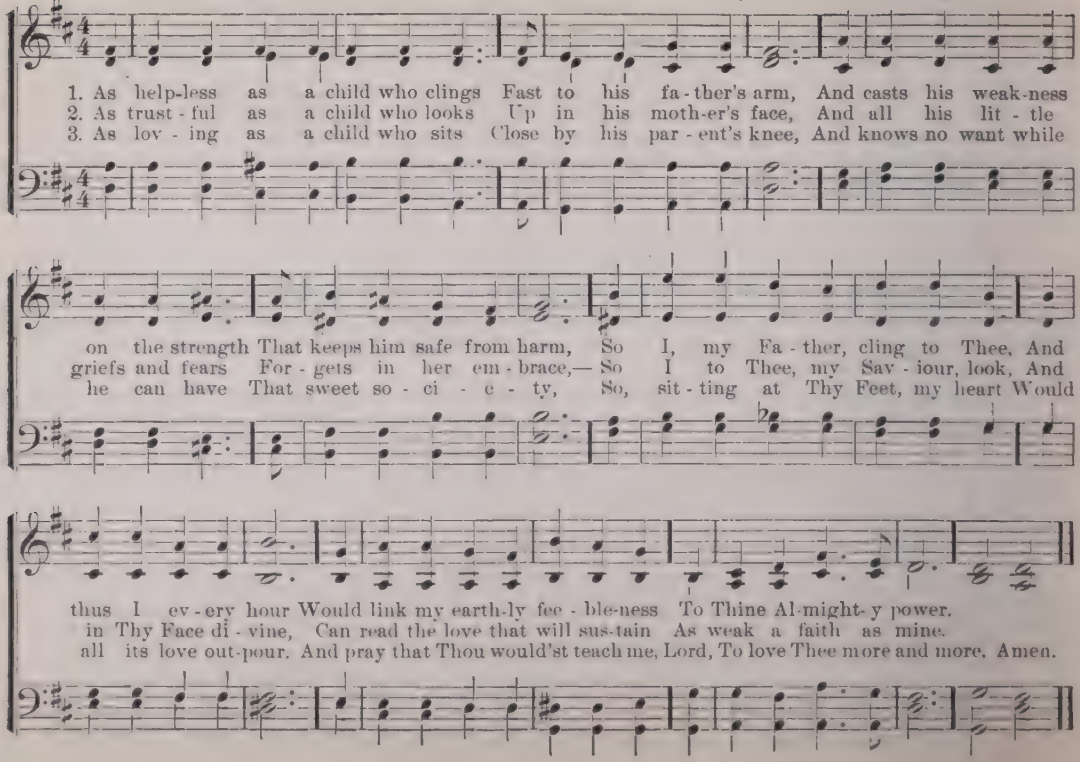
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede:
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move:
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though oppressed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

159. FATHERHOOD. C. M. D.

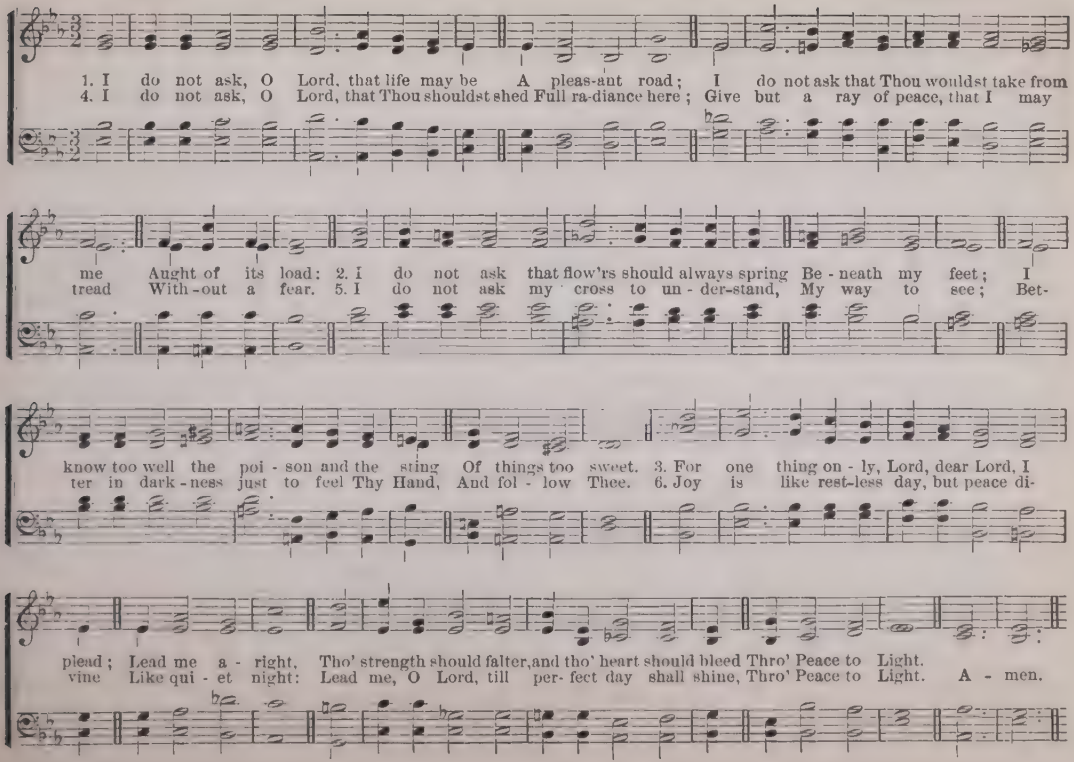
"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."

The Rev. J. D. Burns, M.A. J. B. Calkin.


1. As help-less as a child who clings Fast to his fa-ther's arm, And casts his weak-ness
2. As trust-ful as a child who looks Up in his moth-er's face, And all his lit-tle
3. As lov-ing as a child who sits Close by his par-ent's knee, And knows no want while
on the strength That keeps him safe from harm, So I, my Fa-ther, cling to Thee, And
griefs and fears For-gets in her em-brace,— So I to Thee, my Sav-iour, look, And
he can have That sweet so-ci-e-ty, So, sit-ting at Thy Feet, my heart Would
thus I ev-ery hour Would link my earth-ly fee-ble-ness To Thine Al-might-y power.
in Thy Face di-vine, Can read the love that will sus-tain As weak a faith as mine.
all its love out-pour. And pray that Thou would'st teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more. Amen.

160. MAGDALEN. 10,4,10,4.

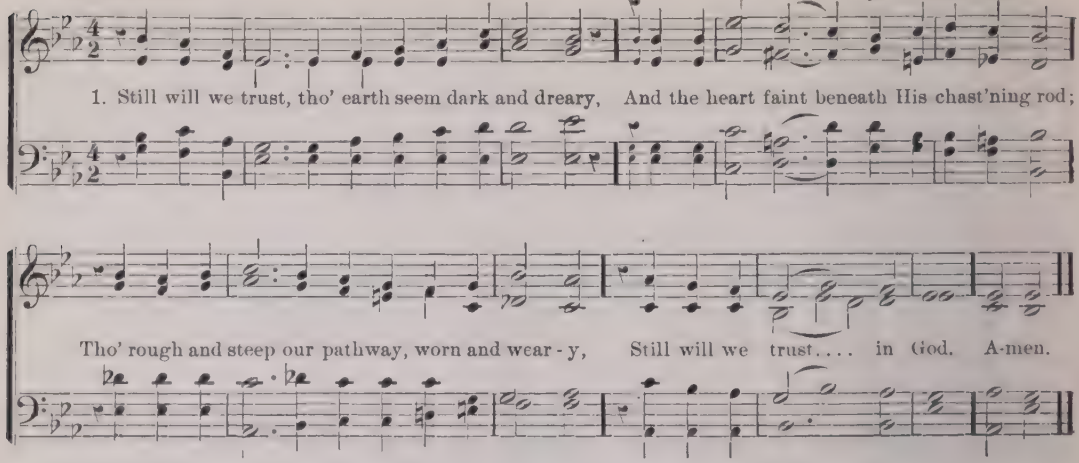
"He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Miss Adelaide A. Proctor. J. B. Calkin. 1887.

1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas-ant road; I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load: 2. I do not ask that flow'rs should always spring Be-neath my feet; I know too well the poi-son and the sting Of things too sweet. 3. For one thing on-ly, Lord, dear Lord, I plead; Lead me a-right, Tho' strength should falter, and tho' heart should bleed Thro' Peace to Light.
4. I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed Full ra-diance here; Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread With-out a fear. 5. I do not ask my cross to un-der-stand, My way to see; Bet-ter in dark-ness just to feel Thy Hand, And fol-low Thee. 6. Joy is like rest-less day, but peace di-vine Like qui-et night: Lead me, O Lord, till per-fect day shall shine, Thro' Peace to Light. A-men.

161. ST. AUGUSTINE. 11,10,11,6.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."

W. H. BURLEIGH. J. B. CALKIN. 1887.


1. Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary, And the heart faint beneath His chast'ning rod;
Tho' rough and steep our pathway, worn and wear - y, Still will we trust.... in God. A-men.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone Who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

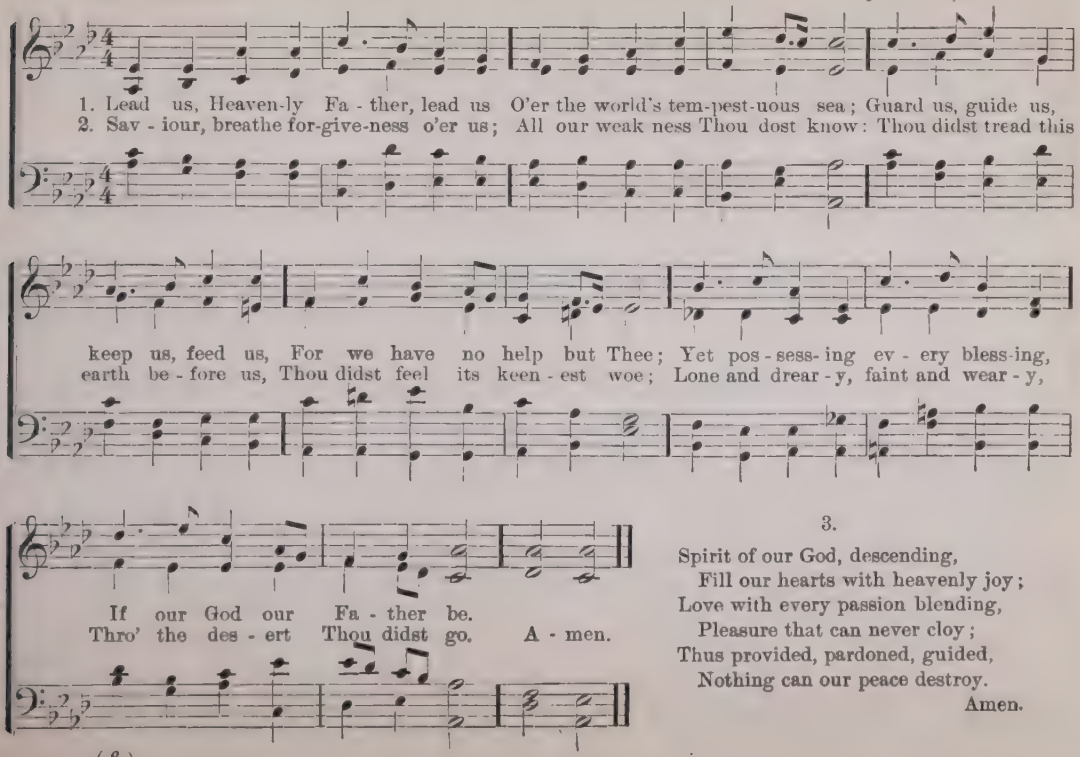
3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed;
Choose for us, God! Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are weak and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the Cross. Amen.

162. FENITON COURT. 8,7,8,7,8,7.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

The Rev. J. EDMESTON. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. D.

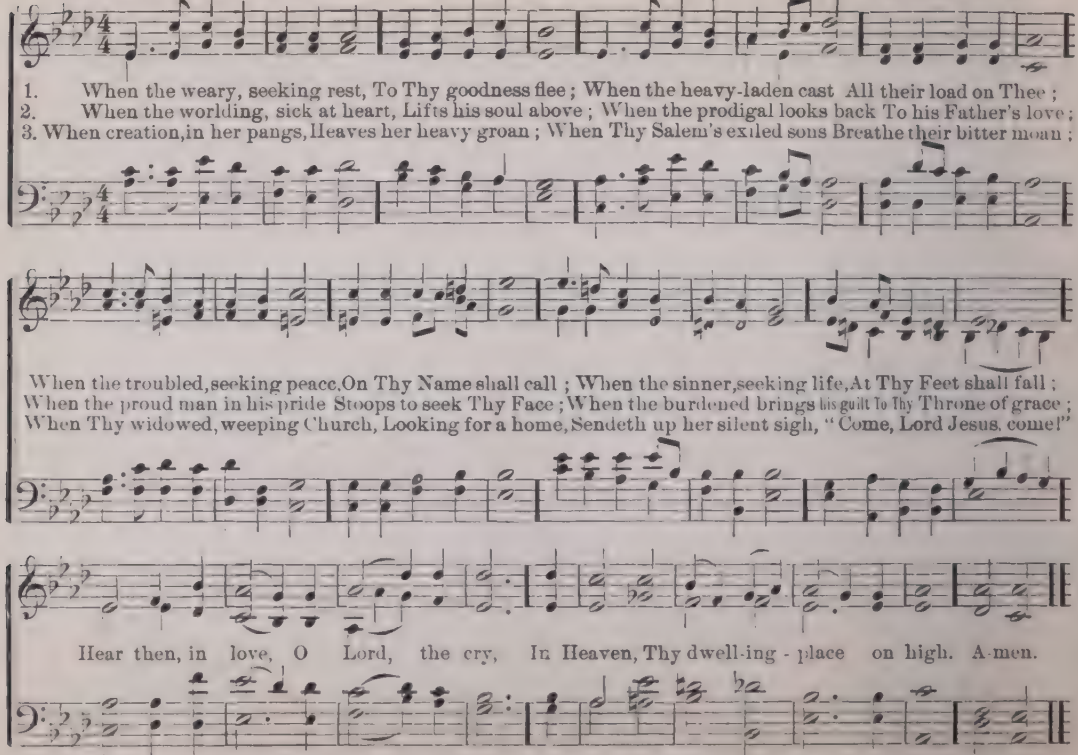

1. Lead us, Heaven-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea; Guard us, guide us,
2. Sav - iour, breathe for-give-ness o'er us; All our weak ness Thou dost know: Thou didst tread this
keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee; Yet pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless-ing,
earth be - fore us, Thou didst feel its keen - est woe; Lone and drear - y, faint and wear - y,
If our God our Fa - ther be.
Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go. A - men.

3.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.
Amen.

163. INTERCESSION.* 7,5,7,5,7,5,7,5,8,8.

The Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. 1866. Abr. "*Hear Thou in Heaven.*" W. H. Callcott. 1866.

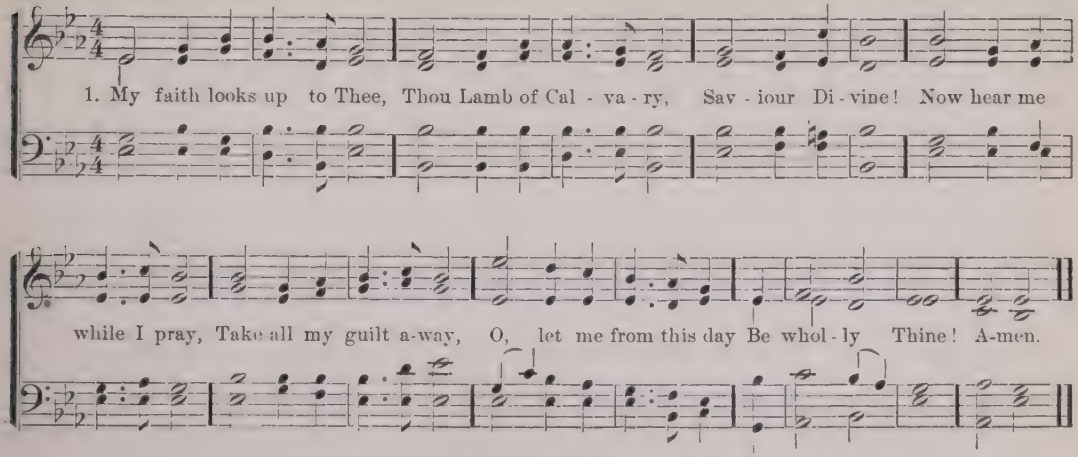

1. When the weary, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee ; When the heavy-laden cast All their load on Thee ;
2. When the worlding, sick at heart, Lifts his soul above ; When the prodigal looks back To his Father's love ;
3. When creation, in her pangs, Heaves her heavy groan ; When Thy Salem's exiled sons Breathe their bitter moan ;
When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy Name shall call ; When the sinner, seeking life, At Thy Feet shall fall ;
When the proud man in his pride Stoops to seek Thy Face ; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy Throne of grace ;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church, Looking for a home, Sendeth up her silent sigh, "Come, Lord Jesus, come!"
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry, In Heaven, Thy dwell-ing - place on high. A-men.

* The last two lines of this Tune are taken from "Look down on us," an Air and Chorus in Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

164. OLIVET. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.*

"*Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith.*"

The Rev. R. PALMER, D.D. 1830. L. MASON, MUS. D. 1832.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A-men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

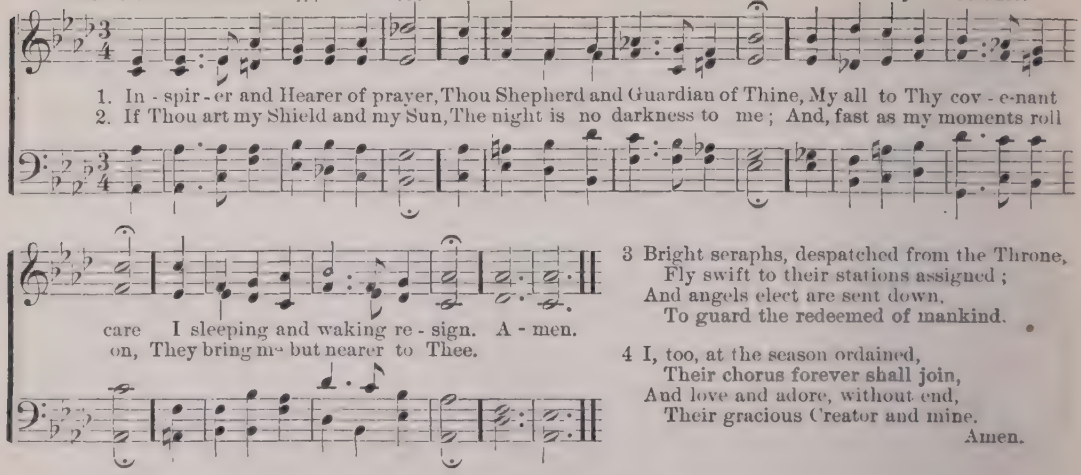
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!
Amen.

* For Tune "FAITH" (J. H. CORNELL) see No. 260.

165. ST. JEROME. 8,8,8,8.

"O Thou That hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

The Rev. A. M. Toplady. 1774. Abr. J. H. Cornell.


1. In - spir - er and Hearer of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine, My all to Thy cov - e-nant
2. If Thou art my Shield and my Sun, The night is no darkness to me; And, fast as my moments roll
care I sleeping and waking re - sign. A - men.
on, They bring me but nearer to Thee.

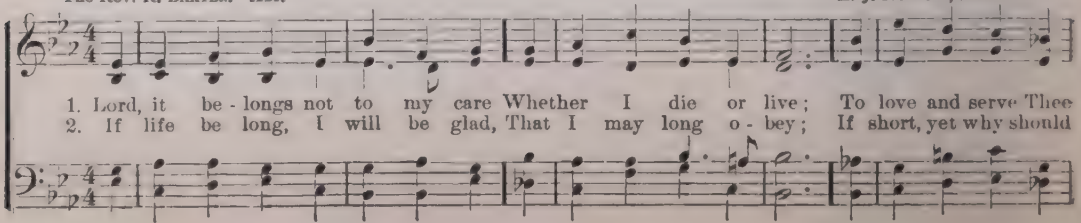
3 Bright seraphs, despatched from the Throne,
Fly swift to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

4 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus forever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator and mine.
Amen.

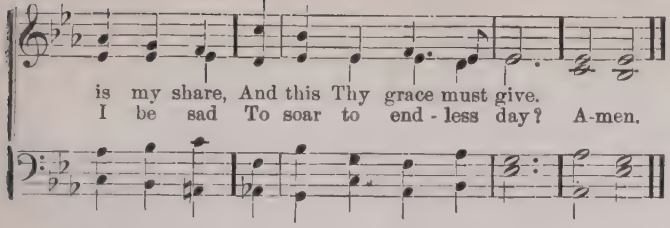
166. ST. HUGH. C. M.

"Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

The Rev. R. Baxter. Abr. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.


1. Lord, it be - longs not to my care Whether I die or live; To love and serve Thee
2. If life be long, I will be glad, That I may long o - bey; If short, yet why should

ST. HUGH.—Concluded.

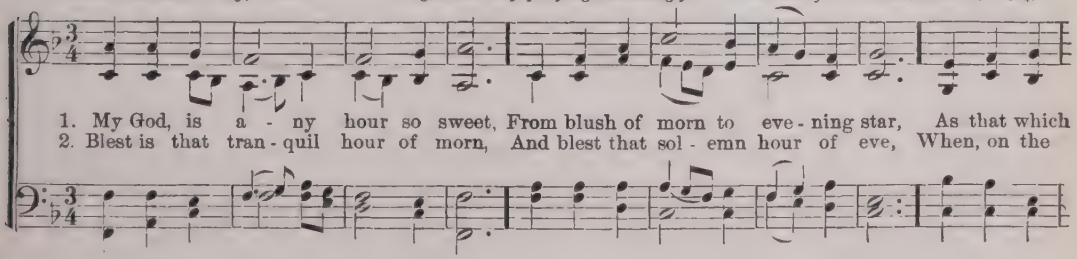
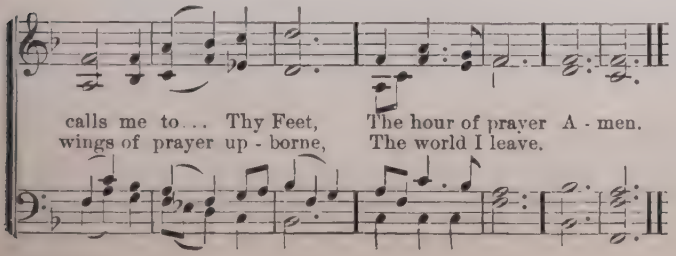


3 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd Face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy Glory be?

4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days.
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise. Amen.

167. PRAYER. 8,8,8,4.

Miss C. ELLIOTT. 1834. Abr. "*Night and day praying exceedingly.*" The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1864.


1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star, As that which
2. Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve, When, on the

3.

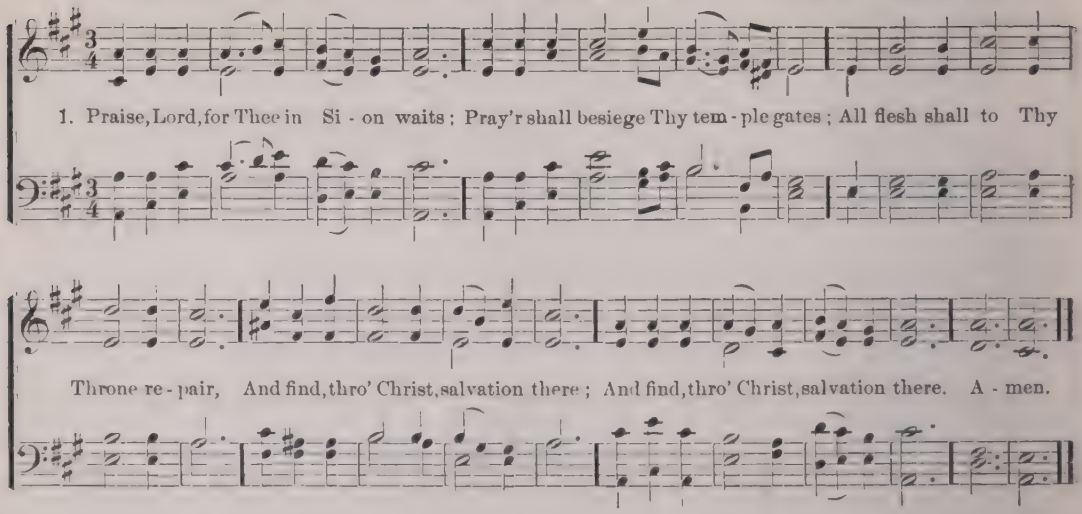
Then is my strength by Thee renewed
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of Heaven.

4.

Lord, till I reach that blissful Shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee. Amen.

168. PARK STREET. L. M.

The Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1834. Abr. "*Praise waiteth for Thee in Zion.*" F. M. A. Venua. Circa 1810.


1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Si - on waits; Pray'r shall besiege Thy tem - ple gates; All flesh shall to Thy
Throne re - pair, And find, thro' Christ, salvation there; And find, thro' Christ, salvation there. A - men.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail;
O Thou That hearest prayer, descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

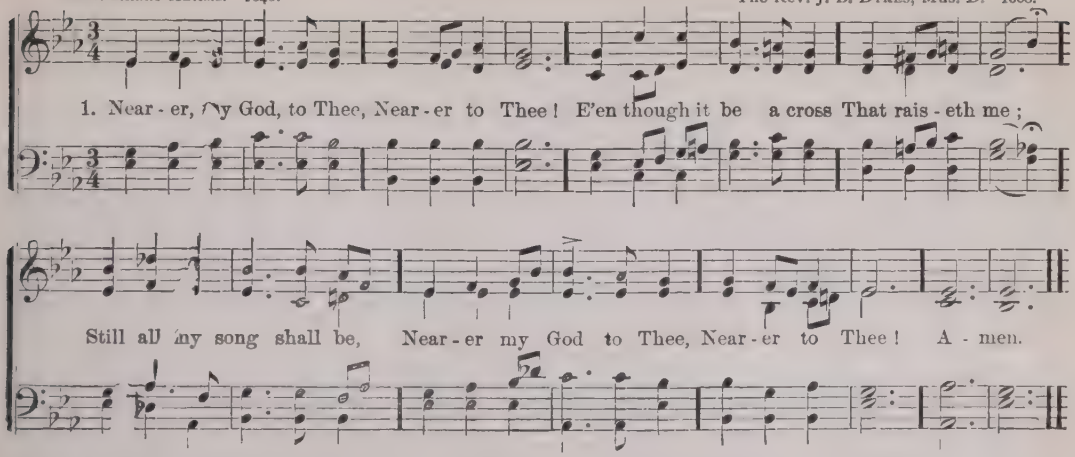
3 How blest Thy saints, how safely led,
How surely kept, how richly fed:
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee.

4 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee. Amen.

HORBURY. 6,4,6,4,6,6,4.

"*Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.*"

Mrs. Sarah Adams. 1840. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1860.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear,
Steps into Heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

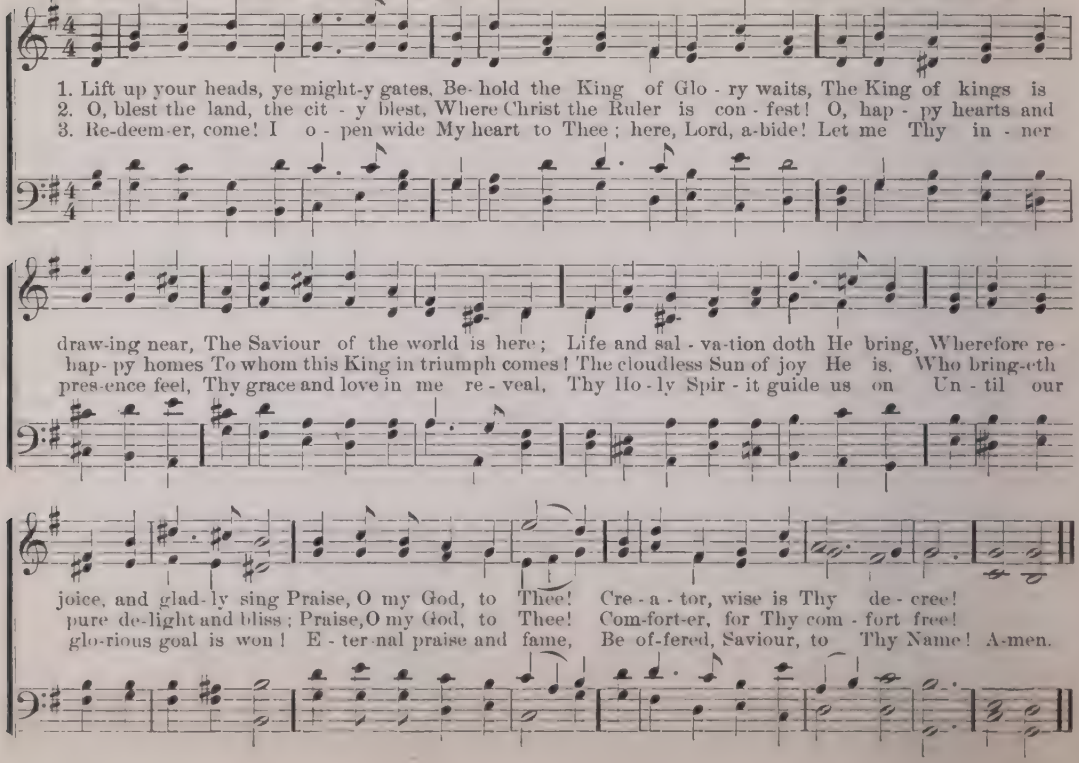
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

170. BREEDON. 8,8,8,8,8,8,6,8.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

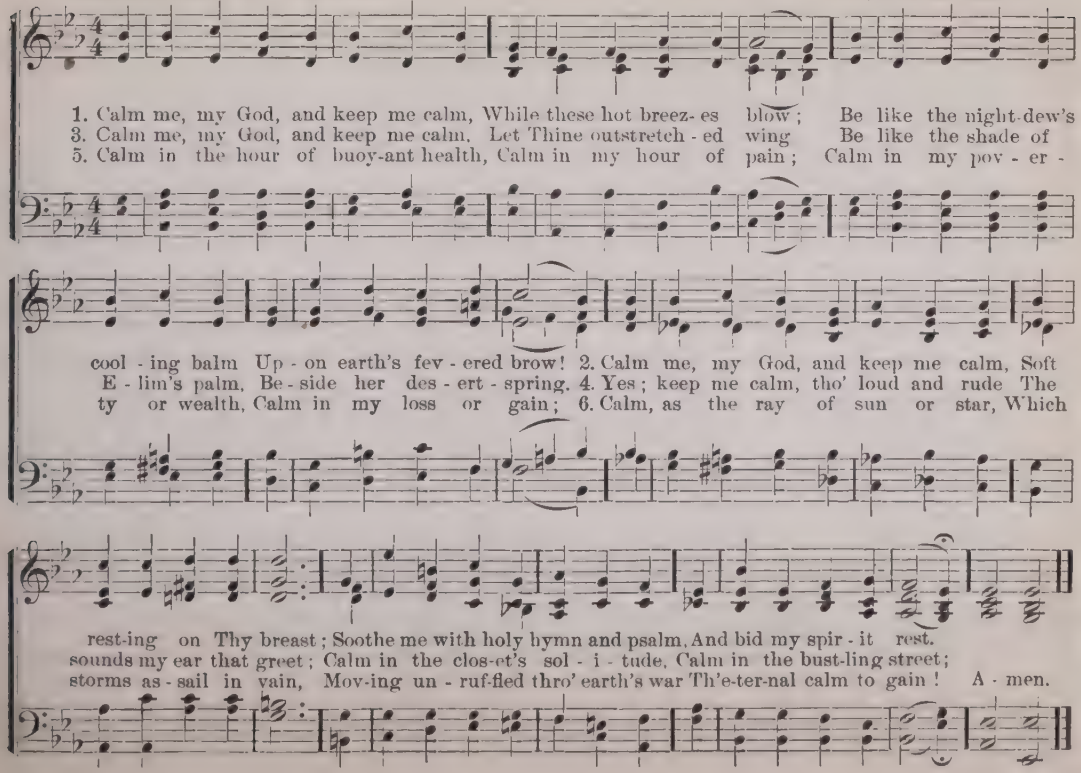
The Rev. G. Weissel. *Tr.* Miss C. Winkworth. Abr. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1887.


1. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates, Be- hold the King of Glo - ry waits, The King of kings is
2. O, blest the land, the cit - y blest, Where Christ the Ruler is con - fest! O, hap - py hearts and
3. Re-deem-er, come! I o - pen wide My heart to Thee; here, Lord, a-bide! Let me Thy in - ner
draw-ing near, The Saviour of the world is here; Life and sal - va-tion doth He bring, Wherefore re -
hap- py homes To whom this King in triumph comes! The cloudless Sun of joy He is, Who bring-eth
pres-ence feel, Thy grace and love in me re - veal, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it guide us on Un - til our
joice, and glad- ly sing Praise, O my God, to Thee! Cre - a - tor, wise is Thy de - cree!
pure de-light and bliss; Praise, O my God, to Thee! Com-fort-er, for Thy com - fort free!
glo-rious goal is won! E - ter-nal praise and fame, Be of-fered, Saviour, to Thy Name! A-men.

171. ST. ELIZABETH. C. M.

"*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*"

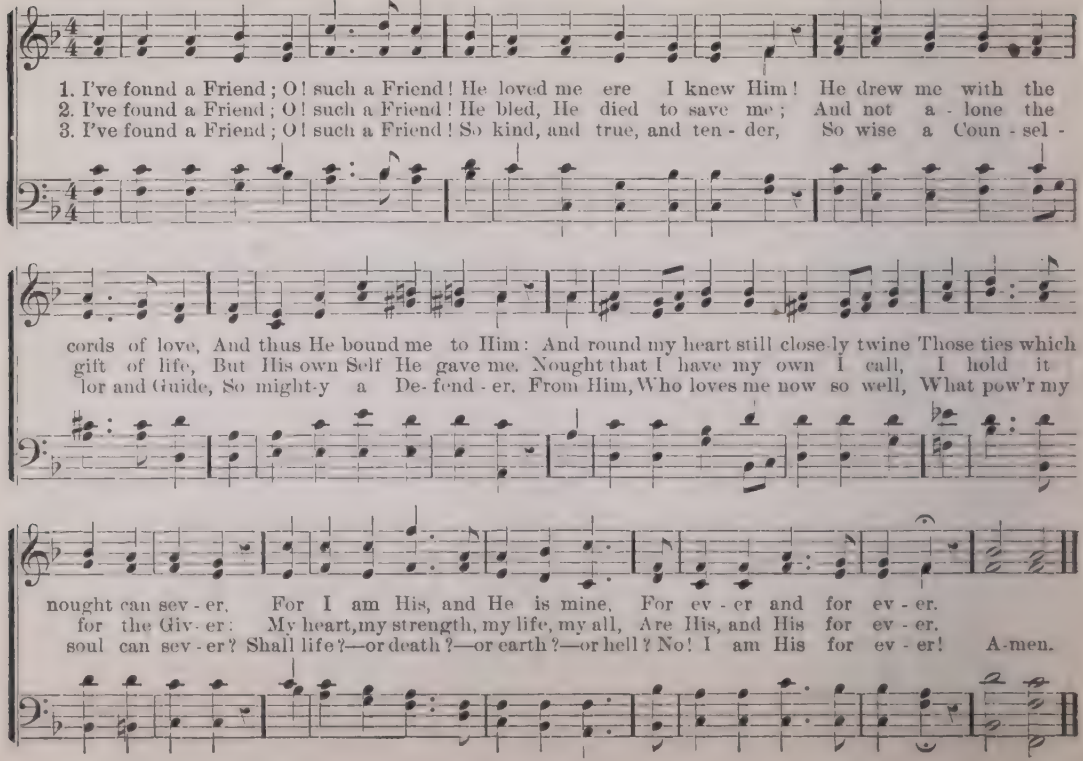
The Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. 1857. Abr. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.


1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez- es blow; Be like the night-dew's cool - ing balm Up - on earth's fev - ered brow!
3. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Let Thine outstretch - ed wing Be like the shade of E - lim's palm, Be - side her des - ert - spring.
5. Calm in the hour of buoy-ant health, Calm in my hour of pain; Calm in my pov - er - ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;
2. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest-ing on Thy breast; Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm, And bid my spir - it rest.
4. Yes; keep me calm, tho' loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet; Calm in the clos-et's sol - i - tude, Calm in the bust-ling street;
6. Calm, as the ray of sun or star, Which storms as - sail in vain, Mov-ing un - ruf-fled thro' earth's war Th'e-ter-nal calm to gain! A - men.

172. **CONSTANCE.** 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"*There is a Friend, that sticketh closer than a brother.*"

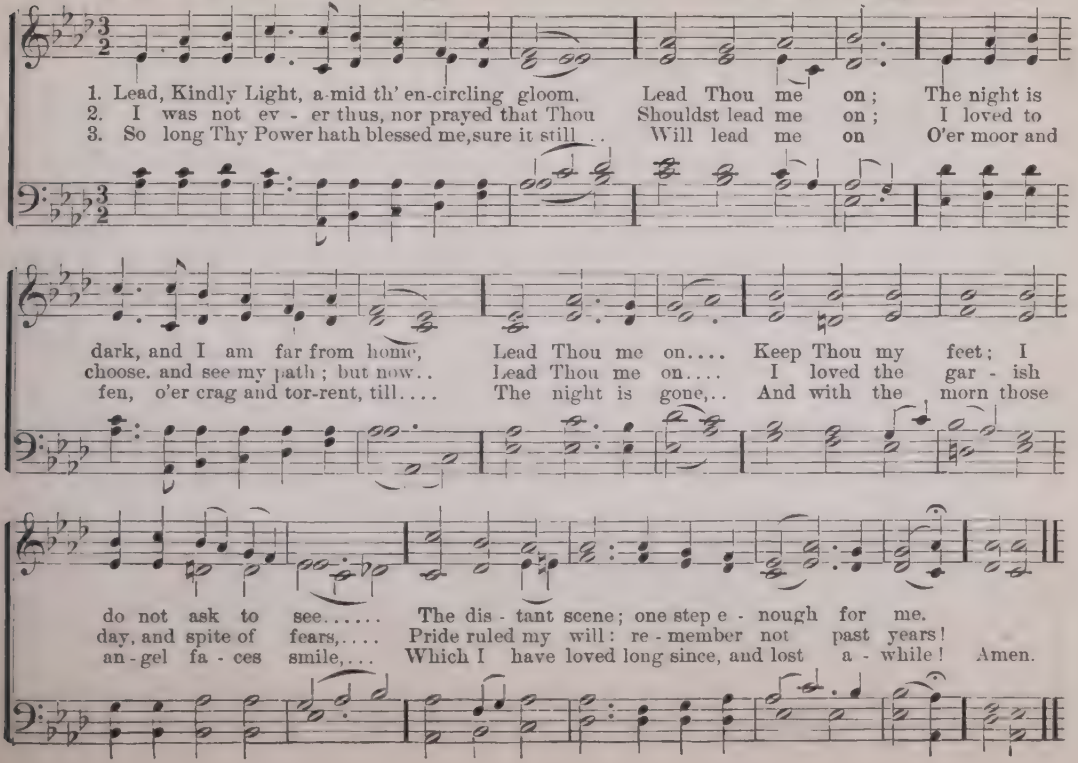
The Rev. J. G. SMALL. Abr. Sir A. S. SULLIVAN, Mus. D.


1. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him! He drew me with the
2. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a - lone the
3. I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der, So wise a Coun - sel -
cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him: And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which
gift of life, But His own Self He gave me. Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it
lor and Guide, So might-y a De- fend - er. From Him, Who loves me now so well, What pow'r my
nought can sev - er, For I am His, and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er.
for the Giv - er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for ev - er.
soul can sev - er? Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell? No! I am His for ev - er! A-men.

173. LUX BENIGNA. 10,4,10,4,10,10.

"There was the true light, even the light which lighteth every man coming into the world."

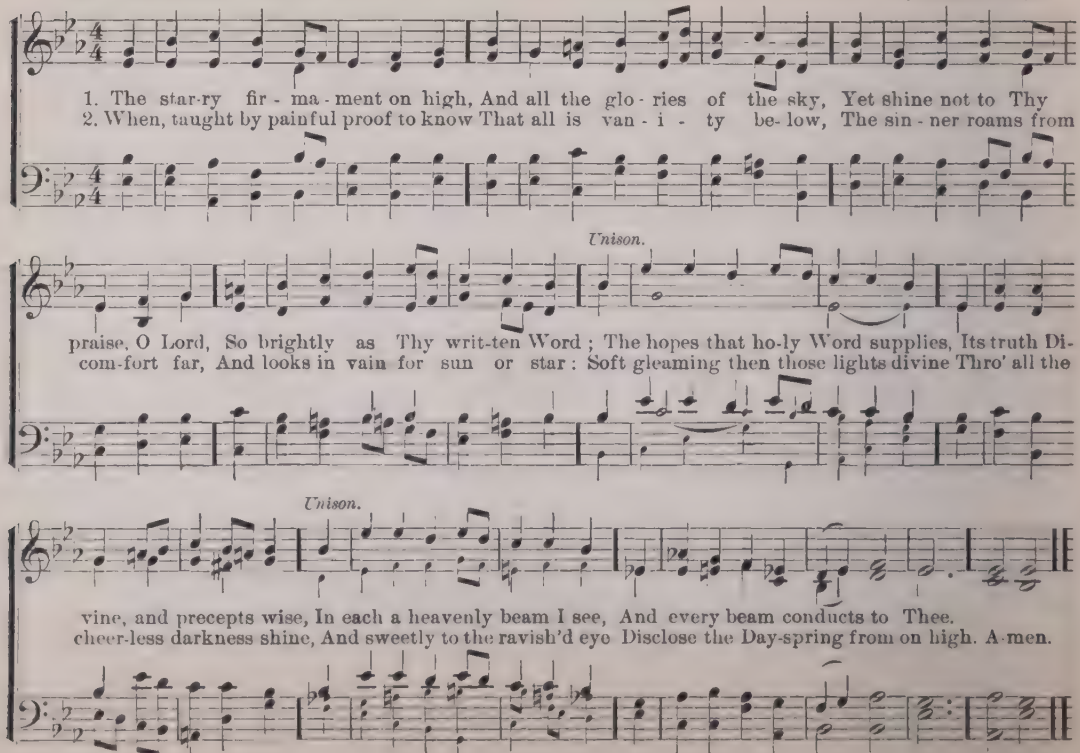
The Rev. Cardinal J. H. Newman, D. D. 1833. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1868.


1. Lead, Kindly Light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom. Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy Power hath blessed me, sure it still . . Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.... Keep Thou my feet; I
choose. and see my path; but now.. Lead Thou me on.... I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till.... The night is gone,.. And with the morn those
do not ask to see..... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will: re - member not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile,.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! Amen.

HAMMERSMITH. L. M. D.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Sir R. GRANT, G.C.H. 1839? J. BARNBY. 1872.


1. The star-ry fir - ma - ment on high, And all the glo - ries of the sky, Yet shine not to Thy
2. When, taught by painful proof to know That all is van - i - ty be-low, The sin - ner roams from
Unison.
praise, O Lord, So brightly as Thy writ-ten Word; The hopes that ho-ly Word supplies, Its truth Di-
com-fort far, And looks in vain for sun or star: Soft gleaming then those lights divine Thro' all the
Unison.
vine, and precepts wise, In each a heavenly beam I see, And every beam conducts to Thee.
cheer-less darkness shine, And sweetly to the ravish'd eye Disclose the Day-spring from on high. A-men.

HAMMERSMITH.—Concluded.

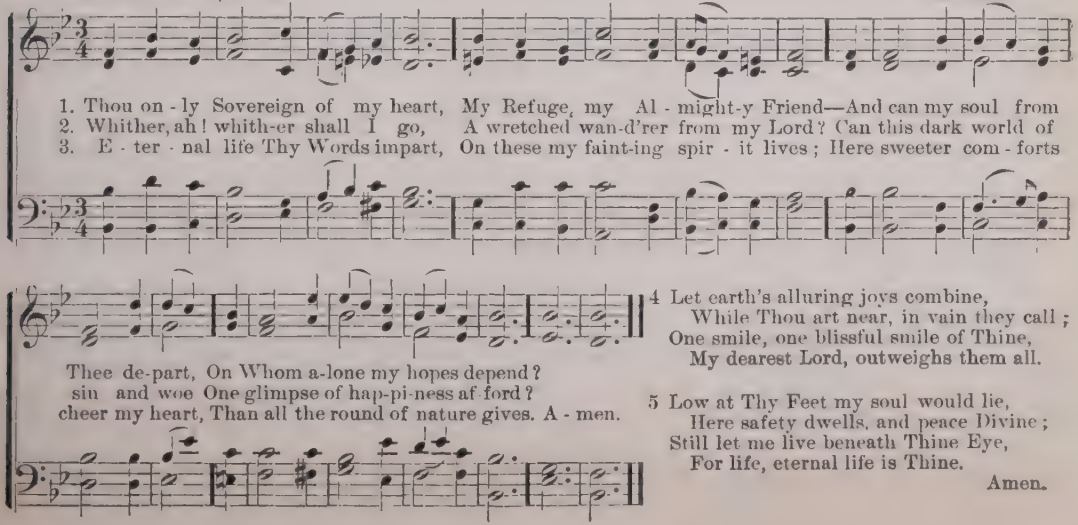
3 The heart, in sensual fetters bound,
And barren as the wintry ground,
Confesses, Lord, Thy quickening ray;
Thy Word can charm the spell away;
With genial influence can beguile
The frozen wilderness to smile;
Bid living waters o'er it flow,
And all be paradise below.

4 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;
But, fix'd for everlasting years,
Unmoved amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy Word shall shine in cloudless day,
When Heaven and earth have pass'd away. Amen.

175. GERMANY. L. M.

"Then Simon Peter answered Him: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

Miss A. STRELE. 1760. Abr. BEETHOVEN?


1. Thou on - ly Sovereign of my heart, My Refuge, my Al - might-y Friend—And can my soul from
2. Whither, ah! whith-er shall I go, A wretched wan-d'rer from my Lord? Can this dark world of
3. E - ter - nal life Thy Words impart, On these my faint-ing spir - it lives; Here sweeter com - forts
Thee de-part, On Whom a-lone my hopes depend?
sin and woe One glimpse of hap-pi-ness af-ford?
cheer my heart, Than all the round of nature gives. A - men.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While Thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of Thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

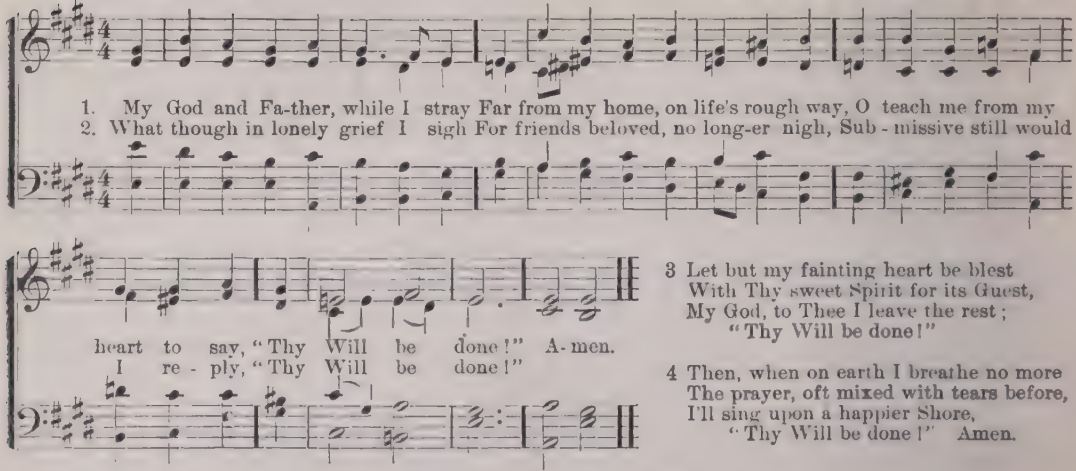
5 Low at Thy Feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace Divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine Eye,
For life, eternal life is Thine.
Amen.

176. ST. GABRIEL. 8,8,8,4.

"*Not my will, but Thine, be done.*"

Miss C. ELLIOTT. 1834. Abr.

The Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart., Mus. D.


1. My God and Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, O teach me from my
2. What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no long-er nigh, Sub-missive still would
heart to say, "Thy Will be done!" A-men.
I re-ply, "Thy Will be done!"

3 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy Will be done!"

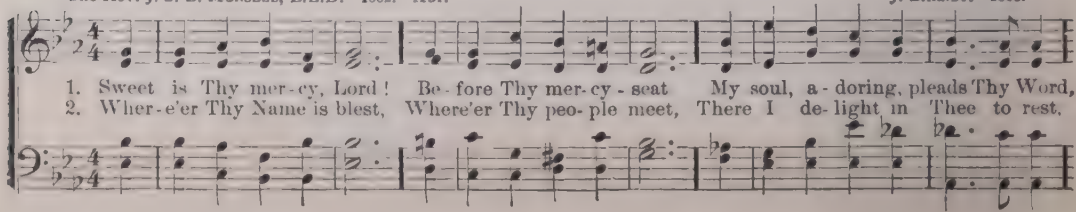
4 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier Shore,
"Thy Will be done!" Amen.

177. MONSELL. S. M.

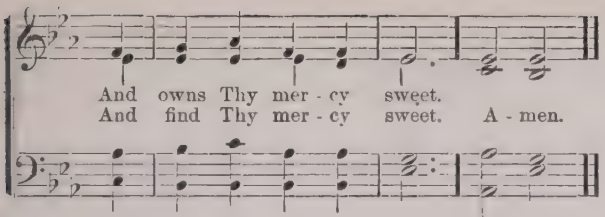
"*O, taste and see how gracious the Lord is.*"

The Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL, L.L.D. 1862. Abr.

J. BARNBY. 1868.


1. Sweet is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be-fore Thy mer-cy-seat My soul, a-doring, pleads Thy Word,
2. Wher-e'er Thy Name is blest, Where'er Thy peo-ple meet, There I de-light in Thee to rest.

MONSELL. Concluded.



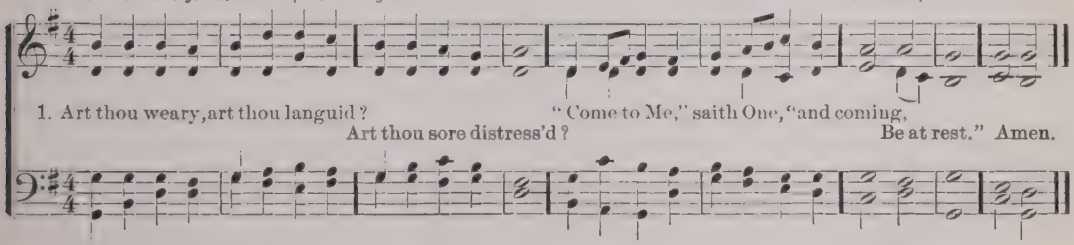
3 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy joy, Thy mercy sweet. Amen.

178. STEPHANOS. 8,5,8,3.

"*Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee.*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1851. The Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER, Bart. 1868.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound-
"And His Side." [prints,

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

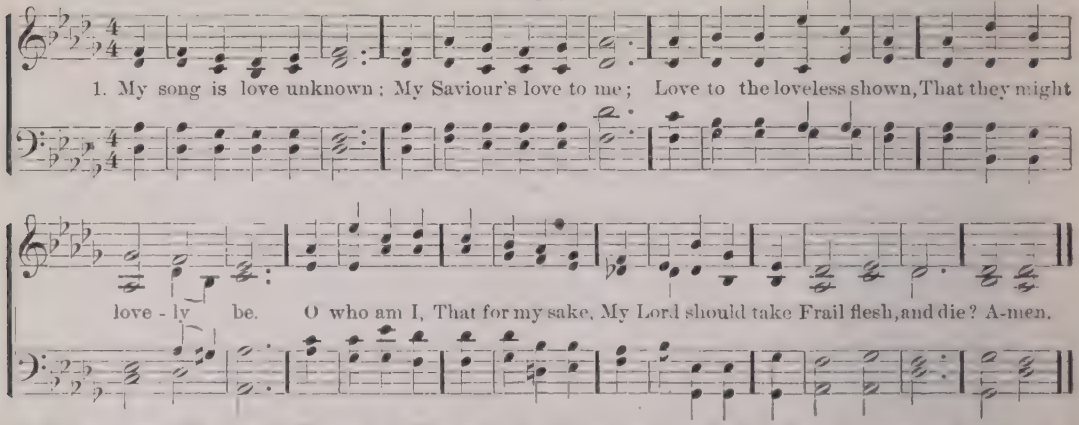
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
Is He sure to bless? [gling,
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Vir-
Answer, Yes." Amen. [gins,

179. ST. JOHN. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Rev. S. CROSSMAN, B.D. J. B. CALKIN, 1887.

1. My song is love unknown; My Saviour's love to me; Love to the loveless shown, That they might
love-ly be. O who am I, That for my sake, My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die? A-men.

2 He came from His blessed Throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know,
But O, my Friend;
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite;
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away,
A murderer they save:
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suff'ring goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

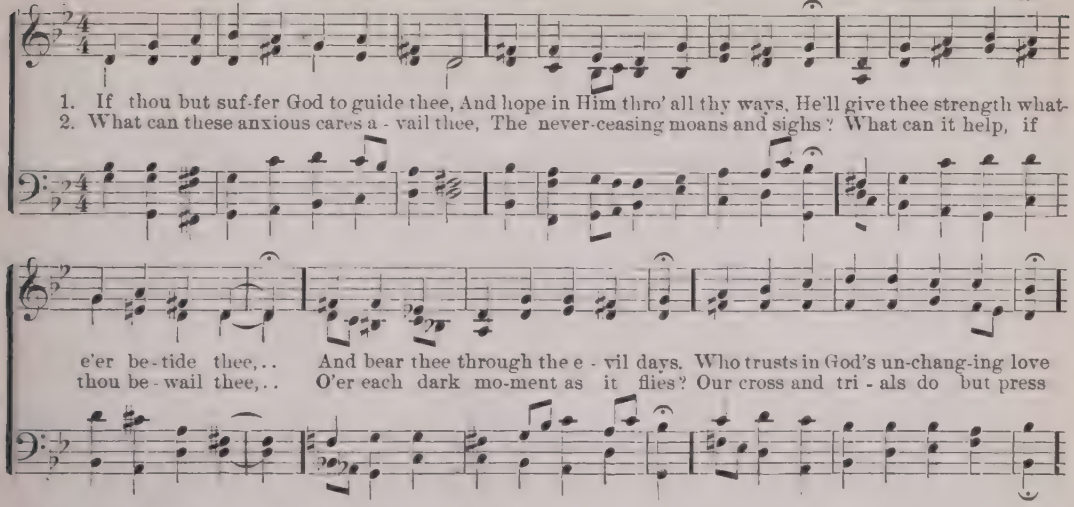
6 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heav'n was His Home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In Whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend. Amen.

180. NEUMARCK. 9,8,9,8,8,8.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

G. NEUMARCK. 1653. *Tr.* Miss C. WINKWORTH. 1863. Abr. G. NEUMARCK. 1657.

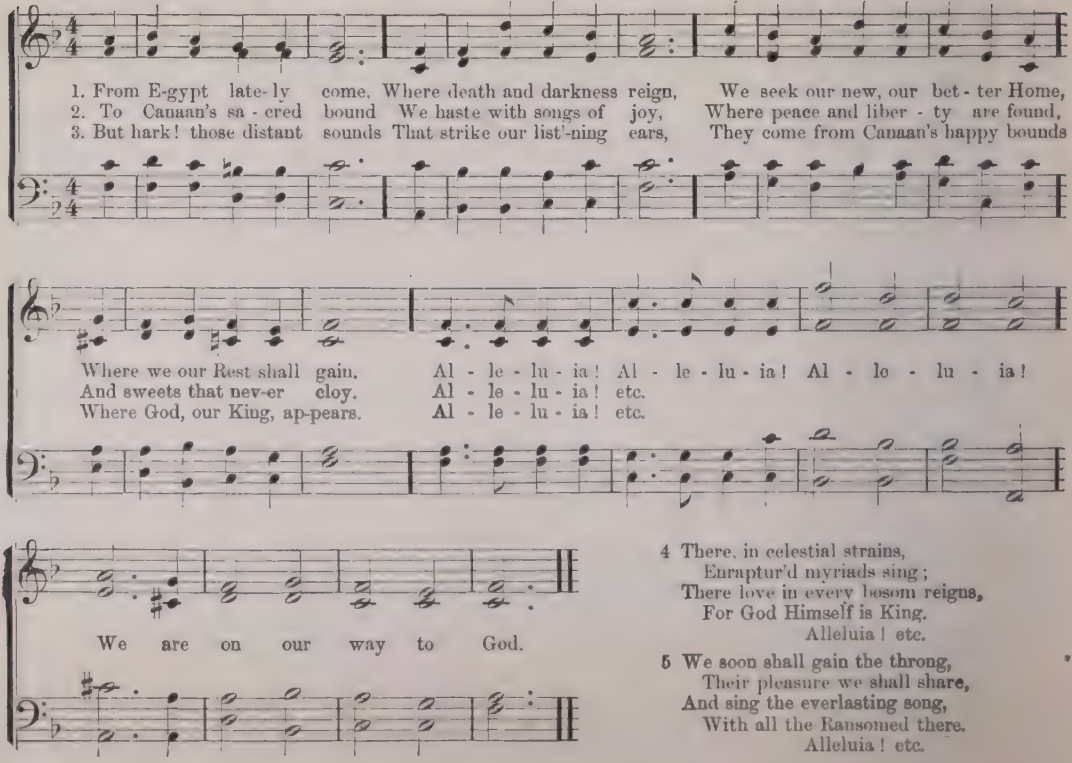

1. If thou but suf-fer God to guide thee, And hope in Him thro' all thy ways, He'll give thee strength what-
2. What can these anxious cares a - vail thee, The never-ceasing moans and sighs? What can it help, if
e'er be-tide thee,.. And bear thee through the e - vil days. Who trusts in God's un-chang-ing love
thou be-wail thee,.. O'er each dark mo-ment as it flies? Our cross and tri - als do but press
Builds on the Rock That can-not move. A-men.
The heav-ier for our bit - ter - ness.

3.

Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His Word, though undeserving,
Thou yet shall find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.
Amen.

181. EWYAS HAROLD. 6,6,8,6,4,4,4,7.

The Rev. T. Kelly, 1804. Abr. *"I am a stranger in the earth."* S. S. Wesley, Mus. D. 1863.


1. From E-gypt late-ly come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our bet-ter Home,
2. To Canaan's sa-cred bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and liber-ty are found,
3. But hark! those distant sounds That strike our list'-ning ears, They come from Canaan's happy bounds
Where we our Rest shall gain. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
And sweets that nev-er cloy. Al-le-lu-ia! etc.
Where God, our King, ap-pears. Al-le-lu-ia! etc.
We are on our way to God.

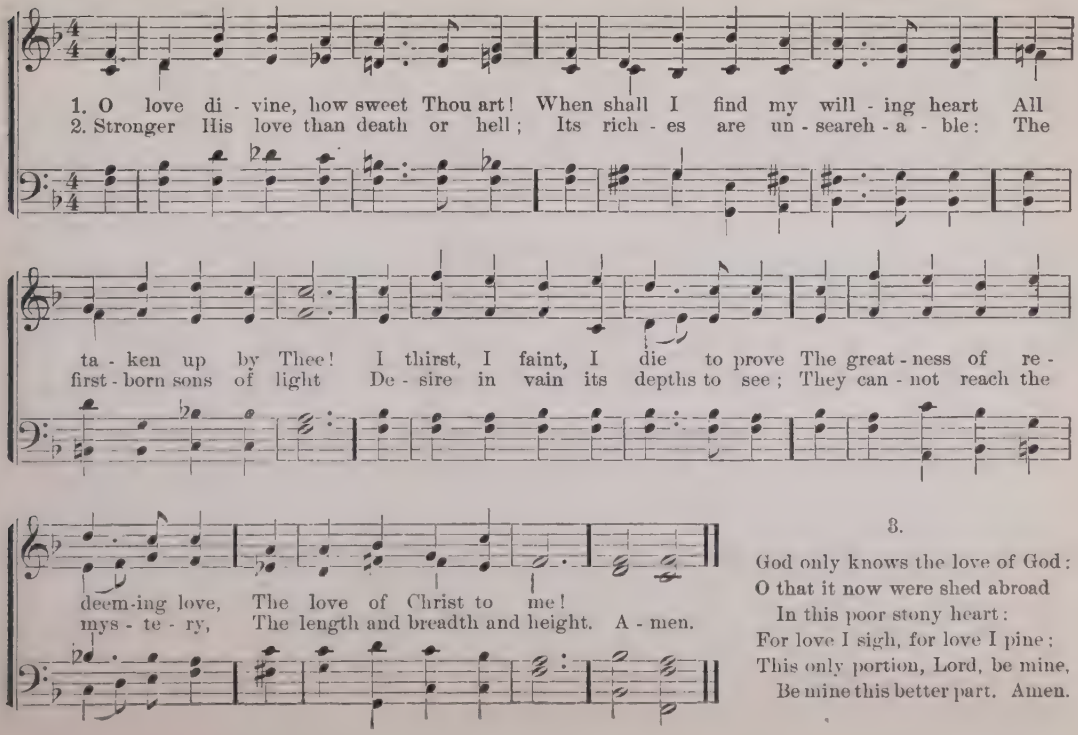
4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Alleluia! etc.

5 We soon shall gain the throng,
Their pleasure we shall share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the Ransomed there.
Alleluia! etc.

182. HOLYROOD. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1746. Abr. H. Hiles, Mus. D. 1887.


1. O love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart All
2. Stronger His love than death or hell; Its rich - es are un - search - a - ble: The
ta - ken up by Thee! I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great - ness of re -
first - born sons of light De - sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach the
deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me!
mys - te - ry, The length and breadth and height. A - men.

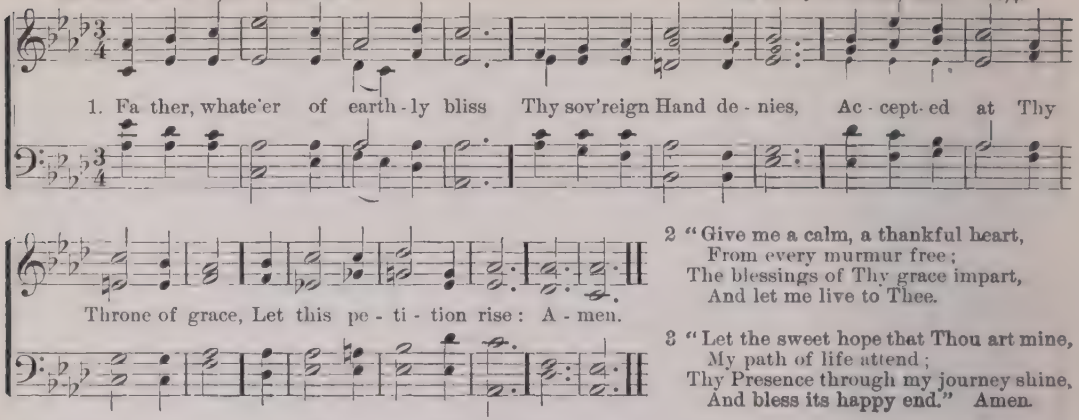
3.

God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part. Amen.

183. BEATITUDO. C. M.

"*And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His Will, He heareth us.*"

Miss A. Steele. 1760. Abr. and alt. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1874.



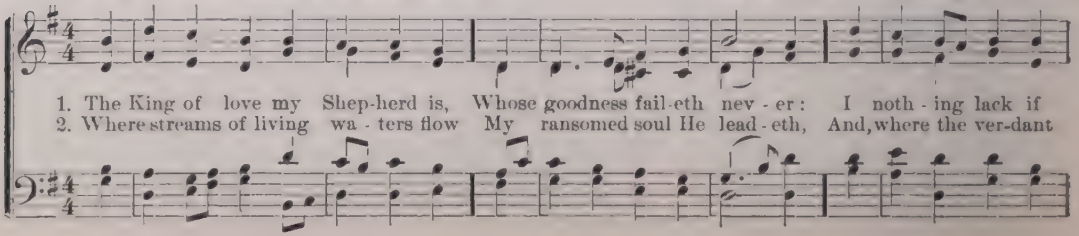
2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy Presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end." Amen.

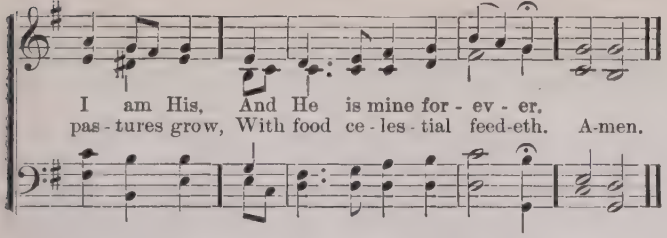
184. DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8,7,8,7.

"*The Lord is my Shepherd.*"

The Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. 1868. Ps. 23. Abr. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1874.


1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev-er: I noth-ing lack if
2. Where streams of living wa-ters flow My ransomed soul He lead-eth, And, where the ver-dant

DOMINUS REGIT ME. Concluded.



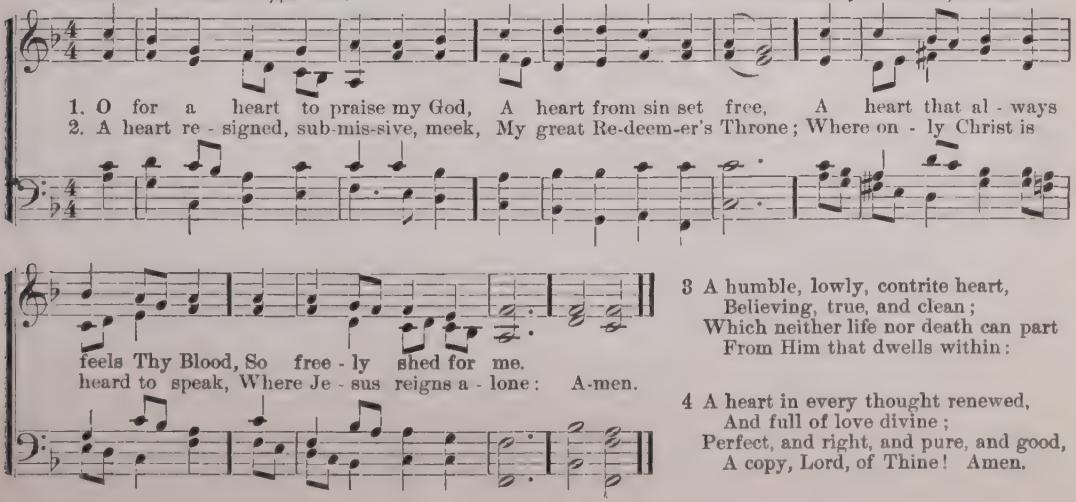
3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

185. BURTON AGNES. C. M.

"*Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.*"

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1742. Abr. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.

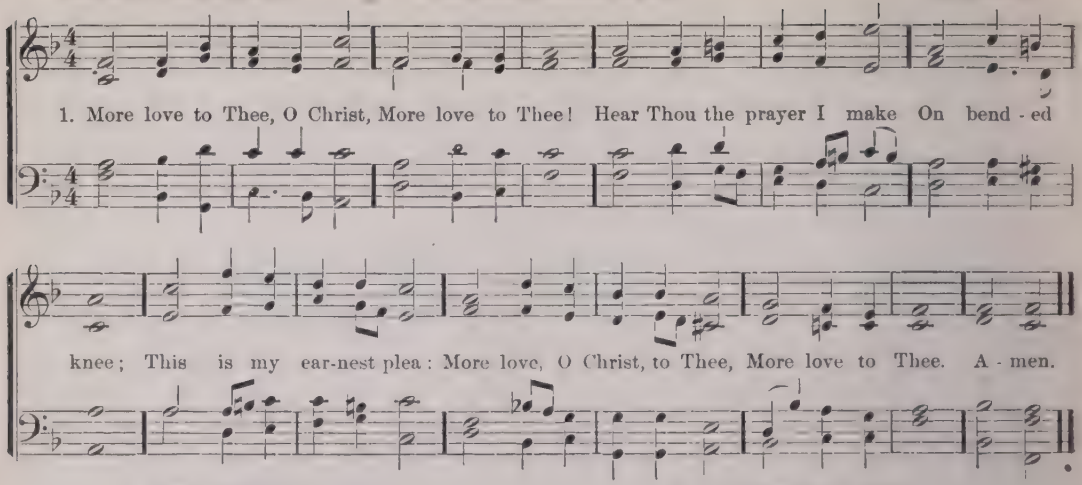

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that al - ways
2. A heart re - signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's Throne; Where on - ly Christ is
feels Thy Blood, So free - ly shed for me.
heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone: A-men.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine! Amen.

186. DESIRE. 6,4,6,4,6,6,4.

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss. 1856. *"Whom, having not seen, ye love."* H. Smart.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed
knee; This is my ear-nest plea: More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee. A - men.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

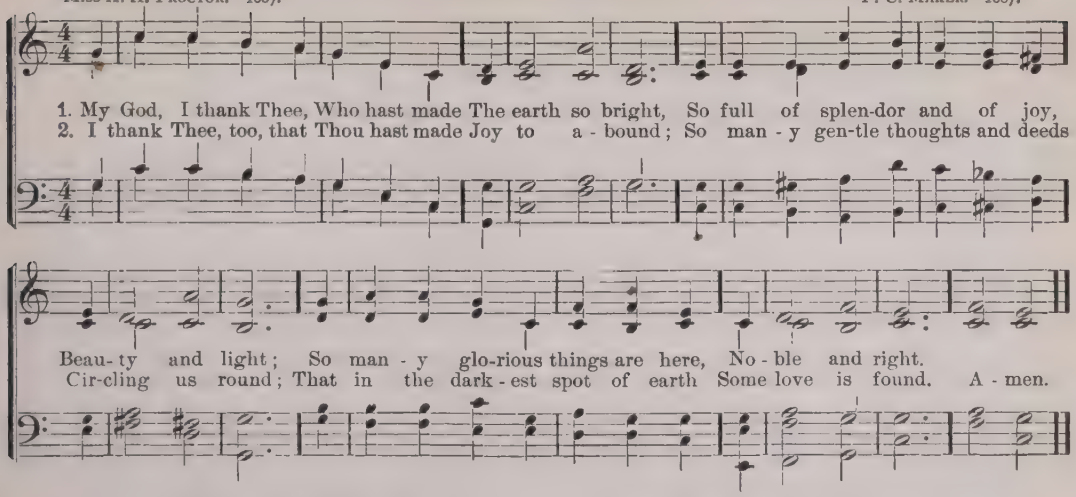
3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise:
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee. Amen.

187. WENTWORTH. 8,4,8,4,8,4.

"And God saw everything that He had made; and behold it was very good."

Miss A. A. Proctor. 1887. F. C. Maker. 1887.


1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splen-dor and of joy,
2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound; So man - y gen-tle thoughts and deeds
Beau- ty and light; So man - y glo-rious things are here, No - ble and right.
Cir-cling us round; That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found. A - men.

3 I thank Thee more that all my joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be my guide,
And not my chain.

4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Has given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

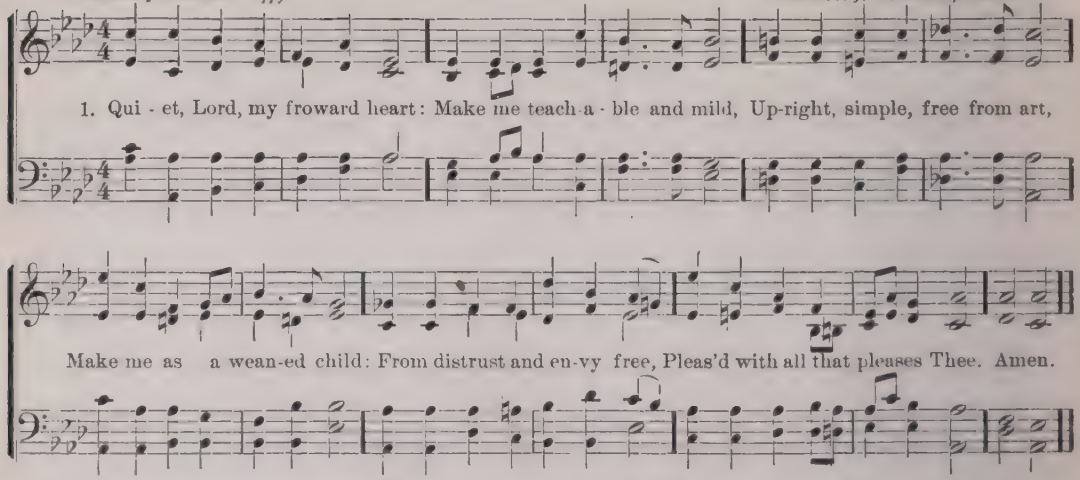
5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
I have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. Amen.

188. GLASTONBURY. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

"*And be clothed with humility.*"

The Rev. J. Newton. 1779. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.


1. Qui - et, Lord, my froward heart: Make me teach-a - ble and mild, Up-right, simple, free from art,
Make me as a wean-ed child: From distrust and en-vy free, Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee. Amen.

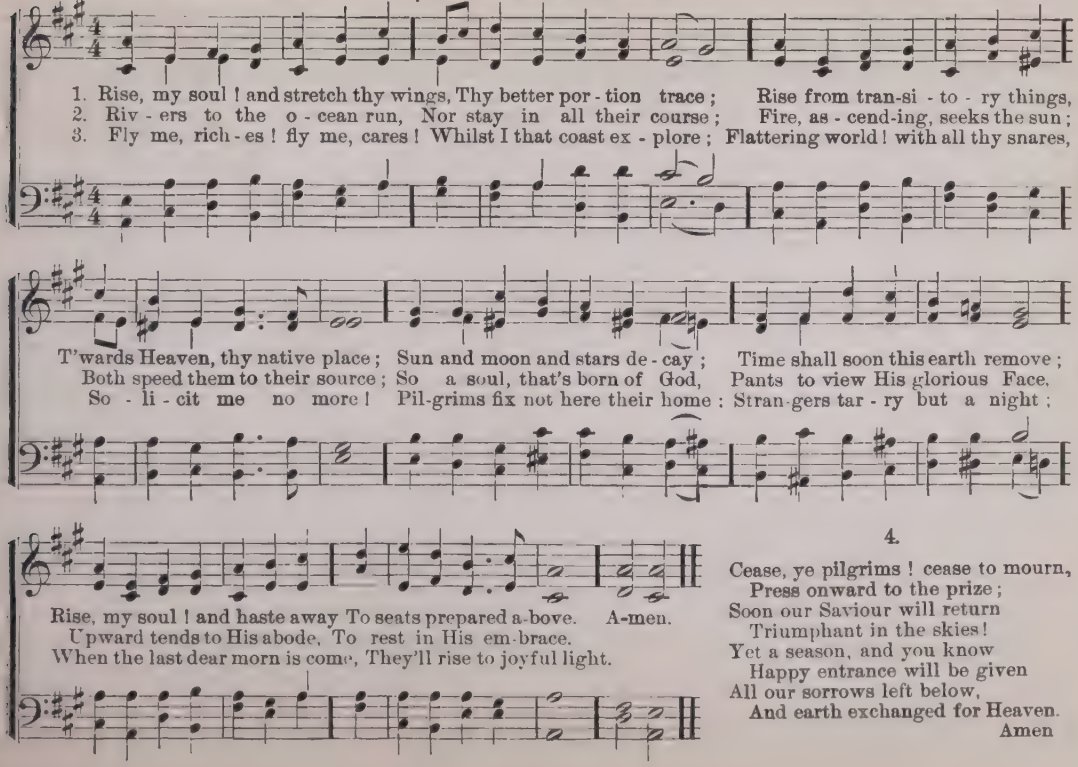
2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love. Amen.

189. **EXCELSIUS.** 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

The Rev. R. SEAGRAVE. 1742. "*Our conversation in Heaven.*" J. H. CORNELL. 1872.


1. Rise, my soul ! and stretch thy wings, Thy better por - tion trace ; Rise from tran-si - to - ry things,
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course ; Fire, as - cend-ing, seeks the sun ;
3. Fly me, rich - es ! fly me, cares ! Whilst I that coast ex - plore ; Flattering world ! with all thy snares,
T'wards Heaven, thy native place ; Sun and moon and stars de - cay ; Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Both speed them to their source ; So a soul, that's born of God, Pants to view His glorious Face,
So - li - cit me no more ! Pil-grims fix not here their home : Stran-gers tar - ry but a night ;
Rise, my soul ! and haste away To seats prepared a-bove. A-men.
Upward tends to His abode, To rest in His em-brace.
When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joyful light.

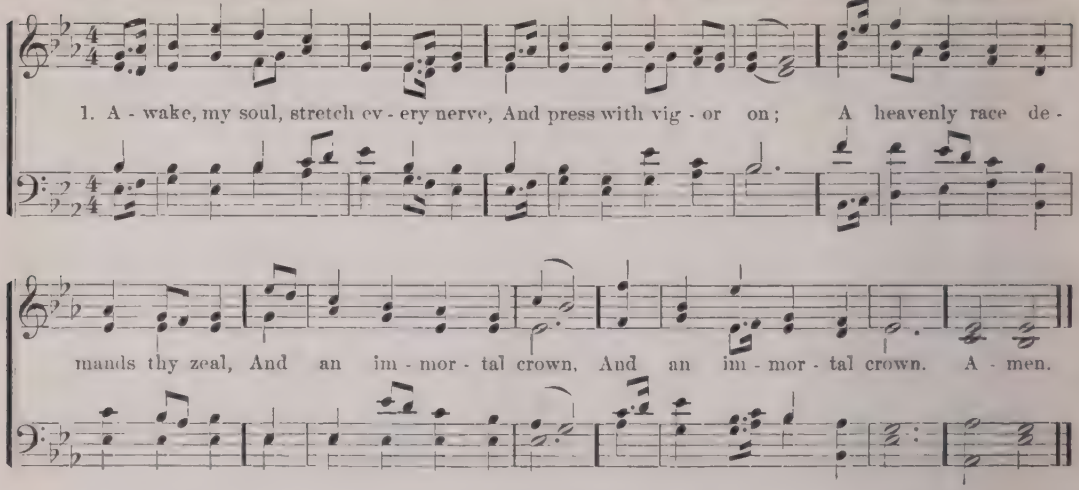
4.

Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies !
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for Heaven.
Amen

190. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."

The Rev. P. Doddridge, D.D. G. F. Händel. *"Non vi piague."** Siroe, 1728.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ery nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heavenly race de -
mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A - men.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating Voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own Hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

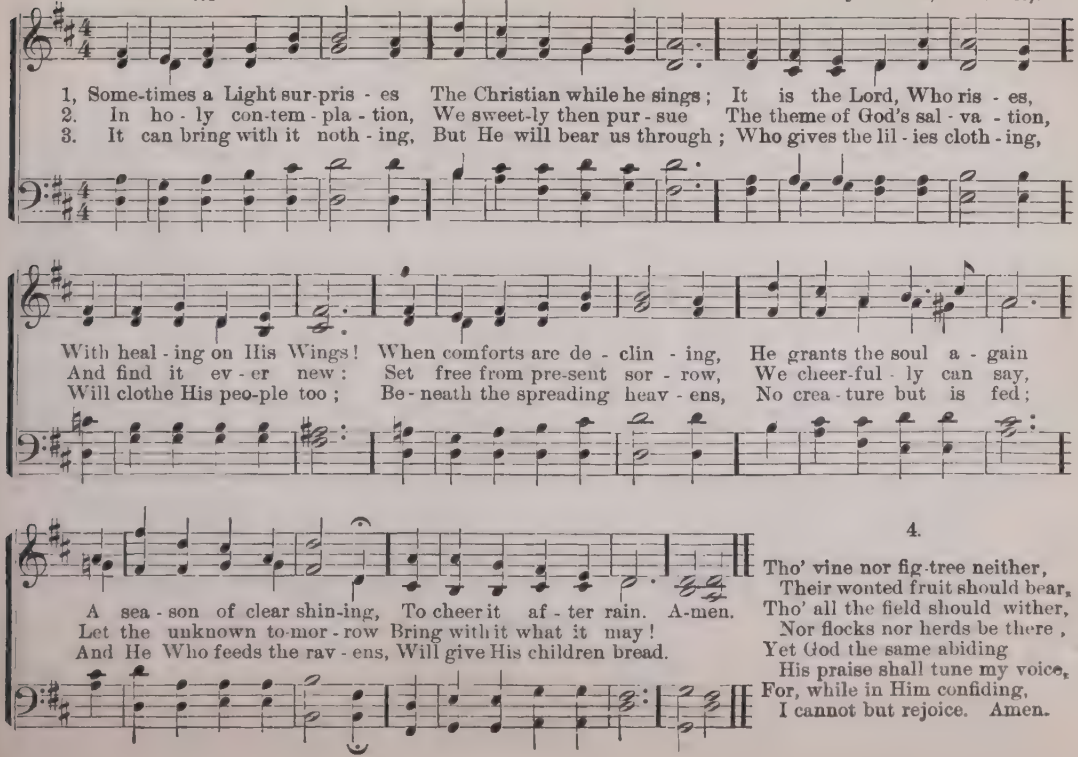
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy Feet
I'll lay my honors down. Amen.

* Afterwards adapted to English words, "He was eyes unto the blind;" and first published in a collection of three volumes of Handels' Songs, A.D. 1782.

191. **BENTLEY.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

W. Cowper. 1773. J. Hullah, LL.D. 1867.


1, Some-times a Light sur-pris - es The Christian while he sings; It is the Lord, Who ris - es,
2. In ho - ly con-tem - pla - tion, We sweet-ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va - tion,
3. It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing,
With heal - ing on His Wings! When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
And find it ev - er new: Set free from pre-sent sor - row, We cheer-ful - ly can say,
Will clothe His peo-ple too; Be - neath the spreading heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;
A sea - son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A-men.
Let the unknown to-mor - row Bring with it what it may!
And He Who feeds the rav - ens, Will give His children bread.

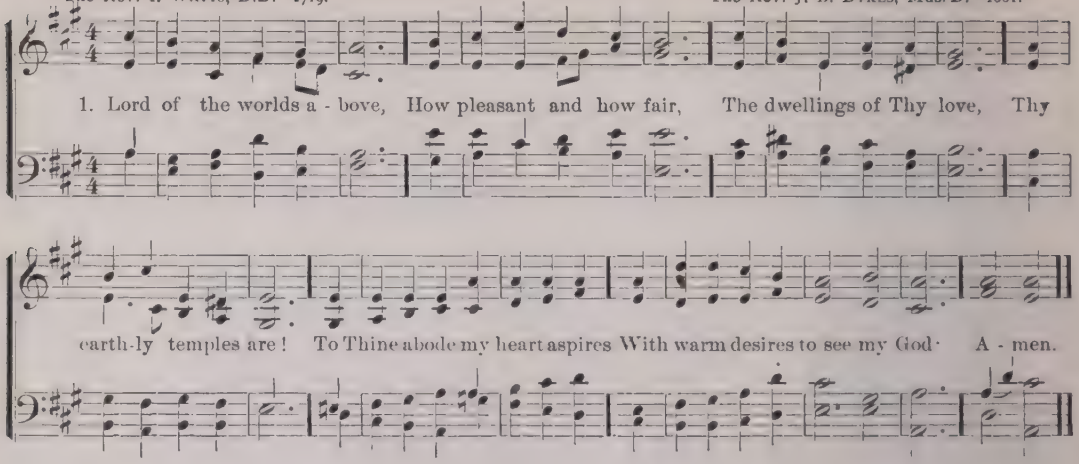
4.

Tho' vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Tho' all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. Amen.

192. ST. GODRIC. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the Courts of the Lord."

The Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. 1719. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1861.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of Thy love, Thy
earth-ly temples are! To Thine abode my heart aspires With warm desires to see my God. A - men.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.

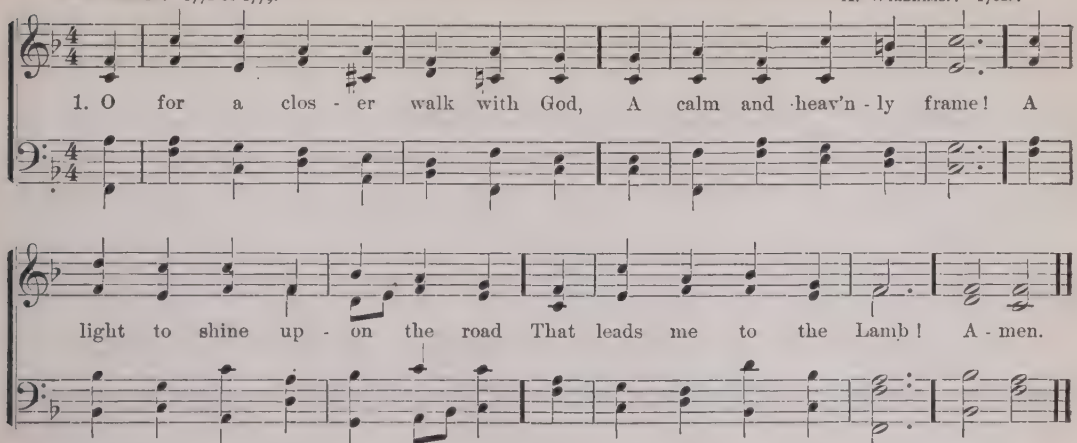
3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat; when God our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His Hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he, O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee. Amen.

193. MEAR. C. M.

"*Looking for that blessed Hope and the glorious appearing of the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.*"

W. COWPER. 1772 or 1779. A. WILLIAMS.? 1762.?



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His Word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

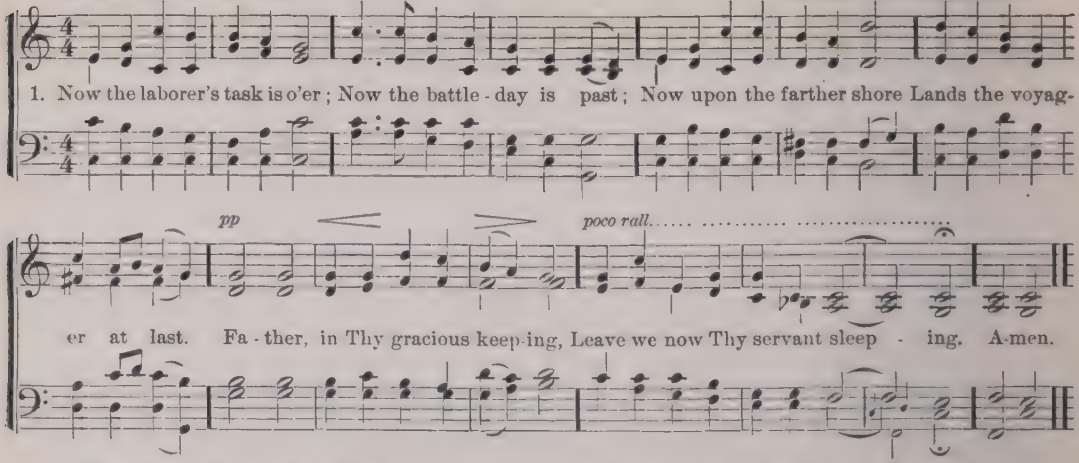
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
And worship only Thee!

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb! Amen.

194. REQUIESCAT IN PACE. 7,7,7,7,8,8.

"The souls of the righteous are in the Hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them."

The Rev. J. ELLERTON. Abr. — The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D.*


1. Now the laborer's task is o'er; Now the battle-day is past; Now upon the farther shore Lands the voyag-
pp
poco rall.
er at last. Fa-ther, in Thy gracious keep-ing, Leave we now Thy servant sleep - ing. A-men.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious, etc.

3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His Feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious, etc.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious, etc.

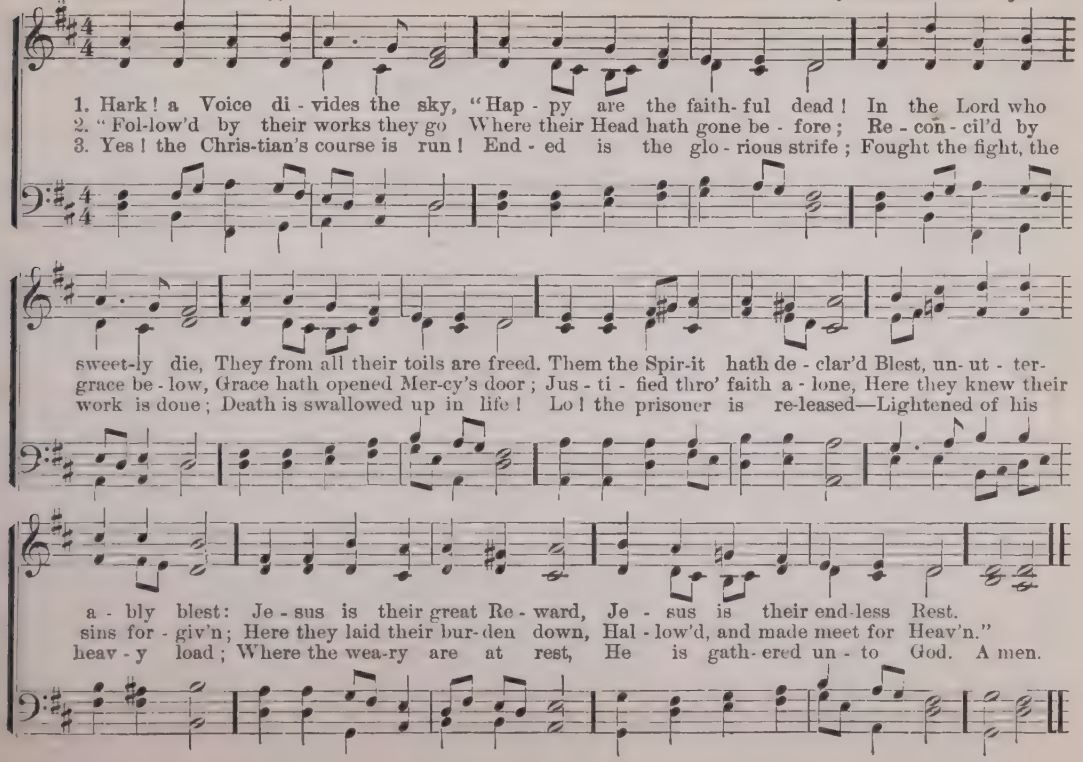
5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious, etc.

* If there is no accompaniment, the small notes may be sung. The above tune, it is said, was the last the late Rev. Dr. DYKES composed.

195. **SALZBURG.** 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

"And I heard a Voice from Heaven saying unto me: Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

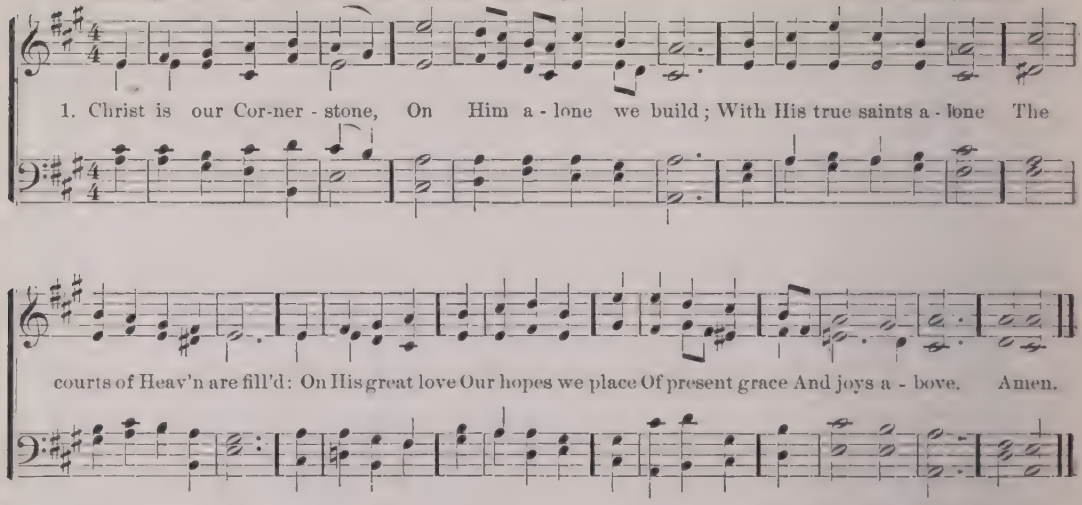
The Rev. C. Wesley. 1742. Abr. J. Rosenmüller? 1652.


1. Hark! a Voice di - vides the sky, "Hap - py are the faith- ful dead! In the Lord who
2. "Fol-low'd by their works they go Where their Head hath gone be - fore; Re - con - cil'd by
3. Yes! the Chris-tian's course is run! End - ed is the glo - rious strife; Fought the fight, the
sweet-ly die, They from all their toils are freed. Them the Spir-it hath de - clar'd Blest, un- ut - ter-
grace be - low, Grace hath opened Mer-cy's door; Jus - ti - fied thro' faith a - lone, Here they knew their
work is done; Death is swallowed up in life! Lo! the prisoner is re-leased—Lightened of his
a - bly blest: Je - sus is their great Re - ward, Je - sus is their end-less Rest.
sins for - giv'n; Here they laid their bur-den down, Hal - low'd, and made meet for Heav'n."
heav - y load; Where the wea-ry are at rest, He is gath- ered un - to God. A men.

196. HAREWOOD. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.

"*Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone.*"

(*Angulare fundamentum.*) *Tr.* The Rev. J. CHANDLER. 1837. S. S. WESLEY, Mus. D.


1. Christ is our Cor-ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build; With His true saints a - lone The
courts of Heav'n are fill'd: On His great love Our hopes we place Of present grace And joys a - bove. Amen.

2.

O then with hymns of praise
These hallow'd courts shall ring:
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song
Both loud and long
That glorious Name.

3.

Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour!

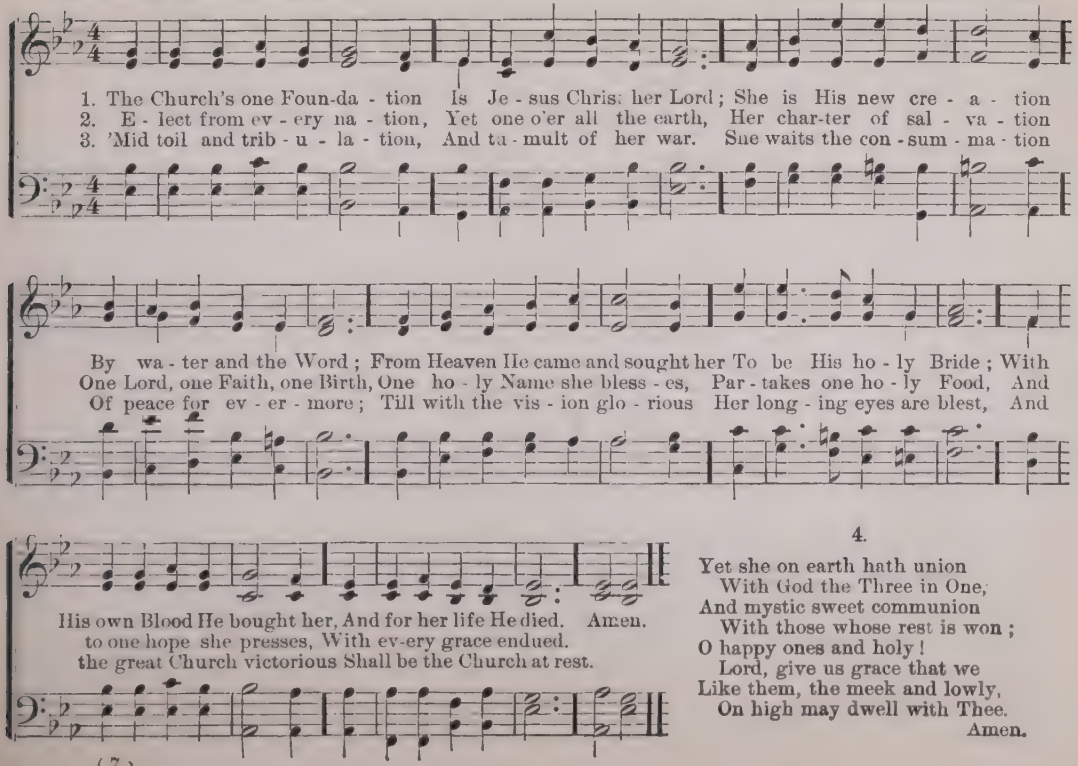
4.

Here may we gain from Heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that Day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are call'd away! **Amen.**

197. AURELIA. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"*He is the Head of the Body, the Church.*"

The Rev. S. J. Stone. 1865. Abr. S. S. Wesley, Mus. D. 1864.


1. The Church's one Foun-da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre - a - tion
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char-ter of sal - va - tion
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And ta - mult of her war. She waits the con - sum - ma - tion
By wa - ter and the Word; From Heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride; With
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth, One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly Food, And
Of peace for ev - er - more; Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
His own Blood He bought her, And for her life He died. Amen.
to one hope she presses, With ev-ery grace endued.
the great Church victorious Shall be the Church at rest.

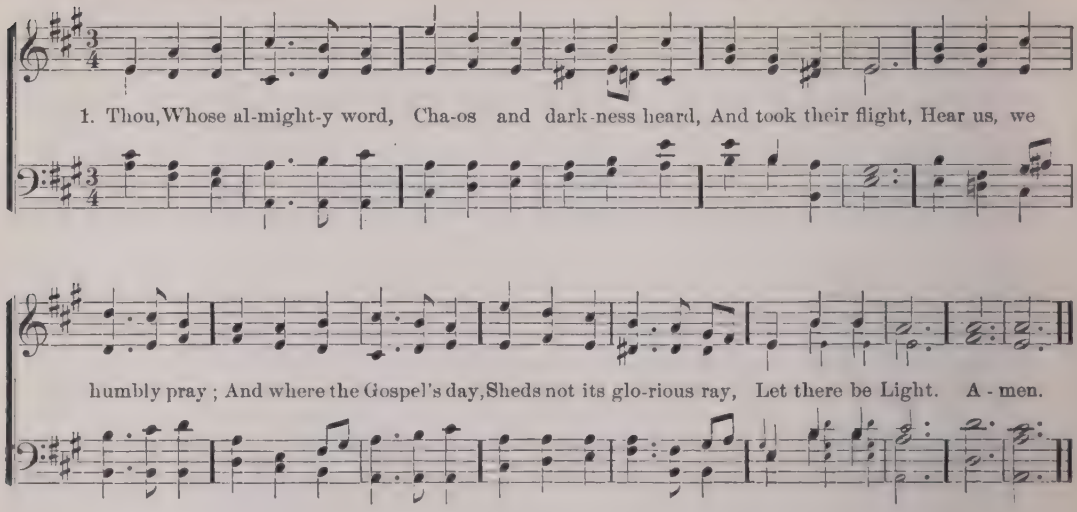
4.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen.

198. FIAT LUX. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

"*Let there be Light, and there was Light.*"

The Rev. JOHN MARRIOTT. 1813. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1874.


1. Thou, Whose al-might-y word, Cha-os and dark-ness heard, And took their flight, Hear us, we
humbly pray; And where the Gospel's day, Sheds not its glo-rious ray, Let there be Light. A - men.

2.

Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming Wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind,
Let there be Light.

3.

Spirit of truth and love,—
Life-giving, Holy Dove,—
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be Light.

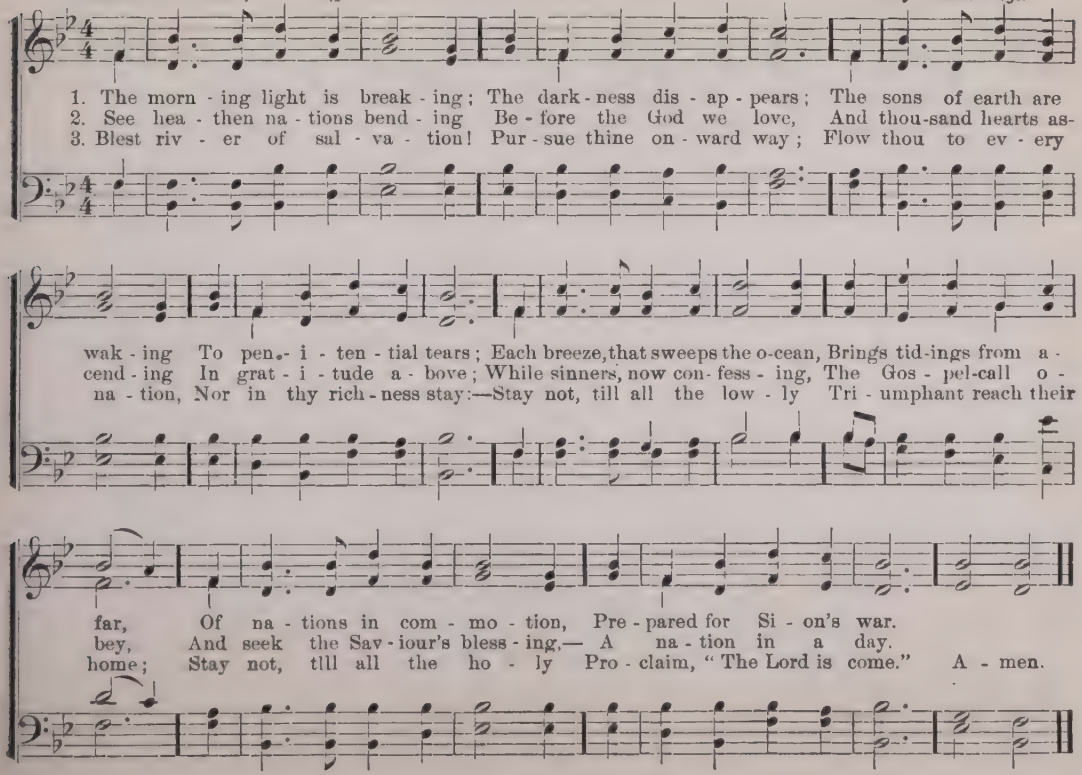
4.

Holy and blessèd Three!
Glorious Trinity!
Wisdom! Love! Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be Light. Amen.

199. **WEBB.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

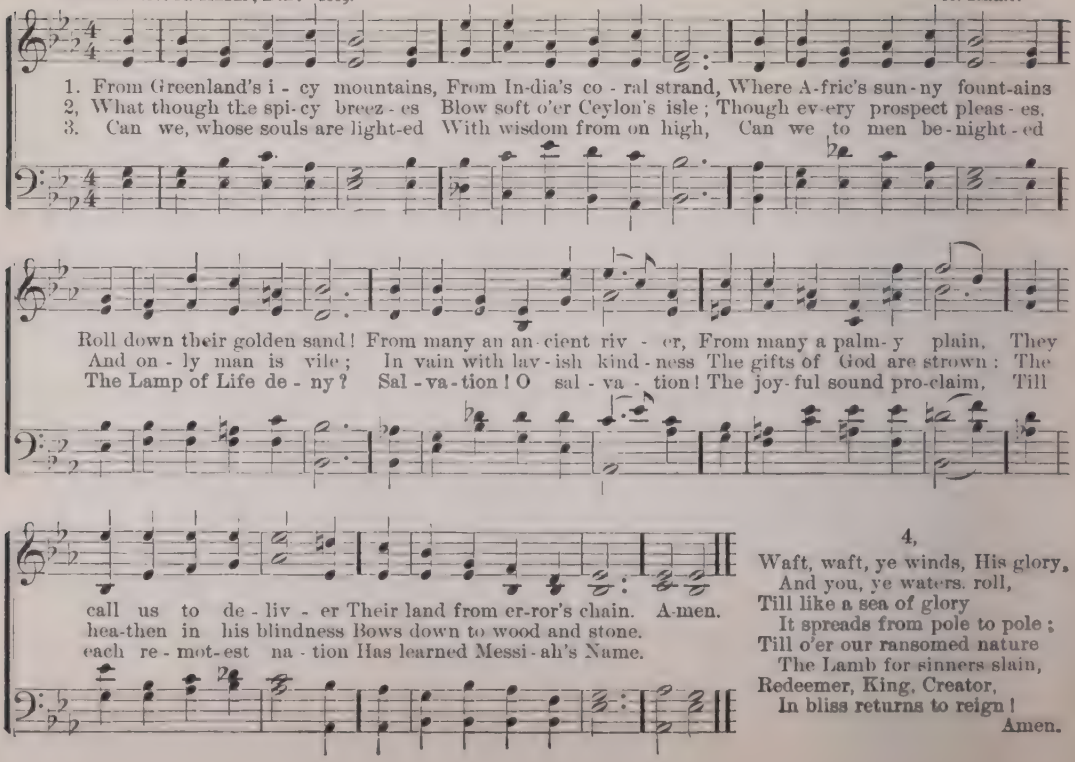
The Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D. 1843. Abr. G. J. Webb. 1830.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thou-sand hearts as-
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion! Pur - sue thine on - ward way; Flow thou to ev - ery
wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze, that sweeps the o-cean, Brings tid-ings from a -
cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sinners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel-call o -
na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay:—Stay not, till all the low - ly Tri - umphant reach their
far, Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Si - on's war.
bey, And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing.— A na - tion in a day.
home; Stay not, till all the ho - ly Pro - claim, "The Lord is come." A - men.

LANCASHIRE. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"*Come over, * * * and help us.*"

The Rt. Rev. R. Hebep, D.D. 1819. H. Smart.

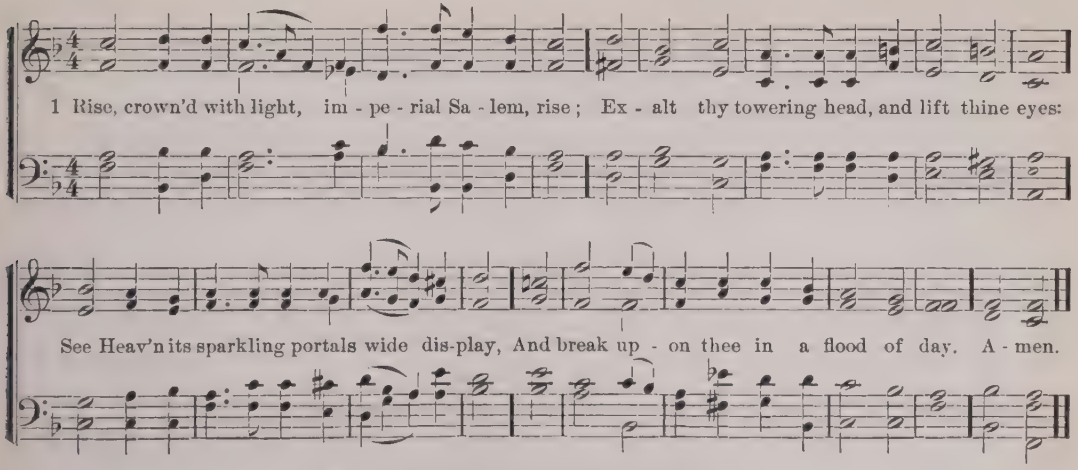

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand, Where A-fric's sun-ny fount-ains
2, What though the spi-cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though ev-ery prospect pleas - es.
3. Can we, whose souls are light-ed With wisdom from on high, Can we to men be-night - ed
Roll down their golden sand! From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain, They
And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The gifts of God are strown: The
The Lamp of Life de - ny? Sal-va-tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy-ful sound pro-claim, Till
call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain. A-men.
hea-then in his blindness Bows down to wood and stone.
each re - mot-est na - tion Has learned Messi-ah's Name.

4,

Waft, waft, ye winds, His glory,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!
Amen.

201. RUSSIAN HYMN. 10,10,10,10.

A. Pope. "*Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*" A. Lvoff. 1833.


1 Rise, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes:
See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide dis-play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - men.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

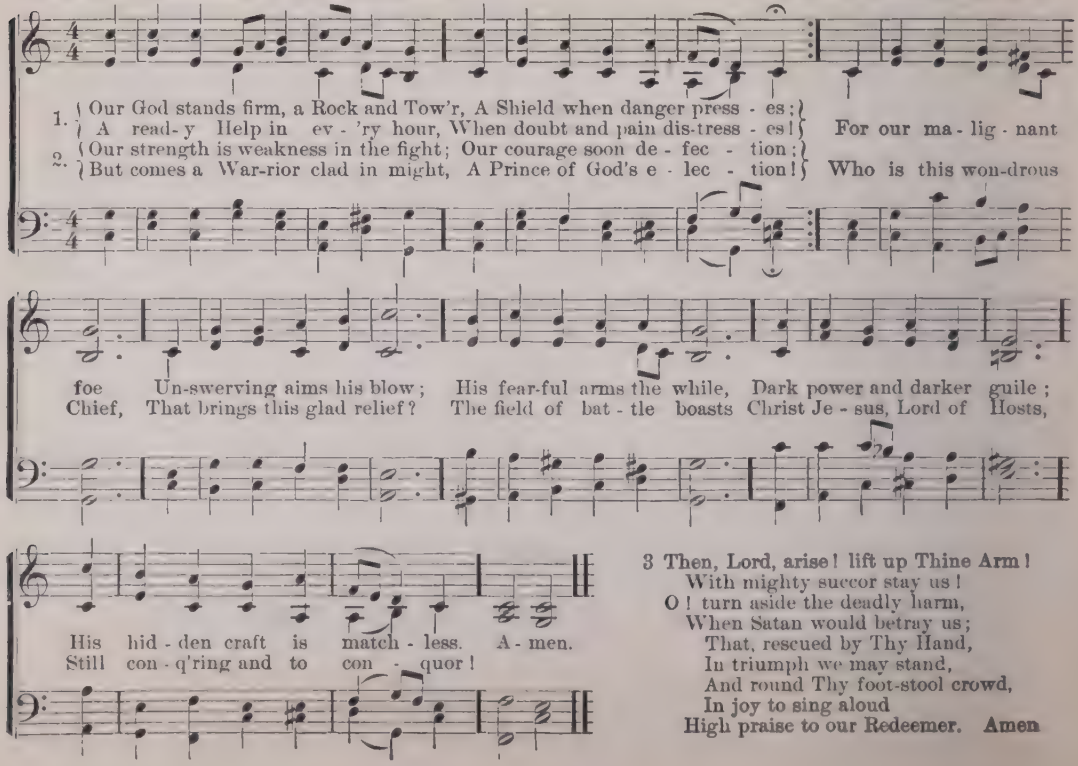
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns. Amen.

202. **WORMS.** 8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6,7.

The Rev. M. LUTHER, D.D., 1529. The Rev. R. C. SINGLETON, 1867. *Tr.* vv. 1, 2; 3d added.

"*God is our Refuge and Strength.*"

Attributed to The Rev. M. LUTHER, D.D. 1521.

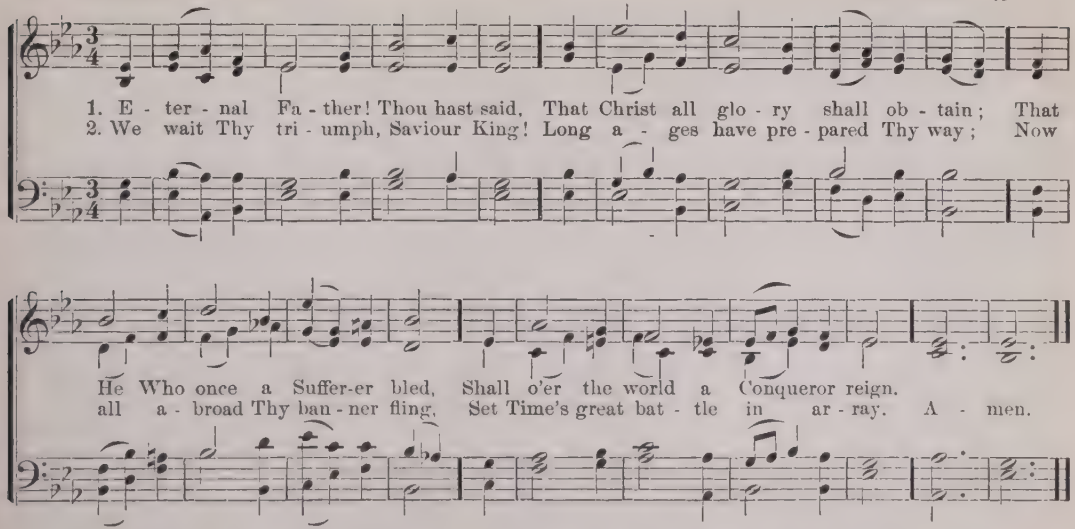

1. Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tow'r, A Shield when danger press - es;
A read- y Help in ev - 'ry hour, When doubt and pain dis-tress - es!
For our ma - lig - nant
2. Our strength is weakness in the fight; Our courage soon de - fec - tion;
But comes a War-rior clad in might, A Prince of God's e - lec - tion!
Who is this won-drous
foe Un-swerving aims his blow; His fear-ful arms the while, Dark power and darker guile;
Chief, That brings this glad relief? The field of bat - tle boasts Christ Je - sus, Lord of Hosts,
His hid - den craft is match - less. A - men.
Still con - q'ring and to con - quor!

3 Then, Lord, arise! lift up Thine Arm!
With mighty succor stay us!
O! turn aside the deadly harm,
When Satan would betray us;
That, rescued by Thy Hand,
In triumph we may stand,
And round Thy foot-stool crowd,
In joy to sing aloud
High praise to our Redeemer. **Amen**

203. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

"To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

The Rev. R. PALMER, D.D. 1860. E. MILLER, Mus. D. 1790.


1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! Thou hast said, That Christ all glo - ry shall ob - tain; That
2. We wait Thy tri - umph, Saviour King! Long a - ges have pre - pared Thy way; Now
He Who once a Suffer-er bled, Shall o'er the world a Conqueror reign.
all a - broad Thy ban - ner fling, Set Time's great bat - tle in ar - ray. A - men.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

4 On mountain-tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts, from land to land.

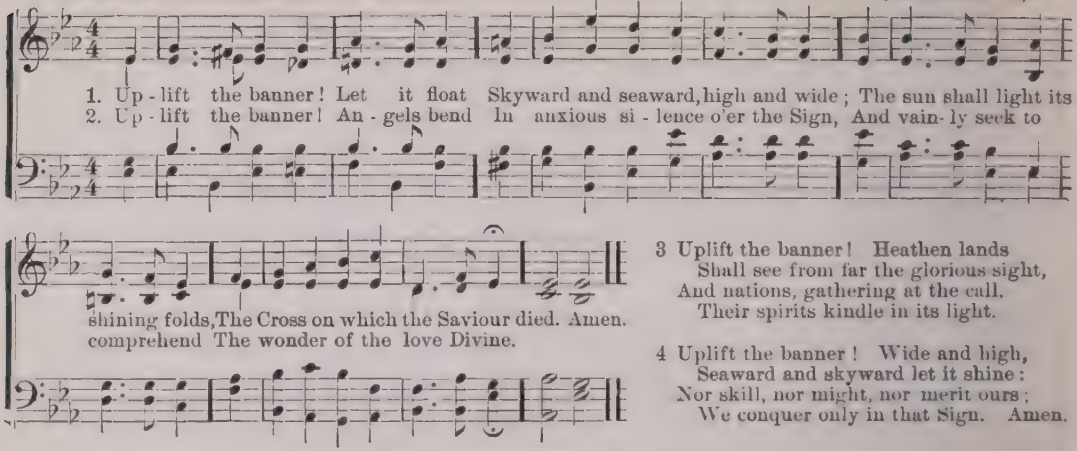
5 O! fill Thy Church with faith and power!
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour,
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

6 Come, Spirit, make Thy wonders known!
Fulfill the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee. Amen.

204. UPLIFT THE BANNER. L. M.

"And He shall set up an Ensign for the nations."

The Rt. Rev. G. W. Doane, D.D. 1824. Abr. J. B. Calkin. 1872.


1. Up - lift the banner! Let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The sun shall light its
2. Up - lift the banner! An - gels bend In anxious si - lence o'er the Sign, And vain - ly seek to
shining folds, The Cross on which the Saviour died. Amen.
comprehend The wonder of the love Divine.

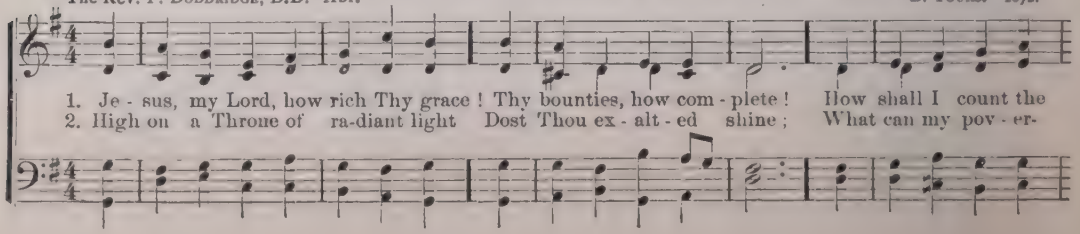
3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that Sign. Amen.

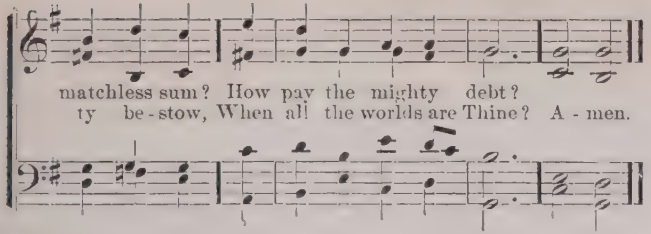
205. GRONINGEN. C. M.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren ye have done it unto Me."

The Rev. P. Doddridge, D.D. Abr. B. Tours. 1872.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace! Thy bounties, how com - plete! How shall I count the
2. High on a Throne of ra-diant light Dost Thou ex - alt - ed shine; What can my pov - er-

GRONINGEN.—Concluded.



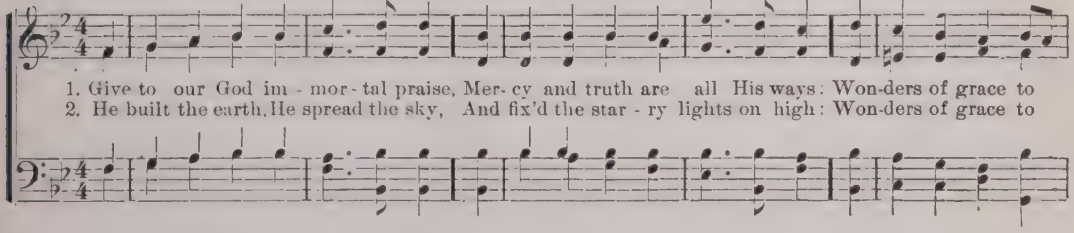
3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before Thy Father's Face.

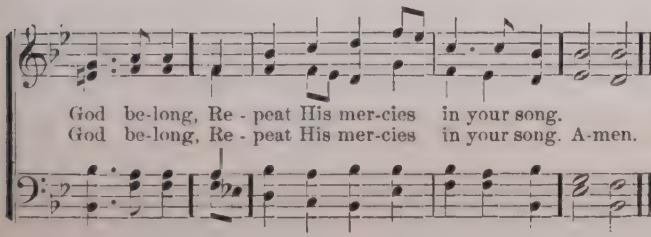
4 Thy Face with reverence and with love
I in Thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread
Than hold it back from Thee. Amen.

206. PALMÆ. L. M.

"*O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.*"

The Rev. J. Watts, D.D. 1719. Ps. 136. Abr. W. G. Cusins. 1887.


1. Give to our God im-mor-tal praise, Mer-cy and truth are all His ways: Won-ders of grace to
2. He built the earth, He spread the sky, And fix'd the star-ry lights on high: Won-ders of grace to



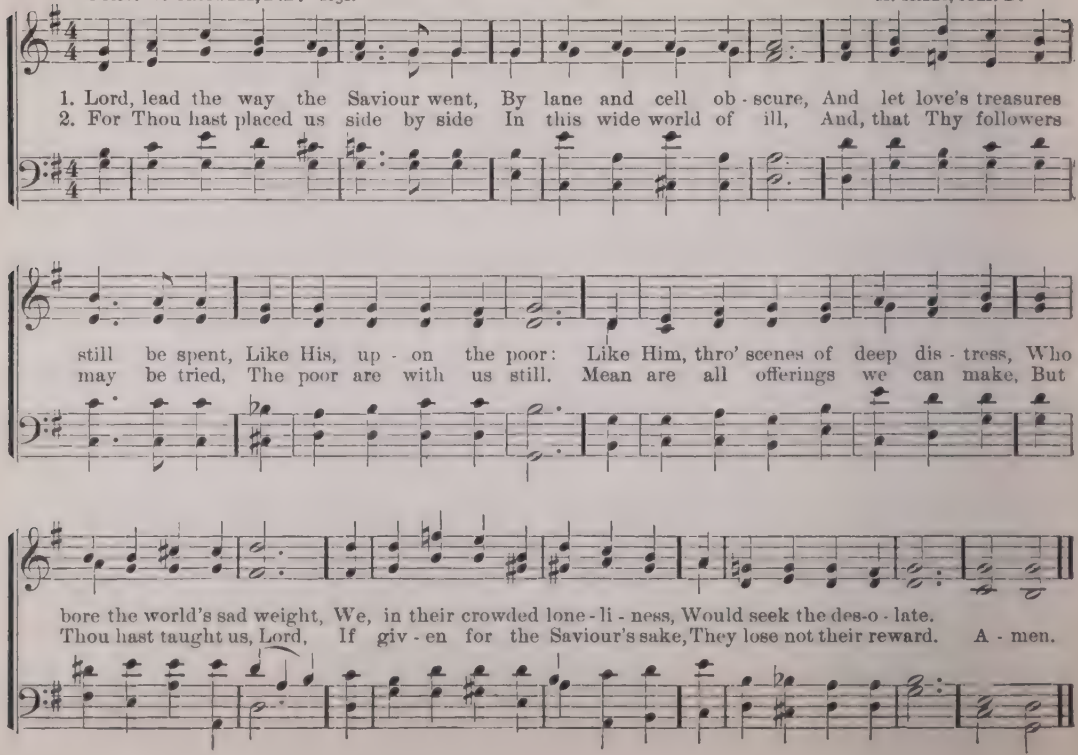
3 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 Thro' this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
Amen.

207. ST. LEONARD. C. M. D

"*Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*"

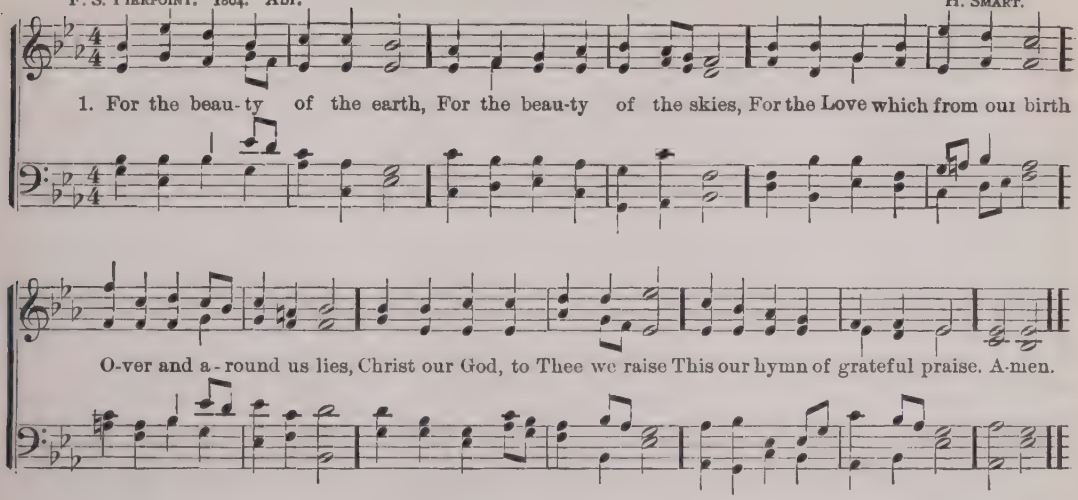
The Rev. W. CROSWELL, D.D. 1831. H. HILES, Mus. D.


1. Lord, lead the way the Saviour went, By lane and cell ob - scure, And let love's treasures
2. For Thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill, And, that Thy followers
still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor: Like Him, thro' scenes of deep dis - tress, Who
may be tried, The poor are with us still. Mean are all offerings we can make, But
bore the world's sad weight, We, in their crowded lone - li - ness, Would seek the des-o - late.
Thou hast taught us, Lord, If giv - en for the Saviour's sake, They lose not their reward. A - men.

208. HEATHLANDS. 7,7,7,7,7,7.

"Giving thanks always for all things unto God."

F. S. Pierpoint. 1864. Abr. H. Smart.


1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies, For the Love which from our birth
O-ver and a-round us lies, Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise. A-men.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, etc,

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ our God, etc.

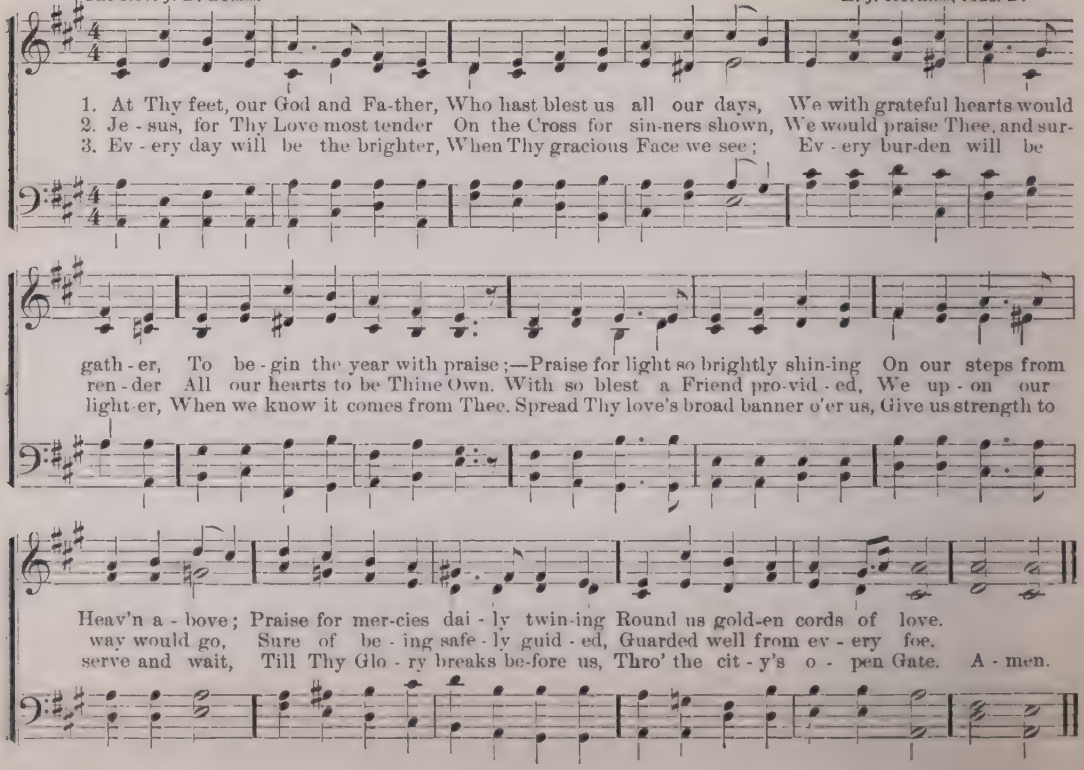
4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, etc.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great Love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in Heaven;
Christ our God, etc. Amen.

209. HOLY PEACE. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

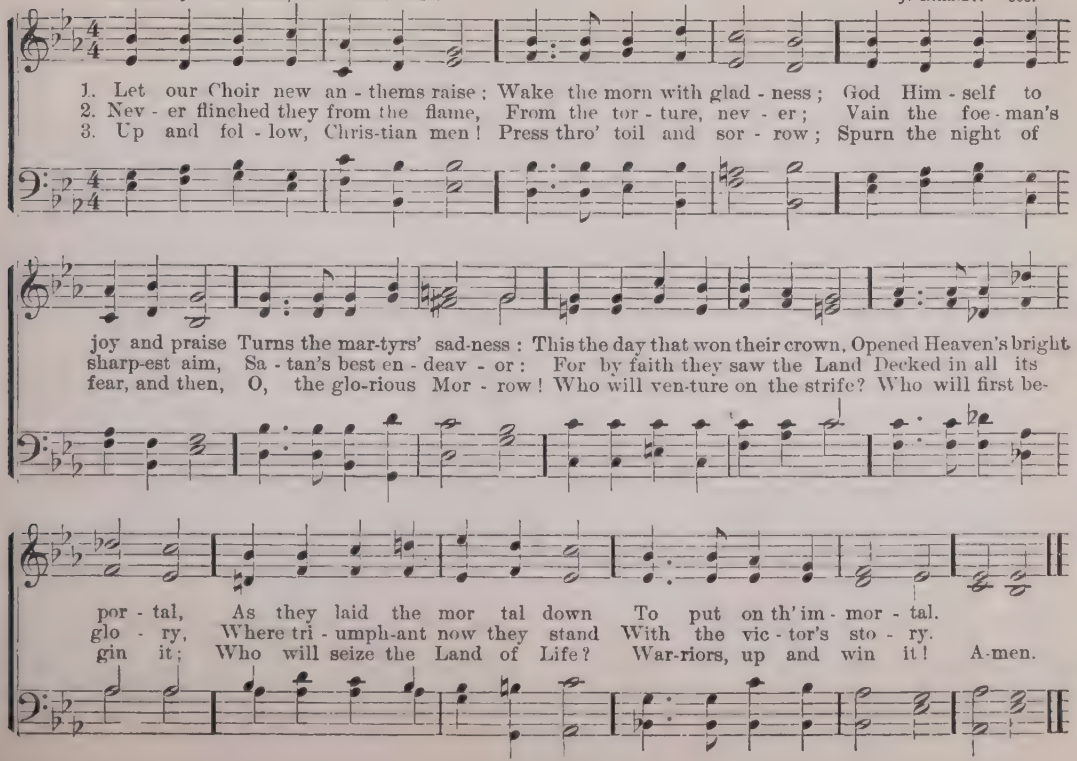
The Rev. J. D. Burns. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D.


1. At Thy feet, our God and Fa-ther, Who hast blest us all our days, We with grateful hearts would
2. Je - sus, for Thy Love most tender On the Cross for sin-ners shown, We would praise Thee, and sur-
3. Ev - ery day will be the brighter, When Thy gracious Face we see; Ev - ery bur-den will be
gath - er, To be - gin the year with praise;—Praise for light so brightly shin-ing On our steps from
ren - der All our hearts to be Thine Own. With so blest a Friend pro-vid - ed, We up - on our
light-er, When we know it comes from Thee. Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us, Give us strength to
Heav'n a - bove; Praise for mer-cies dai - ly twin-ing Round us gold-en cords of love.
way would go, Sure of be - ing safe - ly guid - ed, Guarded well from ev - ery foe.
serve and wait, Till Thy Glo - ry breaks be-fore us, Thro' the cit - y's o - pen Gate. A - men.

210. ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

*"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, * * * for great is your reward in Heaven."*

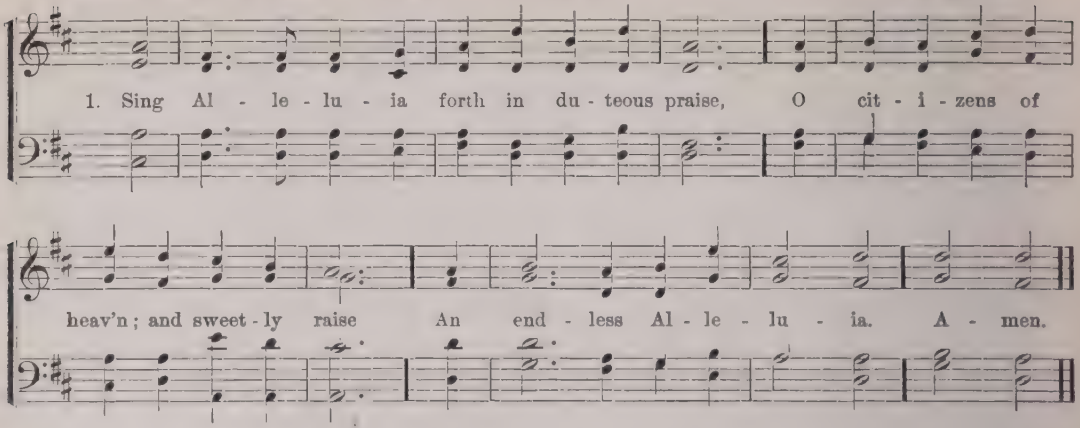
The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1862. Abr. J. BARNBY. 1868.


1. Let our Choir new an - thems raise; Wake the morn with glad - ness; God Him - self to
2. Nev - er flinched they from the flame, From the tor - ture, nev - er; Vain the foe - man's
3. Up and fol - low, Chris-tian men! Press thro' toil and sor - row; Spurn the night of
joy and praise Turns the mar-tyrs' sad-ness: This the day that won their crown, Opened Heaven's bright
sharp-est aim, Sa - tan's best en - deav - or: For by faith they saw the Land Decked in all its
fear, and then, O, the glo-rious Mor - row! Who will ven-ture on the strife? Who will first be-
por - tal, As they laid the mor tal down To put on th' im - mor - tal.
glo - ry, Where tri - umph-ant now they stand With the vic - tor's sto - ry.
gin it; Who will seize the Land of Life? War-riors, up and win it! A-men.

211. ALLELUIA PERENNE. 10,10,7.

"*And all her streets shall say, Alleluia.*"

Mozarabic Breviary, 5th Century. *Tr.* The Rev. J. Ellerton. 1865. W. H. Monk.



2 Ye Powers who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

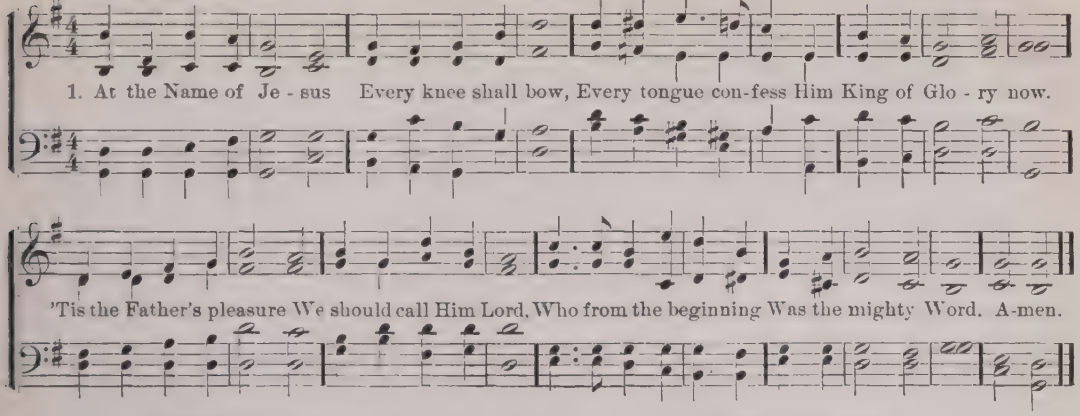
8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays [praise
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen.

212. ST. ALBAN'S. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name, which is above every name: that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow."

CAROLINE M. NOEL. Abr. T. MORLEY.


1. At the Name of Je - sus Every knee shall bow, Every tongue con-fess Him King of Glo - ry now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure We should call Him Lord, Who from the beginning Was the mighty Word. A-men.

2 Mighty and mysterious
In the highest height,
God from everlasting,
Very Light of light.
In the Father's bosom,
With the Spirit blest,
Love, in Love Eternal,
Rest, in perfect rest.

3 At His Voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light:
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

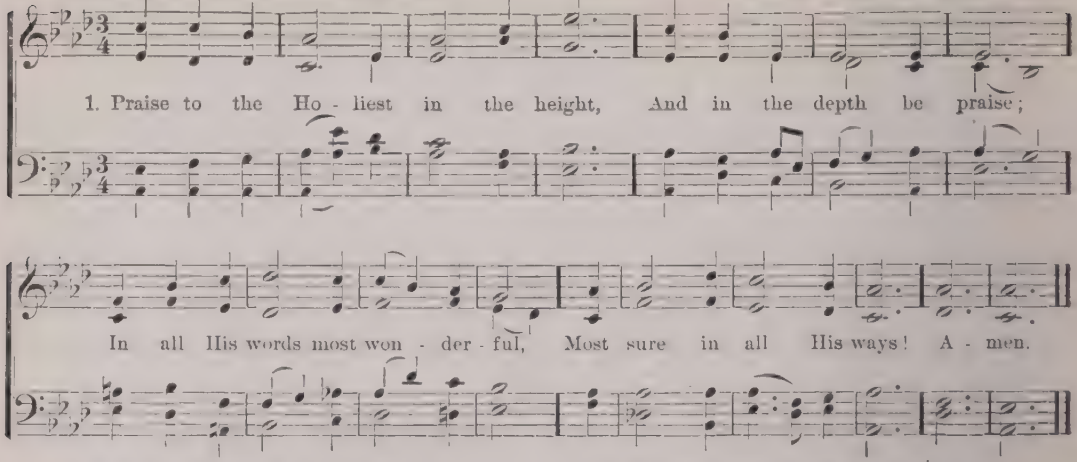
4 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

5 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the Throne of Godhead
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect Rest. Amen.

GERONTIUS. C. M.

"*The second Man is the Lord from Heaven.*"

The Rev. Cardinal J. H. NEWMAN, D.D. Abr. — The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1868.


1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most won - der - ful, Most sure in all His ways! A - men.

2 O, loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

3 O, wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail!

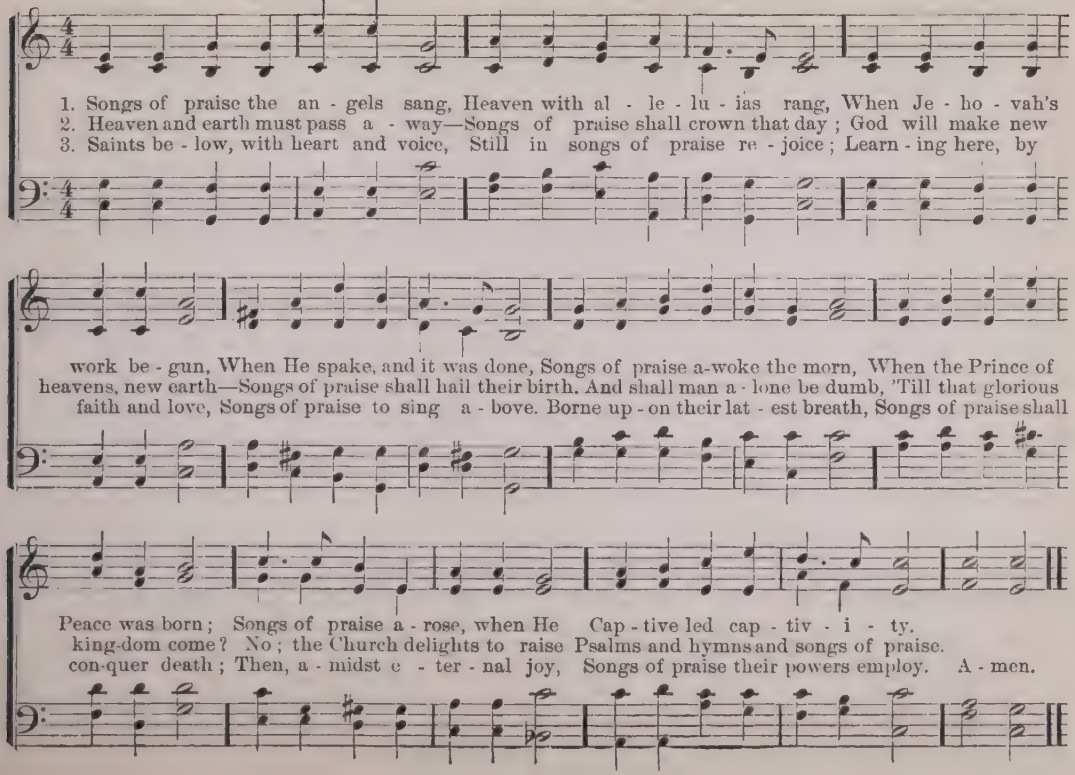
4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very Self,
And essence all divine!

5 O, generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die! Amen.

214. **CULFORD.** 7,7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

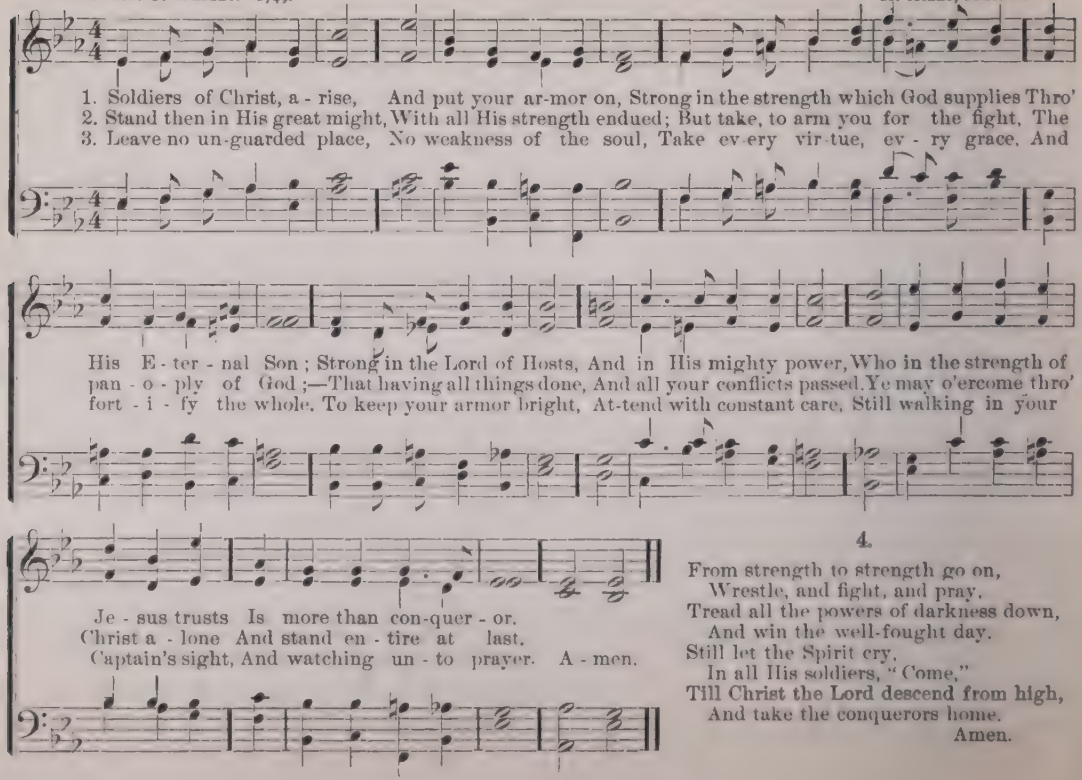
J. MONTGOMERY. 1819. *"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."* E. J. HOPKINS, MUS. D. 1867.


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with al - le - lu - ias rang, When Je - ho - vah's
2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way—Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new
3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by
work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done, Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of
heavens, new earth—Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And shall man a - lone be dumb, 'Till that glorious
faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Borne up - on their lat - est breath, Songs of praise shall
Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
king-dom come? No; the Church delights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
con-quer death; Then, a - midst e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their powers employ. A - men.

215. THORNTON. S. M. D.

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1749. H. Hiles, Mus. D.

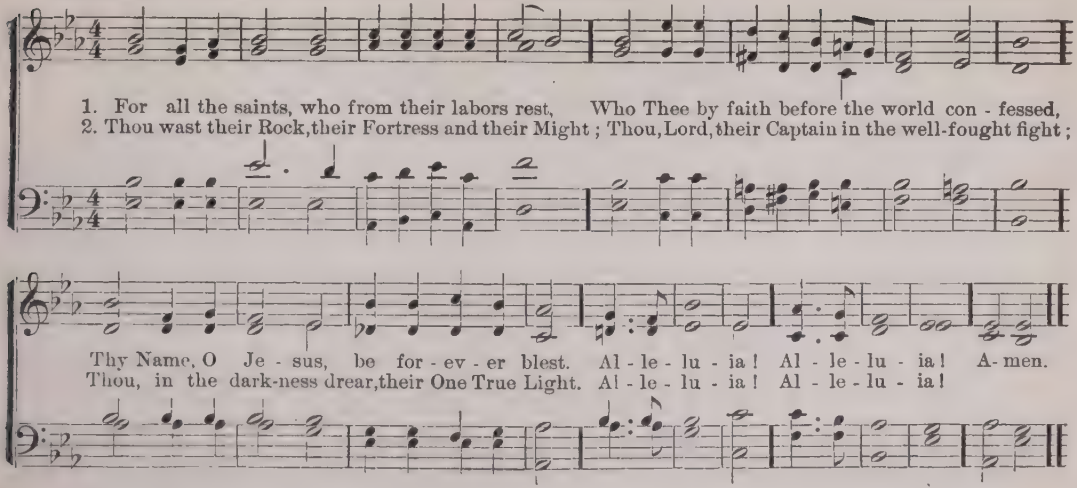

1. Soldiers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar-mor on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro'
2. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength endued; But take, to arm you for the fight, The
3. Leave no un-guarded place, No weakness of the soul, Take ev-ery vir-tue, ev - ry grace, And
His E - ter - nal Son; Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His mighty power, Who in the strength of
pan - o - ply of God;—That having all things done, And all your conflicts passed, Ye may o'ercome thro'
fort - i - fy the whole. To keep your armor bright, At-tend with constant care, Still walking in your
Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or.
Christ a - lone And stand en - tire at last.
Captain's sight, And watching un - to prayer. A - men.

4.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray.
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.
Amen.

216. REQUIESCAT. 10,10,10,4.

The Rt. Rev. W. W. How, D.D. 1854. Abr. "*I am glorified in them.*" J. Barnby. 1868.


1. For all the saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the world con - fessed,
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
Thou, in the dark-ness drear, their One True Light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

3 For the Apostles' glorious company
Who, bearing forth the Cross o'er land and sea,
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee.
Alleluia!

4 For the Evangelists—by whose pure word
Like fourfold stream, the garden of the Lord
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored.
Alleluia!

5 For Martyrs—who with rapture kindled eye
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky
And dying, grasped it,—Thee we glorify.
Alleluia!

6 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victors' crown of gold.
Alleluia!

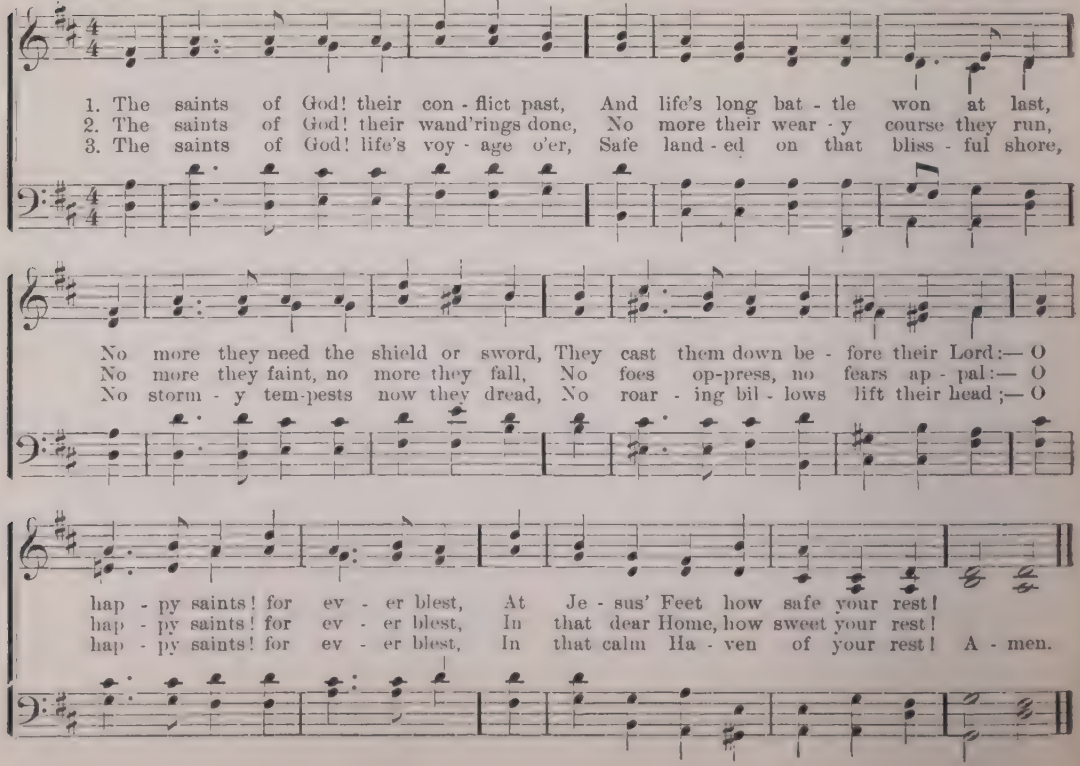
7 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

8 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious Day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia! Amen.

217. SAINTS OF GOD. 8,8,8,8,8,8.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

The Rt. Rev. D. MACLAGAN, D.D. — Sir A. S. SULLIVAN, Mus. D.

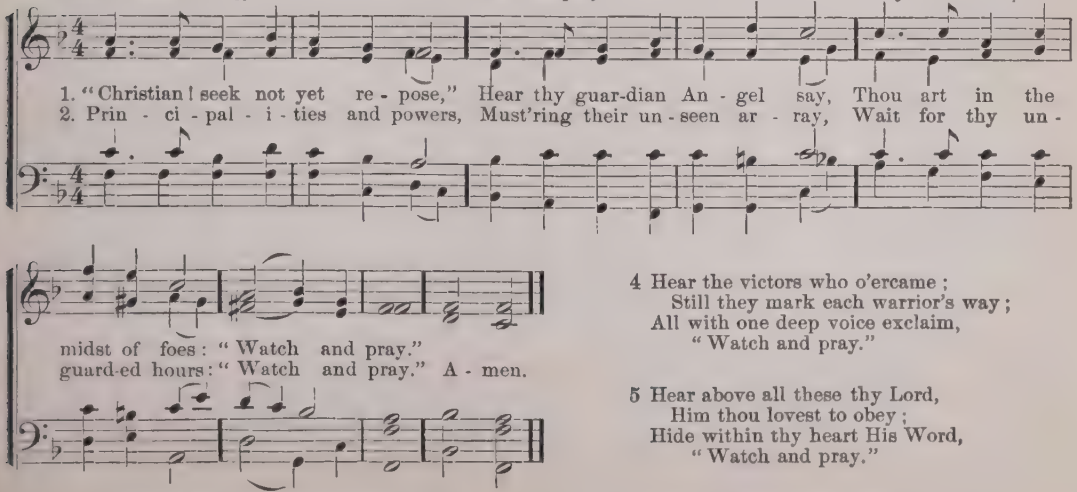

1. The saints of God! their con - flict past, And life's long bat - tle won at last,
2. The saints of God! their wand'rings done, No more their wear - y course they run,
3. The saints of God! life's voy - age o'er, Safe land - ed on that bliss - ful shore,
No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be - fore their Lord:— O
No more they faint, no more they fall, No foes op-press, no fears ap - pal:— O
No storm - y tem-pests now they dread, No roar - ing bil - lows lift their head;— O
hap - py saints! for ev - er blest, At Je - sus' Feet how safe your rest!
hap - py saints! for ev - er blest, In that dear Home, how sweet your rest!
hap - py saints! for ev - er blest, In that calm Ha - ven of your rest! A - men.

4 The saints of God their vigil keep,
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies;—
O happy saints! rejoice and sing!
He quickly comes! your Lord and King!

5 O God of saints! to Thee we cry!
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend!
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

218. ROSSLYN. 7,7,7,3.

Miss C. ELLIOTT. 1839. *"Watch and pray."* J. BOOTH. 1887.


1. "Christian! seek not yet re - pose," Hear thy guar-dian An - gel say, Thou art in the
2. Prin - ci - pal - i - ties and powers, Must'ring their un - seen ar - ray, Wait for thy un -
midst of foes: "Watch and pray."
guard-ed hours: "Watch and pray." A - men.

3 Gird thy heavenly armor on.
Wear it ever, night and day:
Ambushed lurks the Evil One,
"Watch and pray."

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

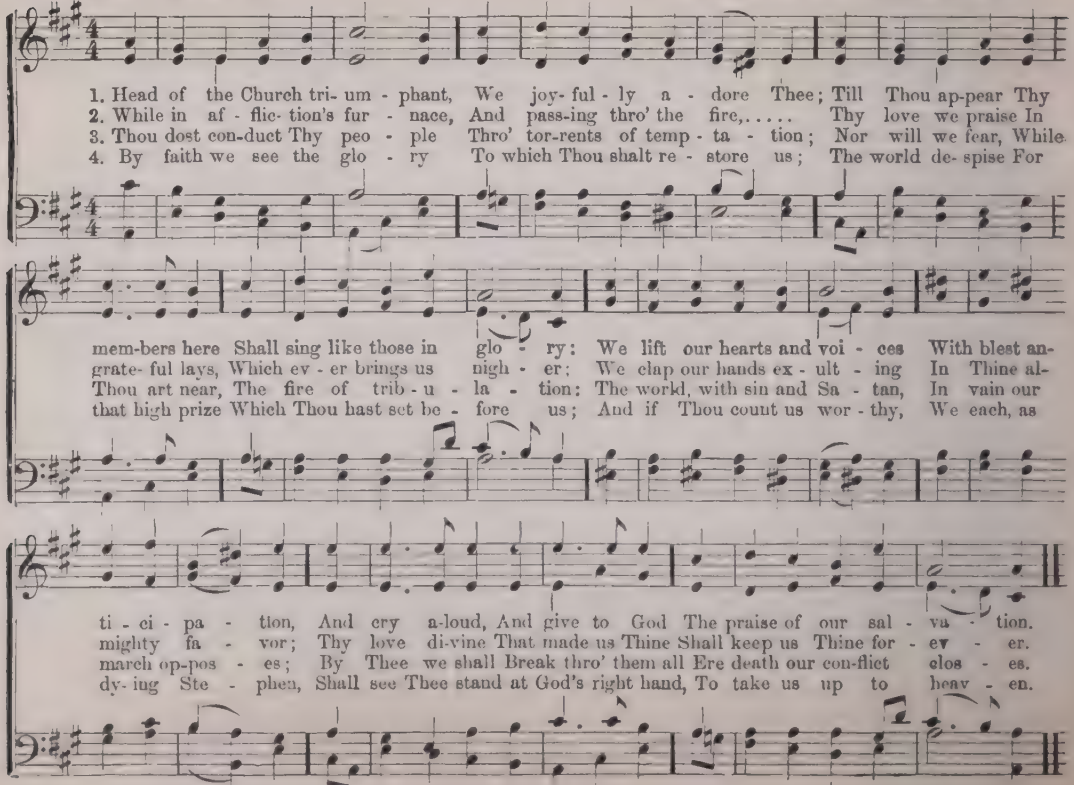
5 Hear above all these thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His Word,
"Watch and pray."

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day:
Pray that help may be sent down:
"Watch and pray." Amen.

219. GLORIA TIBI. 7,7,8,7,7,7,8,7.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints."

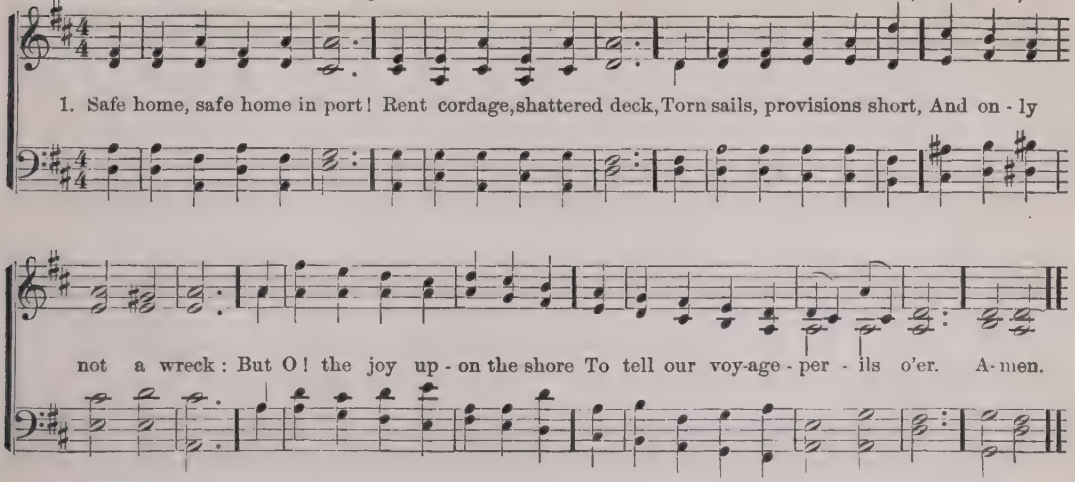
The Rev. C. Wesley. 1745. L. van Beethoven. Arr. Sir J. Goss, Mus. D.


1. Head of the Church tri- um - phant, We joy- ful - ly a - dore Thee; Till Thou ap-pear Thy
2. While in af - flic- tion's fur - nace, And pass-ing thro' the fire,..... Thy love we praise In
3. Thou dost con-duct Thy peo - ple Thro' tor-rents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, While
4. By faith we see the glo - ry To which Thou shalt re - store us; The world de- spise For
mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an-
grate- ful lays, Which ev - er brings us nigh - er; We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In Thine al-
Thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our
that high prize Which Thou hast set be - fore us; And if Thou count us wor - thy, We each, as
ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a-loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
mighty fa - vor; Thy love di-vine That made us Thine Shall keep us Thine for - ev - er.
march op-pos - es; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all Ere death our con-flict clos - es.
dy- ing Ste - phen, Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to heav - en.

220. SAFE HOME. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

Tr. The Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. 1863. Abr. Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. 1872.


1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And on - ly
not a wreck: But O! the joy up - on the shore To tell our voy-age - per - ils o'er. A - men.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well,
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on!

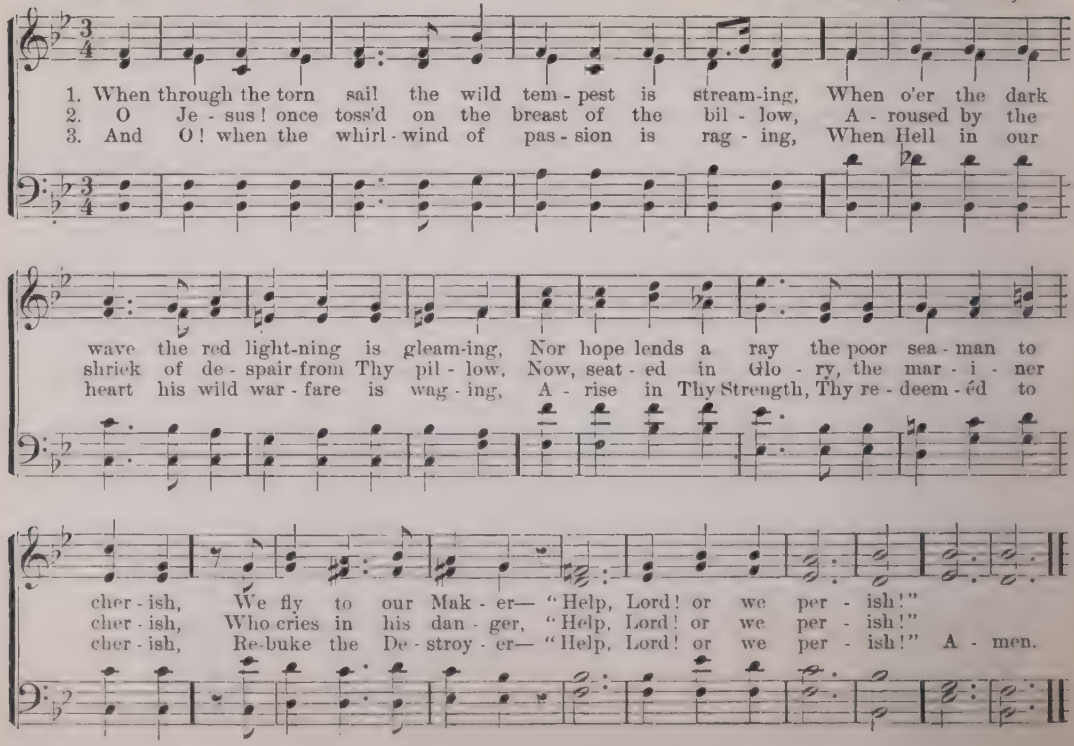
3 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with Wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died,

4 The exile is at Home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts and fears—
What matter now (when so men say)
The King has wiped those tears away?
Amen.

221. HEBER. 12,12,12,12.

"*Lord, save us; we perish.*"

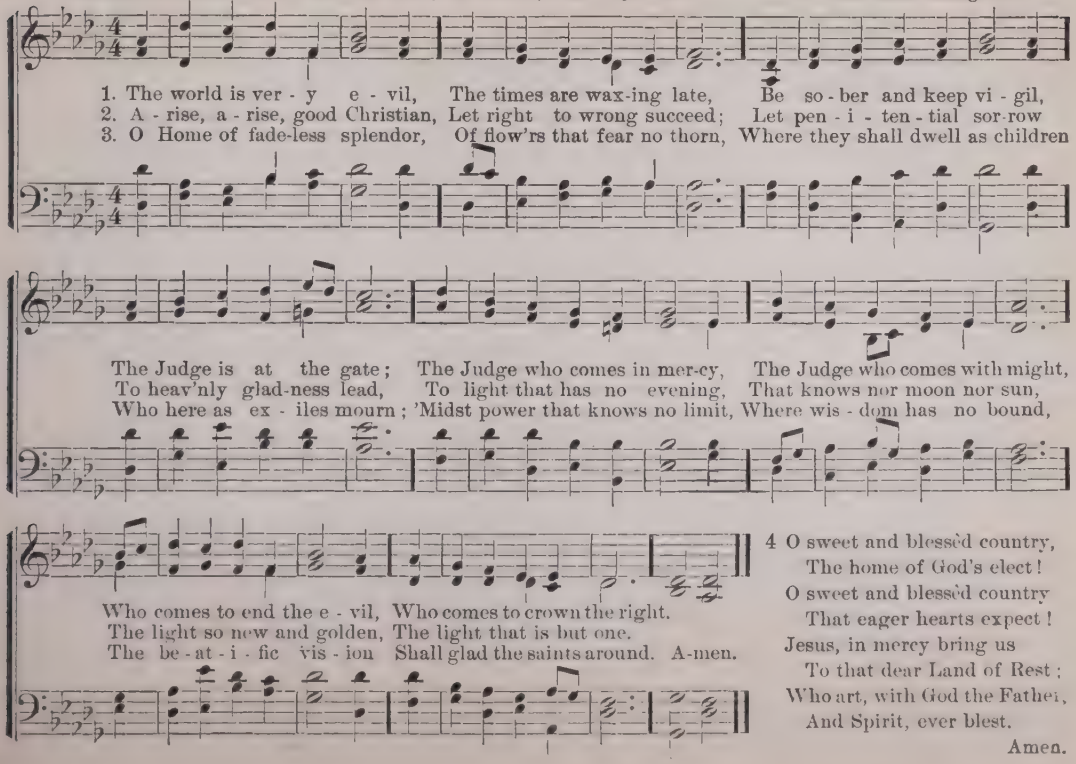
The Rt. Rev. R. Heber, D.D. 1820. Sir A. S. Sullivan, Mus. D. 1869.


1. When through the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream-ing, When o'er the dark
2. O Je - sus! once toss'd on the breast of the bil - low, A - roused by the
3. And O! when the whirl - wind of pas - sion is rag - ing, When Hell in our
wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to
shriek of de - spair from Thy pil - low, Now, seat - ed in Glo - ry, the mar - i - ner
heart his wild war - fare is wag - ing, A - rise in Thy Strength, Thy re - deem - ed to
cher - ish, We fly to our Mak - er— "Help, Lord! or we per - ish!"
cher - ish, Who cries in his dan - ger, "Help, Lord! or we per - ish!"
cher - ish, Re-buke the De - stroy - er— "Help, Lord! or we per - ish!" A - men.

PEARSALL. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"Work your work betimes, and in His time He will give you your reward."

BERNARD of Morlaix. 1145. *Tr.* The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1858. Abr. S. Gall. Cath. Gesangbuch.

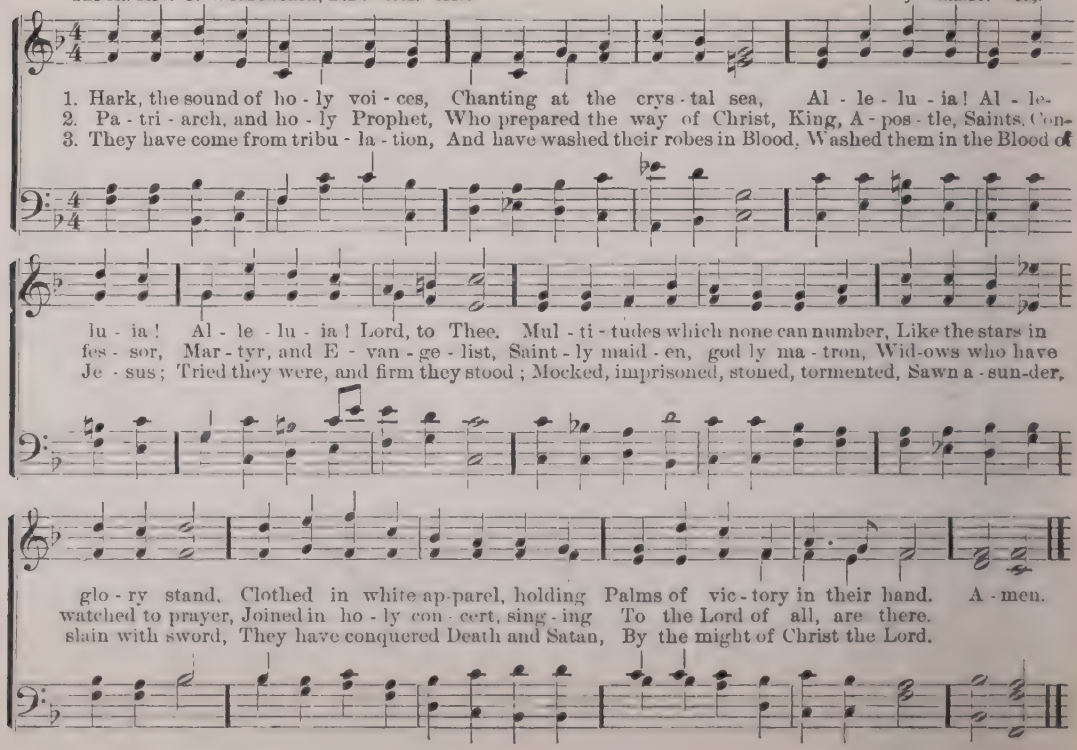

1. The world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax-ing late, Be so - ber and keep vi - gil,
2. A - rise, a - rise, good Christian, Let right to wrong succeed; Let pen - i - ten - tial sor-row
3. O Home of fade-less splendor, Of flow'rs that fear no thorn, Where they shall dwell as children
The Judge is at the gate; The Judge who comes in mer-cy, The Judge who comes with might,
To heav'nly glad-ness lead, To light that has no evening, That knows nor moon nor sun,
Who here as ex - iles mourn; 'Midst power that knows no limit, Where wis - dom has no bound,
Who comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right.
The light so new and golden, The light that is but one.
The be - at - i - fic vis - ion Shall glad the saints around. A-men.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear Land of Rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.
Amen.

223. ETON. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues stood before the Throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

The Rt. Rev. C. WORDSWORTH, D.D. 1862. Abr. J. BARNBY. 1869.


1. Hark, the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting at the crys - tal sea, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le-
2. Pa - tri - arch, and ho - ly Prophet, Who prepared the way of Christ, King, A - pos - tle, Saints, Con-
3. They have come from tribu - la - tion, And have washed their robes in Blood, Washed them in the Blood of
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, to Thee. Mul - ti - tudes which none can number, Like the stars in
fes - sor, Mar - tyr, and E - van - ge - list, Saint - ly maid - en, god ly ma - tron, Wid-ows who have
Je - sus; Tried they were, and firm they stood; Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, Sawn a - sun-der,
glo - ry stand, Clothed in white ap-parel, holding Palms of vic - tory in their hand. A - men.
watched to prayer, Joined in ho - ly con - cert, sing - ing To the Lord of all, are there.
slain with sword, They have conquered Death and Satan, By the might of Christ the Lord.

ETON. Concluded.

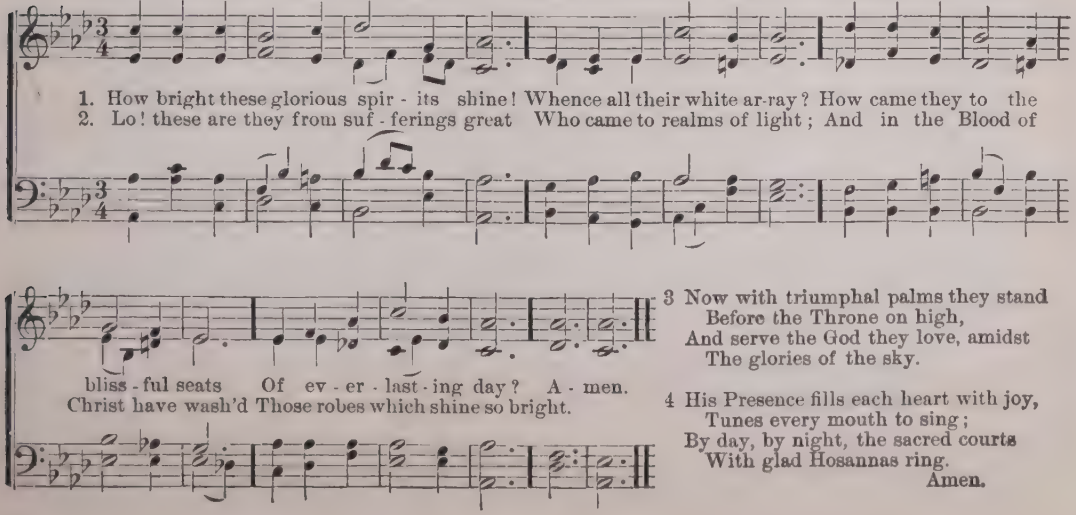
4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee the Captain of Salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and Peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blesséd Trinity. Amen.

224. ST. AGNES. C. M.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"

The Rev. I. WATTS, D.D. 1709. Alt. by the Rev. W. CAMERON. 1781. Abr. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, MUS. D. 1858?


1. How bright these glorious spir - its shine! Whence all their white ar-ray? How came they to the
2. Lo! these are they from suf - ferings great Who came to realms of light; And in the Blood of
bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day? A - men.
Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright.

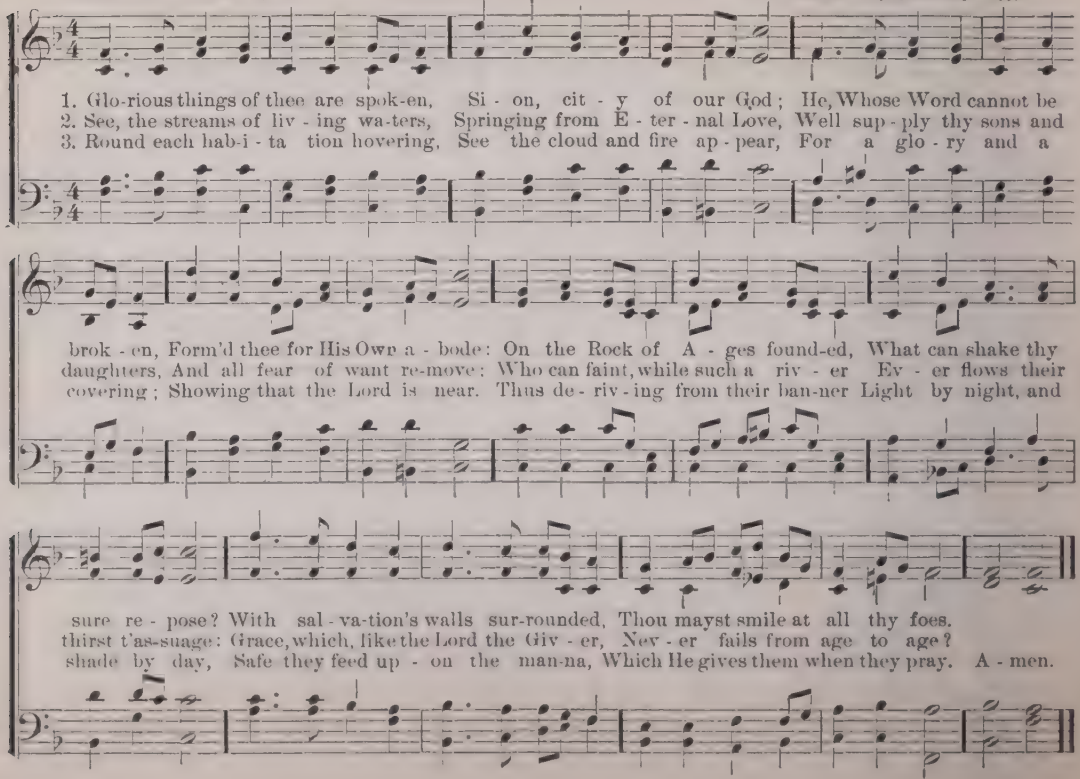
3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the Throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His Presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.
Amen.

225. **AUSTRIA.** 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams."

The Rev. J. NEWTON. 1779. J. HAYDN. Op. 76, No. 3. 1797.


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Si - on, cit - y of our God; He, Whose Word cannot be
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa-ters, Springing from E - ter - nal Love, Well sup - ply thy sons and
3. Round each hab-i - ta tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear, For a glo - ry and a
brok - en, Form'd thee for His Own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy
daughters, And all fear of want re-move: Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their
covering; Showing that the Lord is near. Thus de - riv - ing from their ban-ner Light by night, and
sure re - pose? With sal - va-tion's walls sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
thirst t'as-suage: Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
shade by day, Safe they feed up - on the man-na, Which He gives them when they pray. A - men.

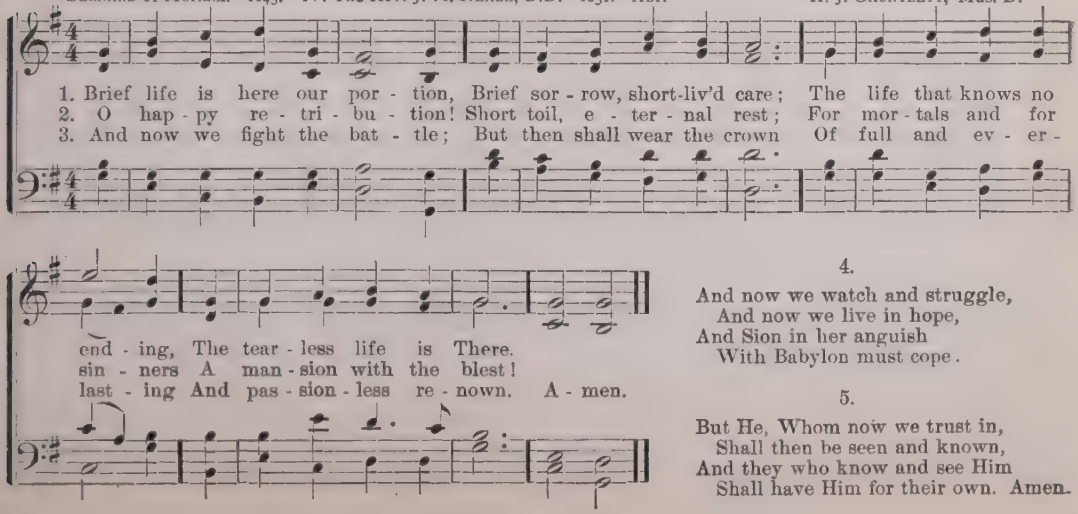
4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's Blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
Jesus' love His people raises,
Over self to reign as kings,
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Sion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show:
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Sion's children know. Amen.

226. ST. ALPHEGE. 7,6,7,6.

"*For what is your life? It is even a vapor.*"

BERNARD of Morlaix. 1145. *Tr.* The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1851. Abr. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. D.


1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-liv'd care; The life that knows no
2. O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest; For mor - tals and for
3. And now we fight the bat - tle; But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev - er -
end - ing, The tear - less life is There.
sin - ners A man - sion with the blest!
last - ing And pas - sion - less re - nown. A - men.

4.

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

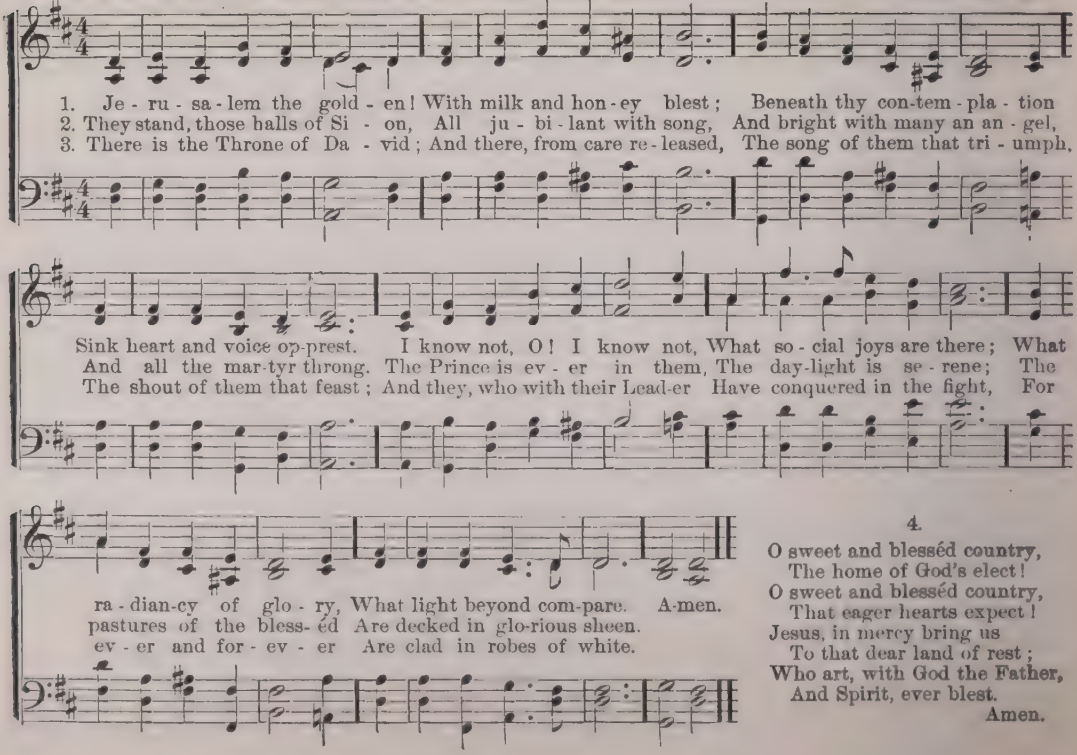
5.

But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they who know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own. Amen.

227. **EWING.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"The Holy City New Jerusalem."

BERNARD of Morlaix. *Tr.* The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. 1851. Abr. and alt. A. EWING. 1853.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Beneath thy con-tem - pla - tion
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel,
3. There is the Throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased, The song of them that tri - umph,
Sink heart and voice op-prest. I know not, O! I know not, What so - cial joys are there; What
And all the mar-tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene; The
The shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Lead-er Have conquered in the fight, For
ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What light beyond com-pare. A-men.
pastures of the bless-éd Are decked in glo-rious sheen.
ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

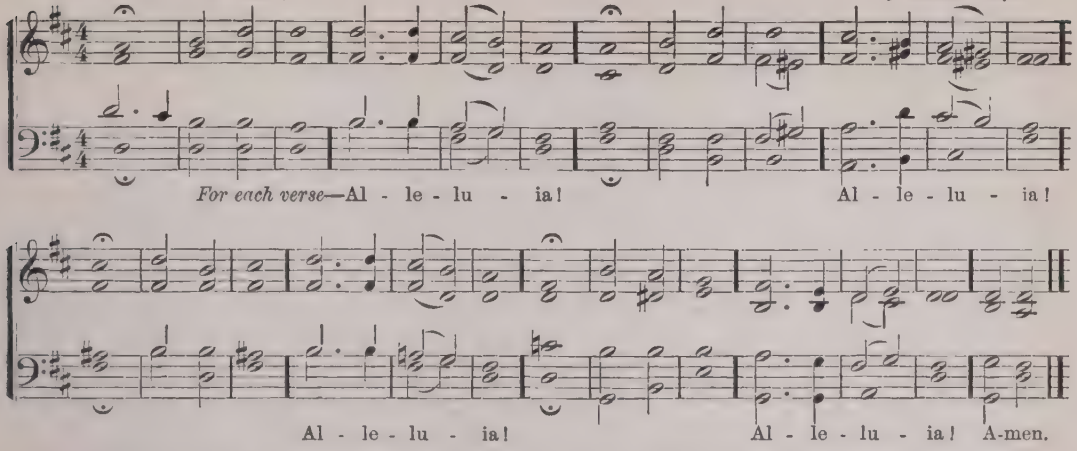
4.

O sweet and blesséd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blesséd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.
Amen.

228. IN SWEET CONSENT. Irregular.

"*Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*"

Tr. The Rev. J. M. NEALE, D.D. J. BARNBY. 1872.



1 IN sweet consent let all the | anthem sing;
Come, all earth's peoples, praise the E- | ternal King:
Shout, choirs of angels, shout through- | out the sky;
And ye, blest souls in Para- | dise, reply.

2 Join, ye bright planets, as ye | shine, aloud;
Join too, ye thunder, lightning, | wind and cloud;
Sing, groves and forests, flood, wave, | storm and snow;
Answer, bright days, hoar frost, and | summer glow.

3 Raise to your Maker, bird with | plumage gay;
Ye beasts of earth, with varying | voices, say;
Here let the mountains thunder | forth amain,
There let the valleys sing in | gentler strain.

4 Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean, cry;
Ye tracts of earth and conti- | nents, reply.
Let the whole race of man the | strain upraise,
And hymn their Maker in loud | bursts of praise.

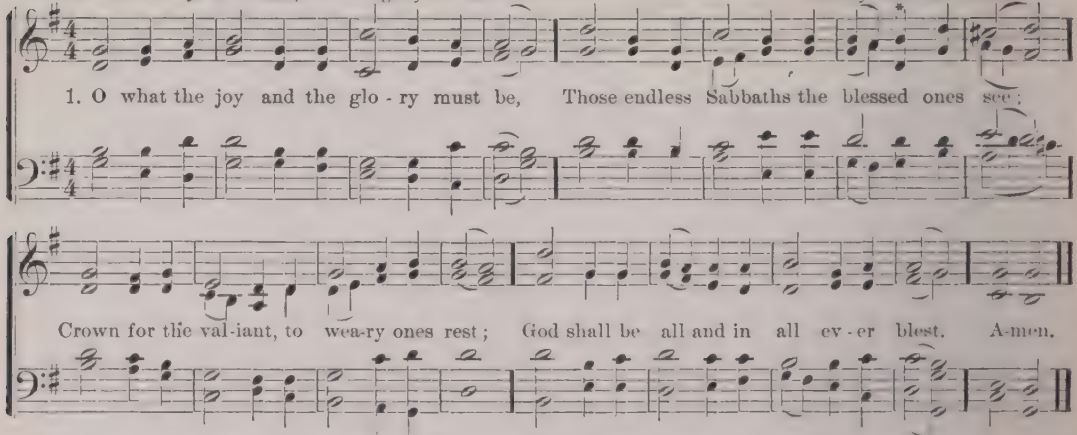
5 This is the strain the Lord of | all things loves,
The heavenly song that Christ Him- | self approves.
Wherefore in song let heart | and tongue awake,
And children's voices echoing | answer make.

6 With one glad shout from all be | now out-poured,
To Father, Son, and Spirit, | God and Lord;
All glory, praise and worship | be to Thee,
Lord God Omnipotent, Blest | Trinity.
Alleluia. Amen.

229. O QUANTA QUALIA. 10,10,10,10.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

(*O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata.*) Old Latin hymn of the 13th century.
Tr. The Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. Slightly alt. and abr.

Melody from La Feillée.

1. O what the joy and the glo - ry must be, Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see;
Crown for the val-iant, to wea-ry ones rest; God shall be all and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace, and the joy that they own?
O, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare.

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of Peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfillment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now in the meanwhile with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

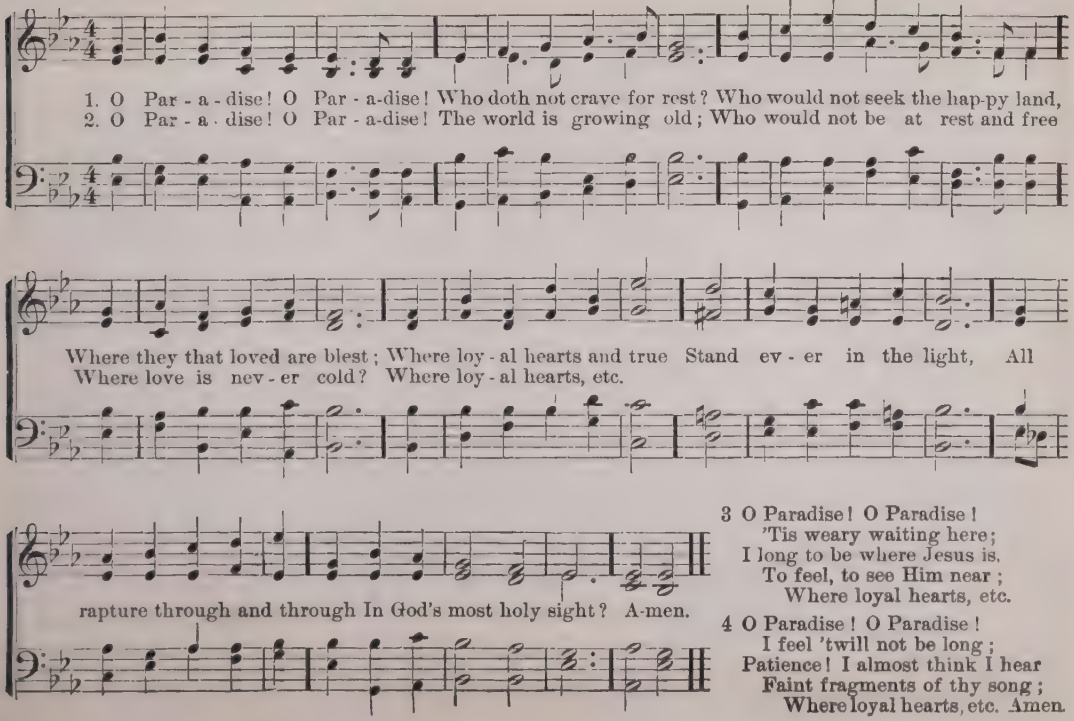
7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;
Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.
Amen.

* For the 1st verse, the slur is better over the 3d and 4th notes of this measure.

230. **PARADISE.** 8,6,8,6,6,6,6.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. 1862. Abr. H. Smart.


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap-py land,
2. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is growing old; Who would not be at rest and free
Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All
Where love is nev - er cold? Where loy - al hearts, etc.
rapture through and through In God's most holy sight? A-men.

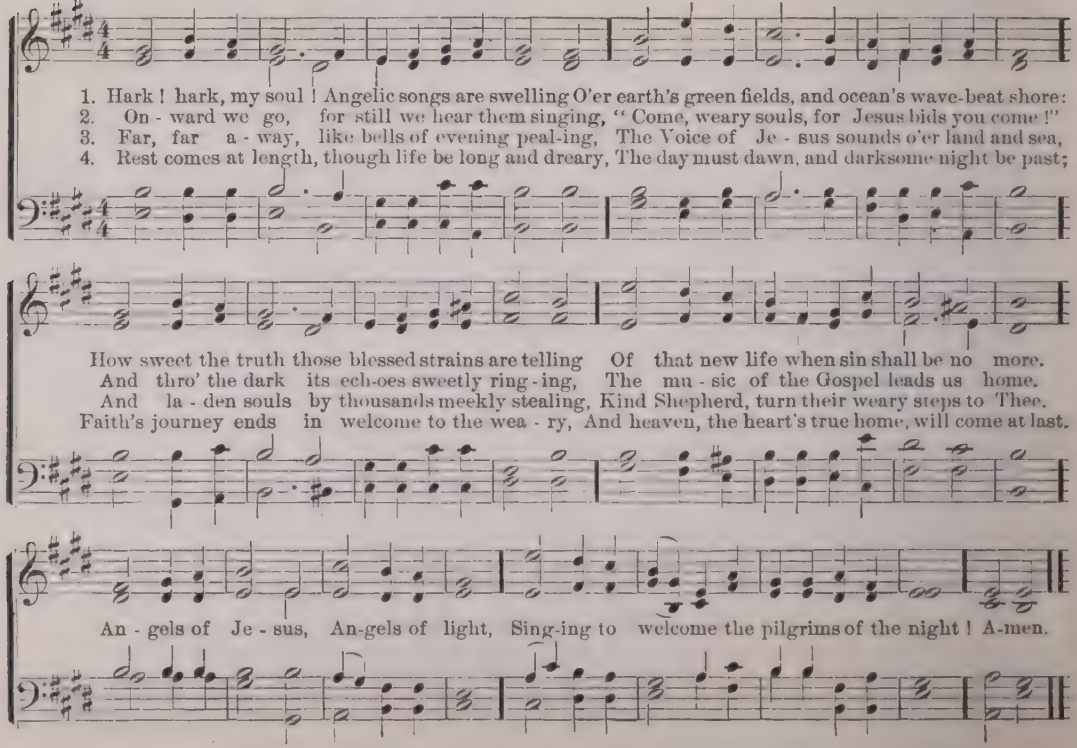
3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc. Amen.

231. **PILGRIMS.** 11,10,11,10,9,11.

"*Even so, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*"

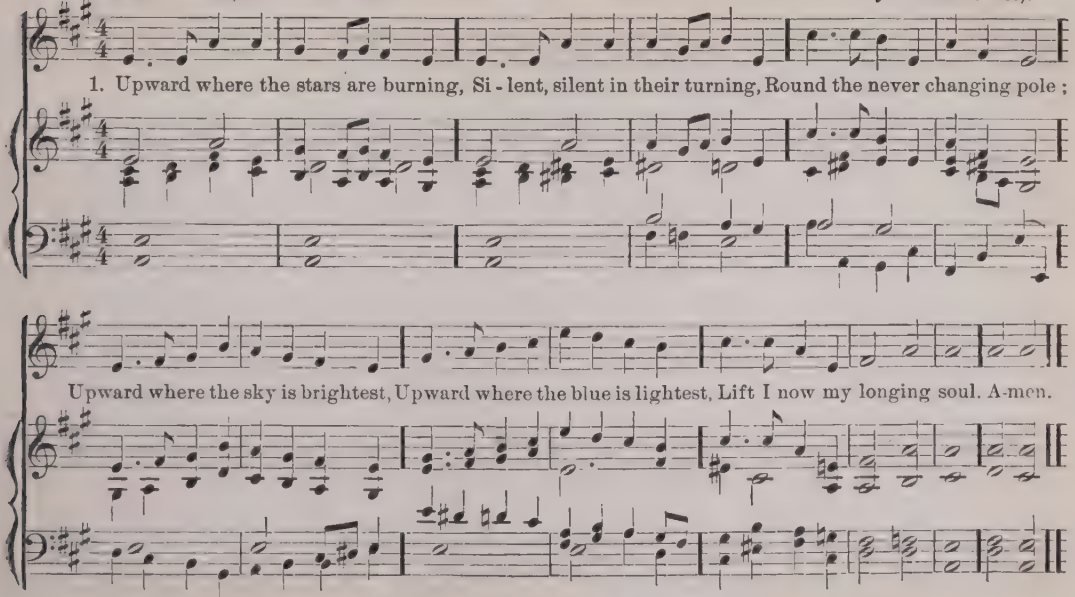
The Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. 1849. Abr. and slightly alt. H. Smart. 1867.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
3. Far, far a - way, like bells of evening peal-ing, The Voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea,
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweetly ring-ing, The mu - sic of the Gospel leads us home.
And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the wea - ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
An - gels of Je - sus, An-gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! A-men.

232. **BONAR.** 8,8,7,8,8,7.

"I will lift up mine eyes."

The Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. 1866. Abr. J. B. Calkin. 1867.


1. Upward where the stars are burning, Si - lent, silent in their turning, Round the never changing pole ;
Upward where the sky is brightest, Upward where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my longing soul. A-men.

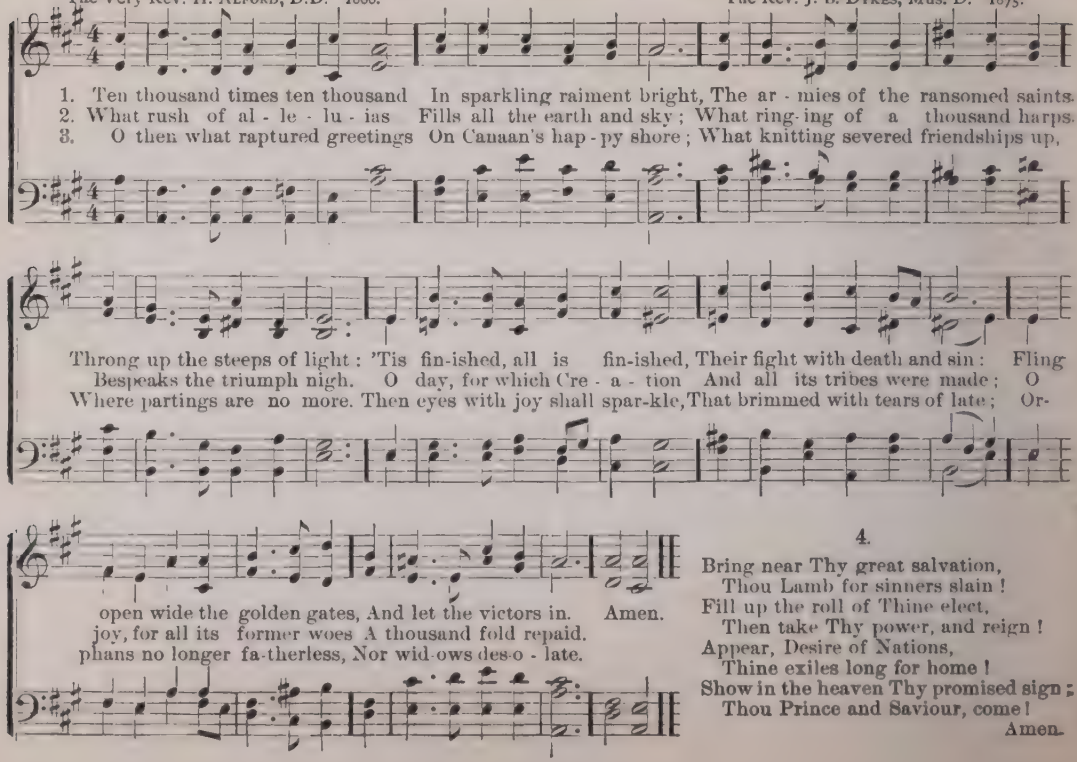
2 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted :
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His Name the palace rings.

3 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heav'nly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed Feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder
When before His Throne we meet. Amen.

233. **ALFORD.** 7,6,8,6,7,6,8,6.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him."

The Very Rev. H. ALFORD, D.D. 1866. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1875.


1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright, The ar - mies of the ransomed saints
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky; What ring-ing of a thousand harps
3. O then what raptured greetings On Canaan's hap - py shore; What knitting severed friendships up,
Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin: Fling
Bespeaks the triumph nigh. O day, for which Cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made; O
Where partings are no more. Then eyes with joy shall spar-kle, That brimmed with tears of late; Or-
open wide the golden gates, And let the victors in. Amen.
joy, for all its former woes A thousand fold repaid.
phans no longer fa-therless, Nor wid-ows des-o - late.

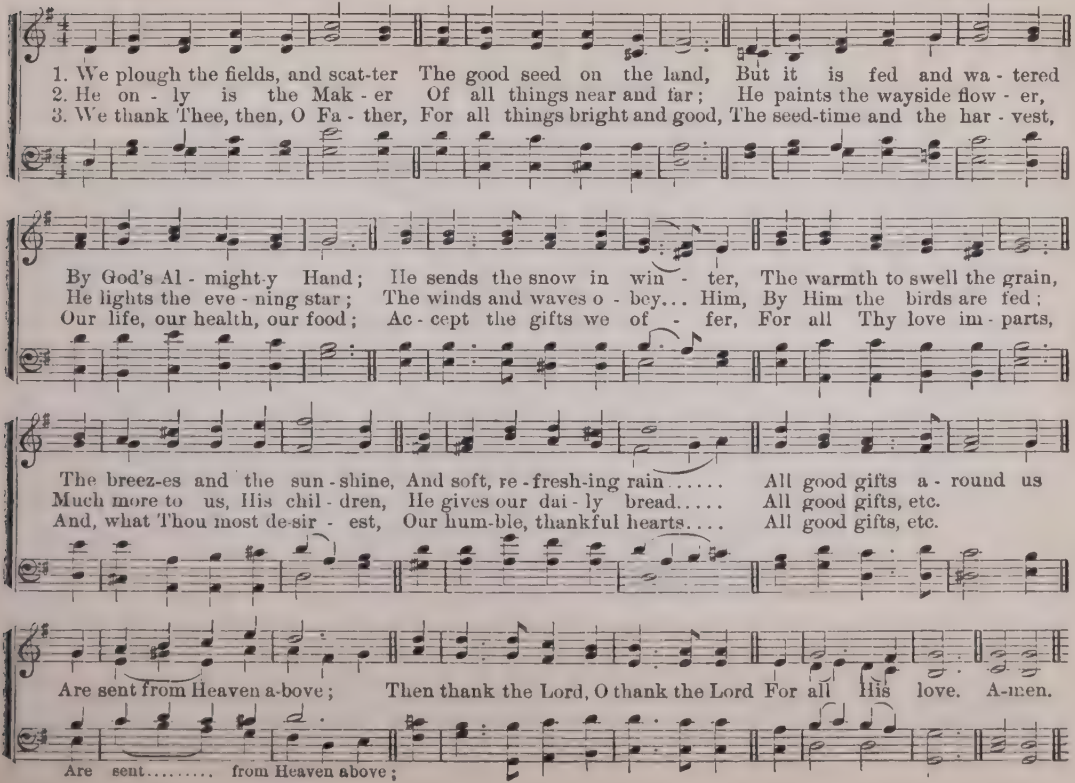
4.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign!
Appear, Desire of Nations,
Thine exiles long for home!
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!
Amen.

234. WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6,6,6,8,4.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

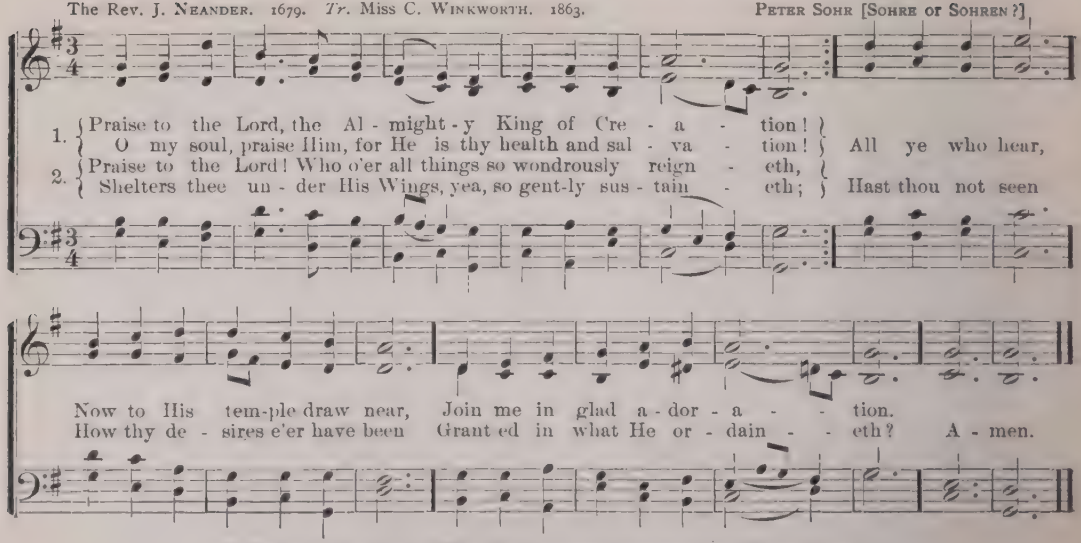
Tr. Miss J. M. Campbell. 1861. A. Cottman.


1. We plough the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the wayside flow - er,
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The seed-time and the har - vest,
By God's Al - might-y Hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o - bey... Him, By Him the birds are fed;
Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts,
The breez-es and the sun - shine, And soft, re - fresh-ing rain..... All good gifts a - round us
Much more to us, His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread..... All good gifts, etc.
And, what Thou most de-sir - est, Our hum-ble, thankful hearts.... All good gifts, etc.
Are sent from Heaven a-bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love. A-men.
Are sent..... from Heaven above;

235. LAUDATE DOMINUM. 14,14,4,7,8.

"I will extol Thee, my God, O King, and I will bless Thy Name forever and ever."

The Rev. J. NEANDER. 1679. *Tr.* Miss C. WINKWORTH. 1863. PETER SOHR [SOHRE or SOHREN?]


1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y King of Cre - a - tion!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion!
All ye who hear,
2. Praise to the Lord! Who o'er all things so wondrously reign - eth,
Shelters thee un - der His Wings, yea, so gent-ly sus - tain - eth;
Hast thou not seen
Now to His tem-ple draw near, Join me in glad a - dor - a - tion.
How thy de - sires e'er have been Grant-ed in what He or - dain - eth?
A - men.

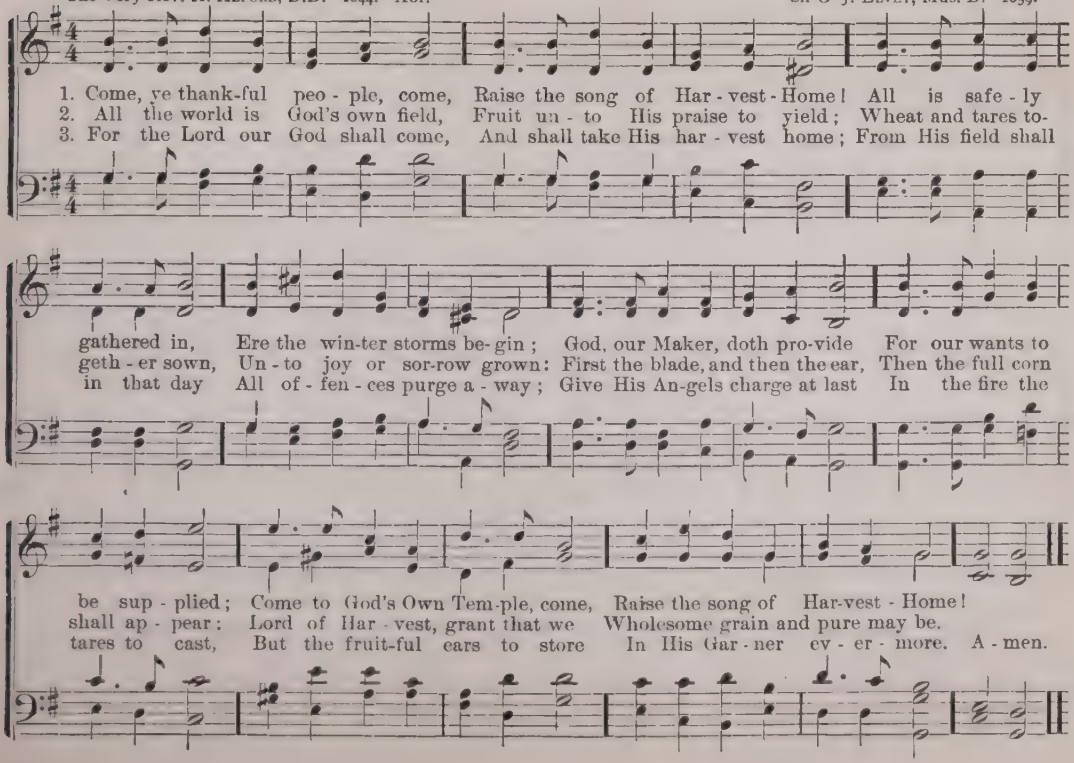
3 Praise to the Lord! Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee,
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee!

4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him. Amen.

236. ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7,7,7,7,7,7,7.

*"He will * * * gather His wheat into His garner"*

The Very Rev. H. ALFORD, D.D. 1844. Abr. Sir G J. ELVEY, Mus. D. 1859.

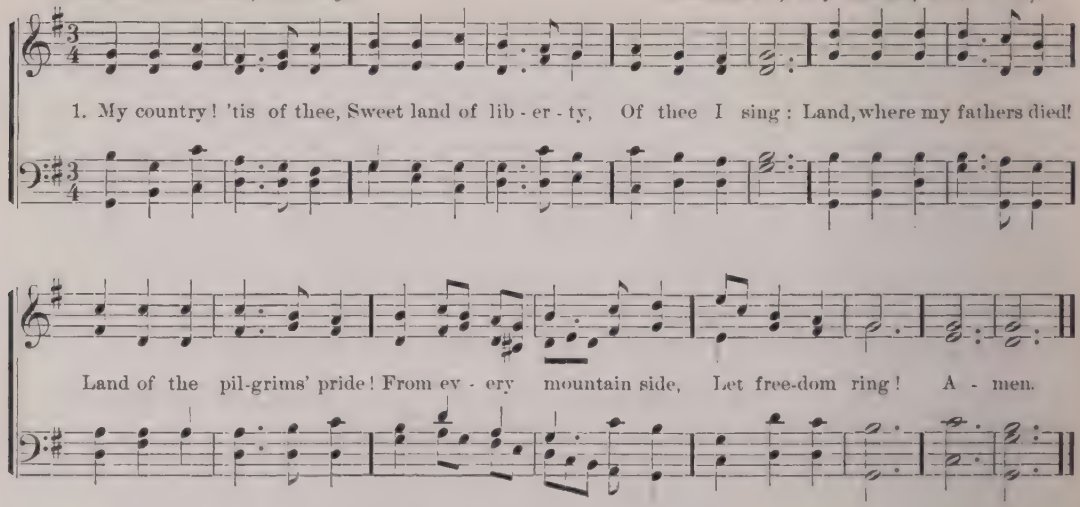

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - Home! All is safe - ly
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares to-
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home; From His field shall
gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Maker, doth pro-vide For our wants to
geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor-row grown: First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn
in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way; Give His An-gels charge at last In the fire the
be sup - plied; Come to God's Own Tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest - Home!
shall ap - pear: Lord of Har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
tares to cast, But the fruit-ful ears to store In His Gar - ner ev - er - more. A - men.

237. AMERICA. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

"*Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.*"

The Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D. 1832.

Henry Carey ? 1743. Alt. fr. John Bull.
Harmonized by E. J. Hopkins, Mus. D. 1887.


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land, where my fathers died!
Land of the pil-grims' pride! From ev - ery mountain side, Let free-dom ring! A - men.

2 My native country! thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

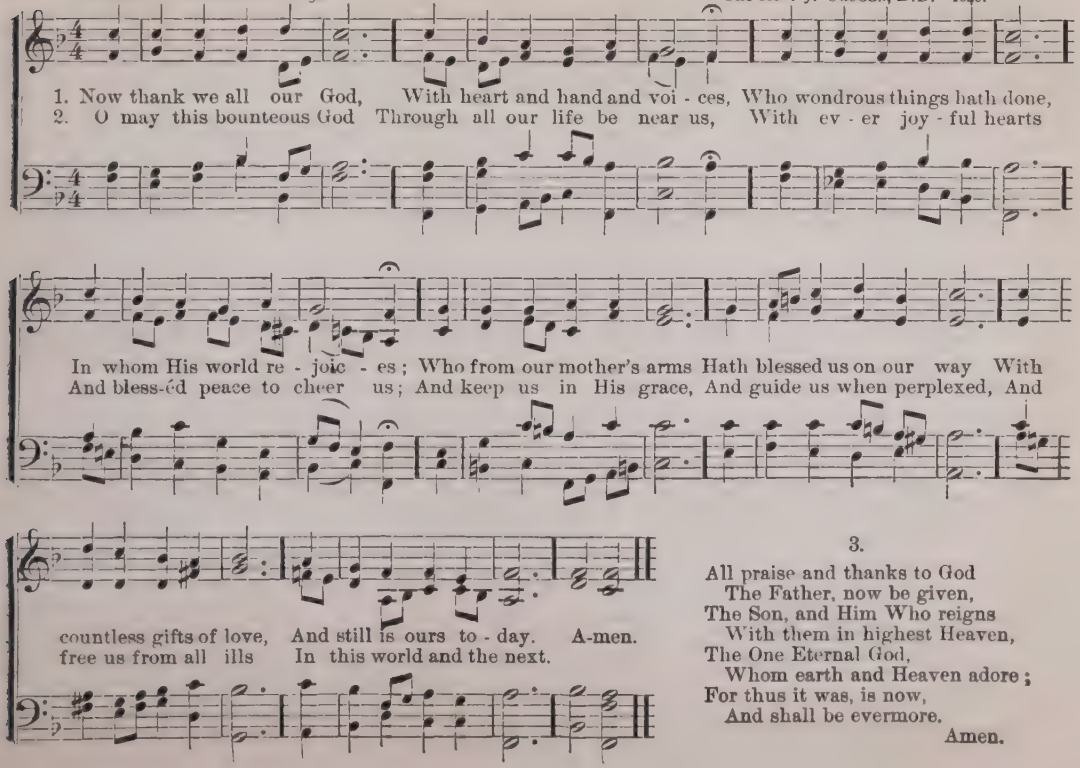
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

238. MARENZO. 6,7,6,7,6,6,6.

"Now therefore our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name."

Tr. Miss C. Winkworth. 1858. The Rev. J. Cruger, D.D. 1648.

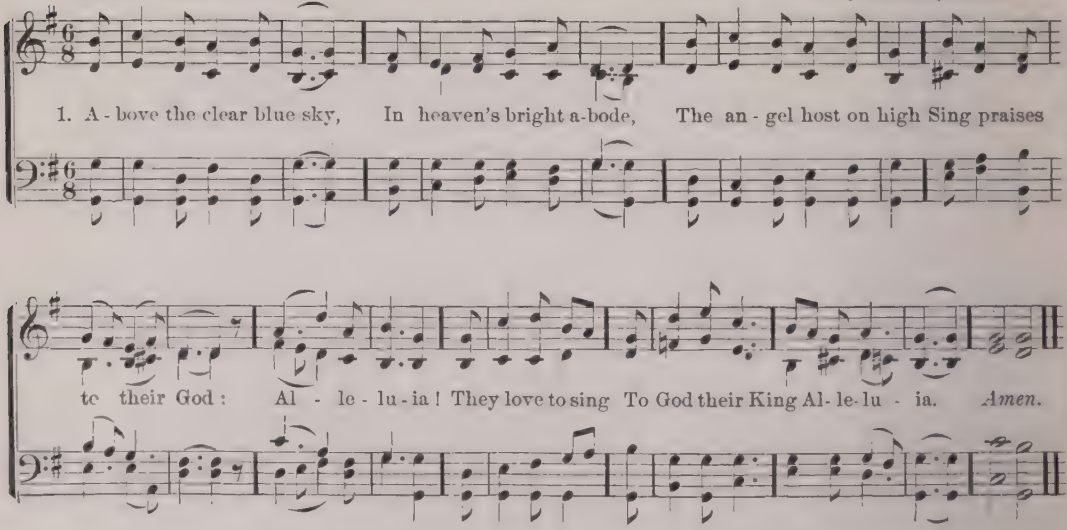

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voi - ces, Who wondrous things hath done,
2. O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us, With ev - er joy - ful hearts
In whom His world re - joic - es; Who from our mother's arms Hath blessed us on our way With
And bless-ed peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace, And guide us when perplexed, And
countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A-men.
free us from all ills In this world and the next.

3.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With them in highest Heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
Amen.

239. CHILDREN'S VOICES. 6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.

"*Praise our God. . . . both small and great.*"

The Rev. J. CHANDLER, 1841. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. D.

1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In heaven's bright a-bode, The an - gel host on high Sing praises
to their God: Al - le - lu - ia! They love to sing To God their King Al- le-lu - ia. Amen.

2.

But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

3.

O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!

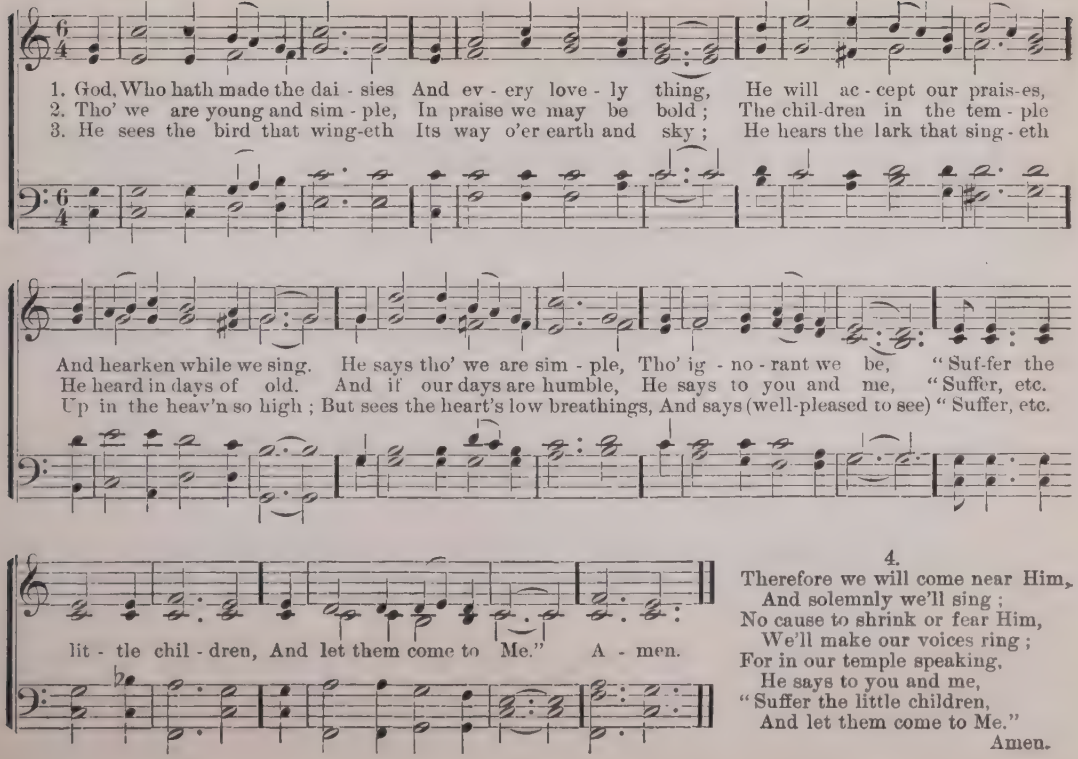
4.

Oh! may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound,
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia! Amen.

HOLY CHILDHOOD. 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

E. P. Hood. 1870. R. Jackson.


1. God, Who hath made the dai - sies And ev - ery love - ly thing, He will ac - cept our prais-es,
2. Tho' we are young and sim - ple, In praise we may be bold; The chil-dren in the tem - ple
3. He sees the bird that wing-eth Its way o'er earth and sky; He hears the lark that sing - eth
And hearken while we sing. He says tho' we are sim - ple, Tho' ig - no - rant we be, "Suf-fer the
He heard in days of old. And if our days are humble, He says to you and me, "Suffer, etc.
Up in the heav'n so high; But sees the heart's low breathings, And says (well-pleased to see) "Suffer, etc.
lit - tle chil - dren, And let them come to Me." A - men.

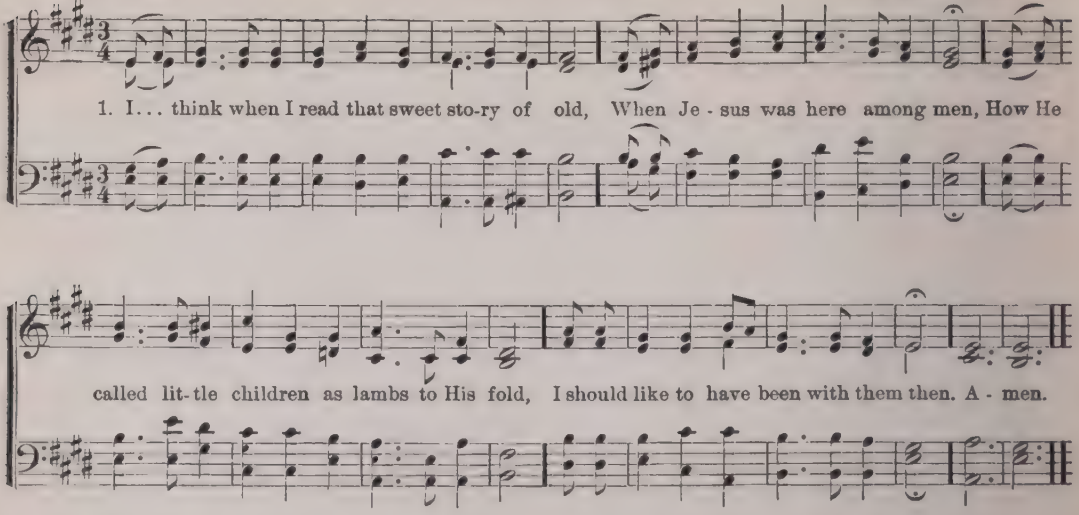
4.

Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me."
Amen.

241. SALVETE FLORES. 11,9,12,9.

"They brought young children to Him."

Mrs. J. Luke. 1841. J. H. Cornell. 1871.


1. I... think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here among men, How He
called lit-tle children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2 I wish that His Hands had been placed on my head,
That His Arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

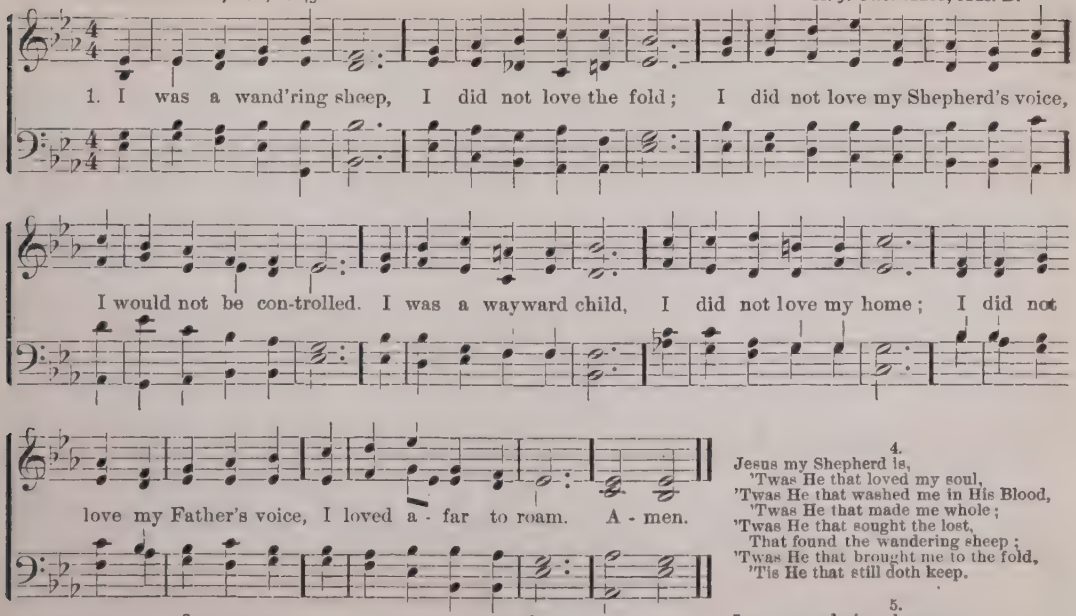
4 In that beautiful Place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that Heavenly Home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. Amen.

AGNUS DEI. S. M. D.

"When he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing."

The Rev. H. Bonar, D.D, 1843. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. D.


1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be con-trolled. I was a wayward child, I did not love my home; I did not
love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam. A - men.

2.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wand'ring one.

3.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed;
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair,
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer

4.

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His Blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

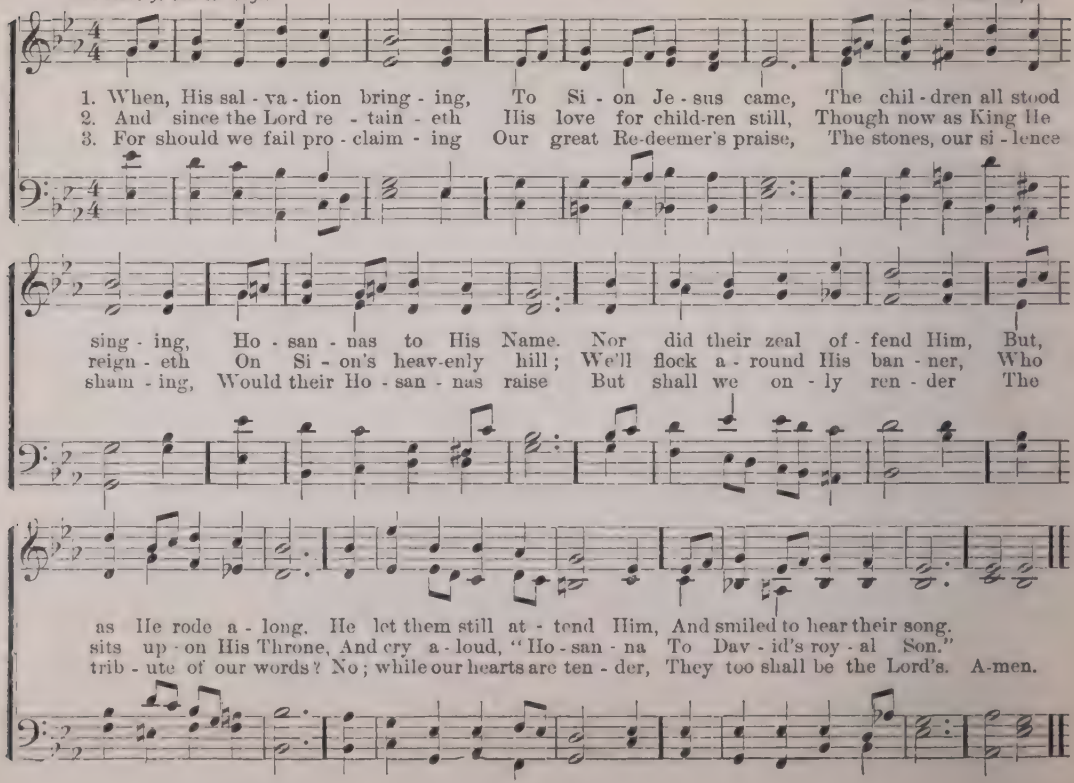
5.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's Voice
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His Home.
Amen.

243. **AMSTERDAM.** 7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

"The children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."

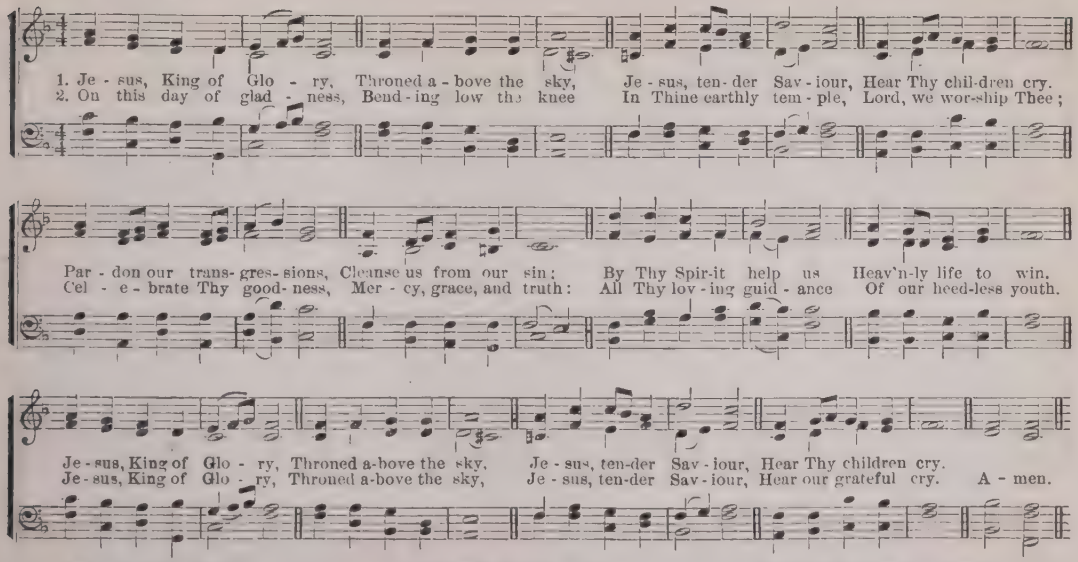
The Rev. J. King. 1830. B. Tours. 1872.


1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Si - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for child-ren still, Though now as King He
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re-deemer's praise, The stones, our si - lence
sing - ing, Ho - san - nas to His Name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But,
reign - eth On Si - on's heav-enly hill; We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who
sham - ing, Would their Ho - san - nas raise But shall we on - ly ren - der The
as He rode a - long. He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
sits up - on His Throne, And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son."
trib - ute of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's. A-men.

244. **AMBLESIDE.** 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"Hosanna, blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord."

W. H. Davison. Abr. A. Lowe. 1887.


1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten- der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil-dren cry.
2. On this day of glad - ness, Bend - ing low the knee In Thine earthly tem - ple, Lord, we wor-ship Thee;
Par - don our trans- gres- sions, Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy Spir-it help us Heav'n-ly life to win.
Cel - e - brate Thy good- ness, Mer - cy, grace, and truth: All Thy lov - ing guid - ance Of our heed-less youth.
Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a-bove the sky, Je - sus, ten-der Sav - iour, Hear Thy children cry.
Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a-bove the sky, Je - sus, ten-der Sav - iour, Hear our grateful cry. A - men.

3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy Glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy Face.
Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

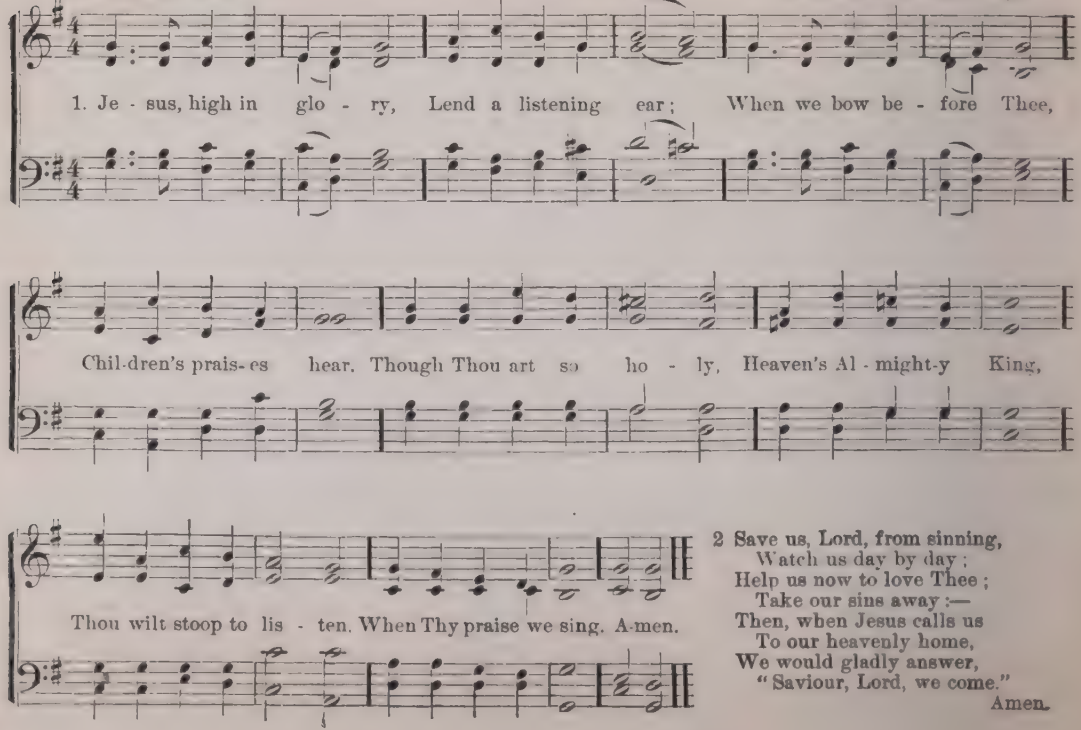
4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;
Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day:
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of Glory,
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry. Amen.

245. PASTOR BONUS. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Anon. (1847?) Abr. Sir J. STAINER, Mus. D. 1872.

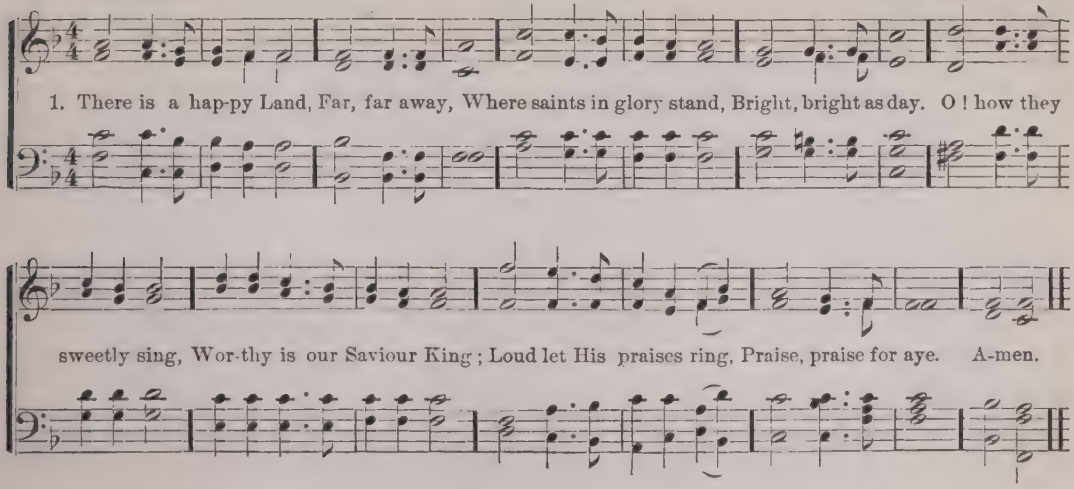

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listening ear; When we bow be - fore Thee,
Chil-dren's prais-es hear. Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heaven's Al - might-y King,
Thou wilt stoop to lis - ten. When Thy praise we sing. A-men.

2 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:—
Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."
Amen.

246. EDEN. 6,4,6,4,6,7,6,4.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the Land that is very far off."

A. Young. 1838. S. S. Wesley, Mus. D. 1864.


1. There is a hap-py Land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day. O! how they
sweetly sing, Wor-thy is our Saviour King; Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye. A-men.

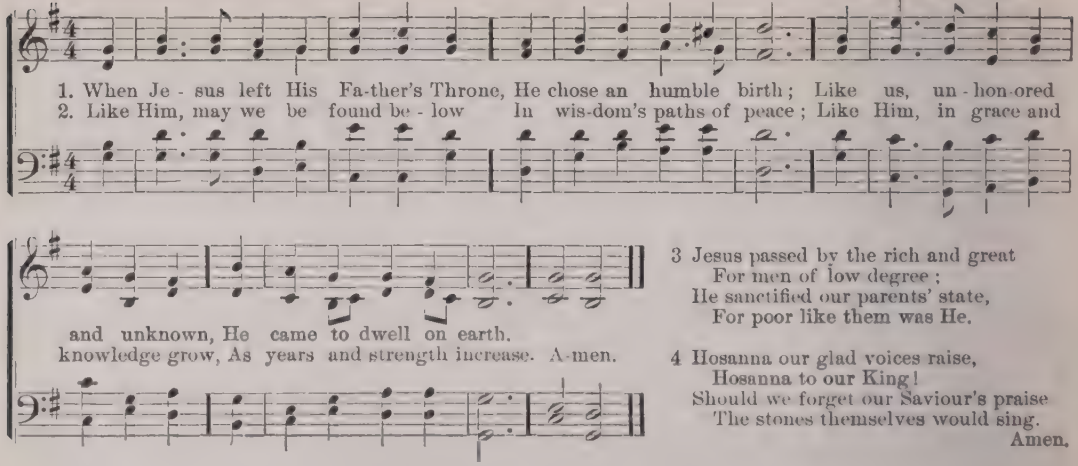
2 Come to that happy Land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy Land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's Hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run;
Be a Crown and Kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye. Amen.

247. WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

"He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant."

J. Montgomery. 1819, 1825. Abr. — Este's Psalter. 1592.


1. When Je - sus left His Fa-ther's Throne, He chose an humble birth; Like us, un - hon-ored
2. Like Him, may we be found be - low In wis-dom's paths of peace; Like Him, in grace and
and unknown, He came to dwell on earth.
knowledge grow, As years and strength increase. A-men.

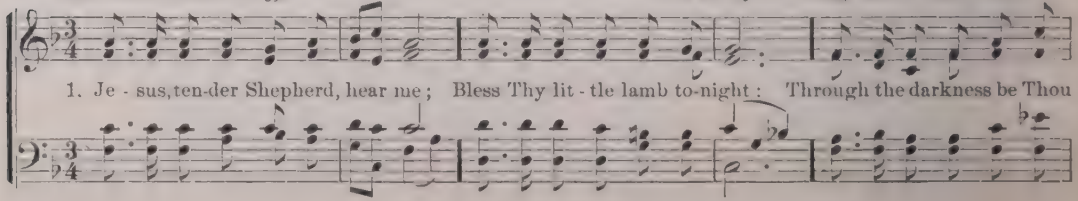
3 Jesus passed by the rich and great
For men of low degree;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor like them was He.

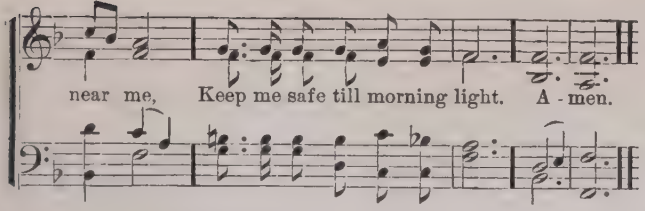
4 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise
The stones themselves would sing.
Amen.

248. INNOCENTS' DAY. 8,7,8,7.

"And He took them up in His Arms, put His Hands upon them, and blessed them."

Mrs. Mary Duncan. 1839. — The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1861. Abr.





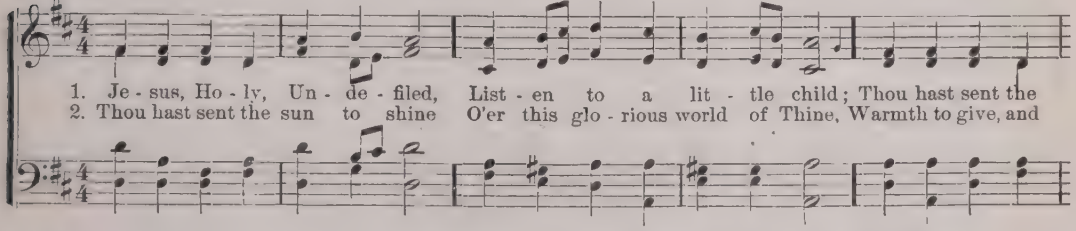
2 All this day Thy Hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

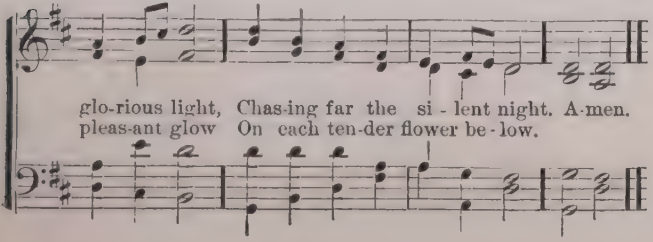
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.
Amen.

249. FERRIER. 7,7,7,7.

"I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in."

Mrs. E. Shepcote. 1840. Abr. The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D.


1. Je - sus, Ho - ly, Un - de - filed, List - en to a lit - tle child; Thou hast sent the
2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glo - rious world of Thine, Warmth to give, and



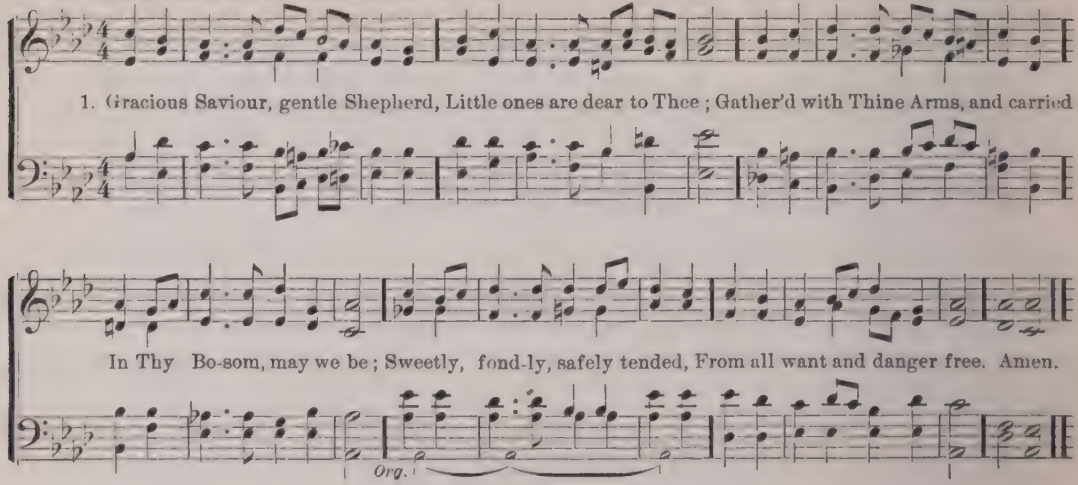
3 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

4 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly ev'ry day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heav'nly Home.
Amen.

250. REQUIEM. 8,7,8,7,8,7.

"He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His Arm, and carry them in His Bosom."

Miss Jane E. Leeson and the Rev. J. Whittemore. Abr. W. A. F. Schulthes. 1874. Slightly alt.


1. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd, Little ones are dear to Thee; Gather'd with Thine Arms, and carried
In Thy Bo-som, may we be; Sweetly, fond-ly, safely tended, From all want and danger free. Amen.
Org.

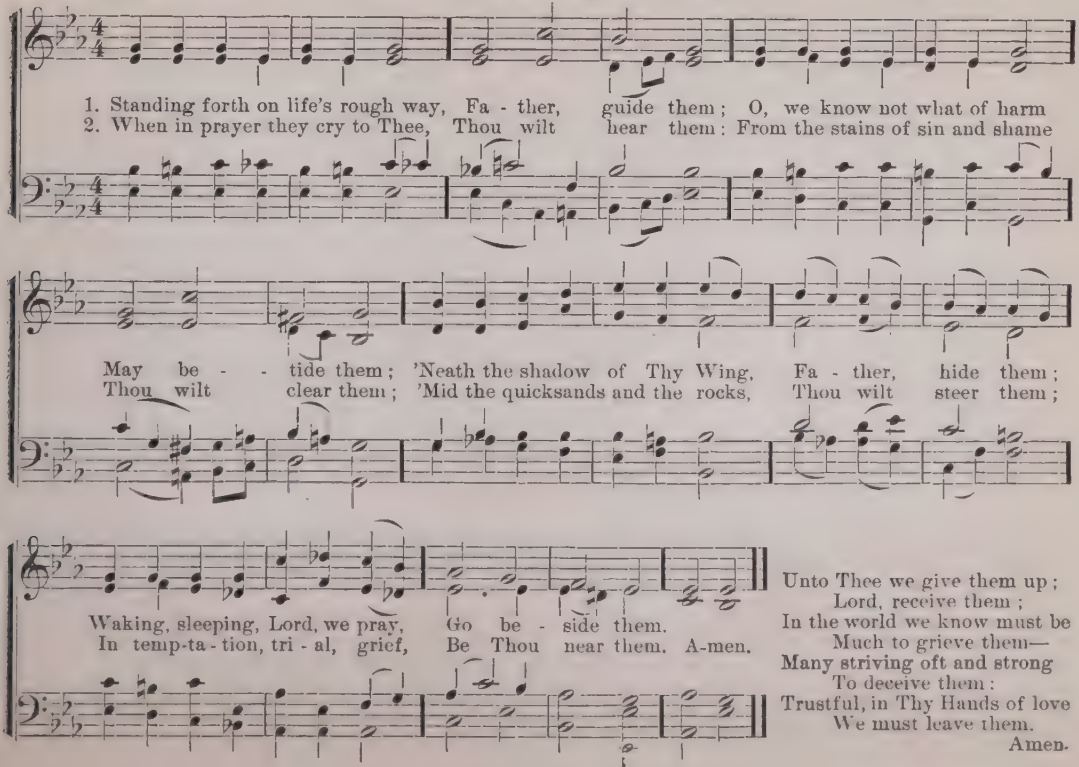
2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us,
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy Look of Love directed
May we walk the other way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall to sin a prey,

3 Let Thy Holy Word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
Feel Thy heavy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring:
Then with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King. Amen.

251. BETHEL. 7,4,7,4,7,4,7,4.

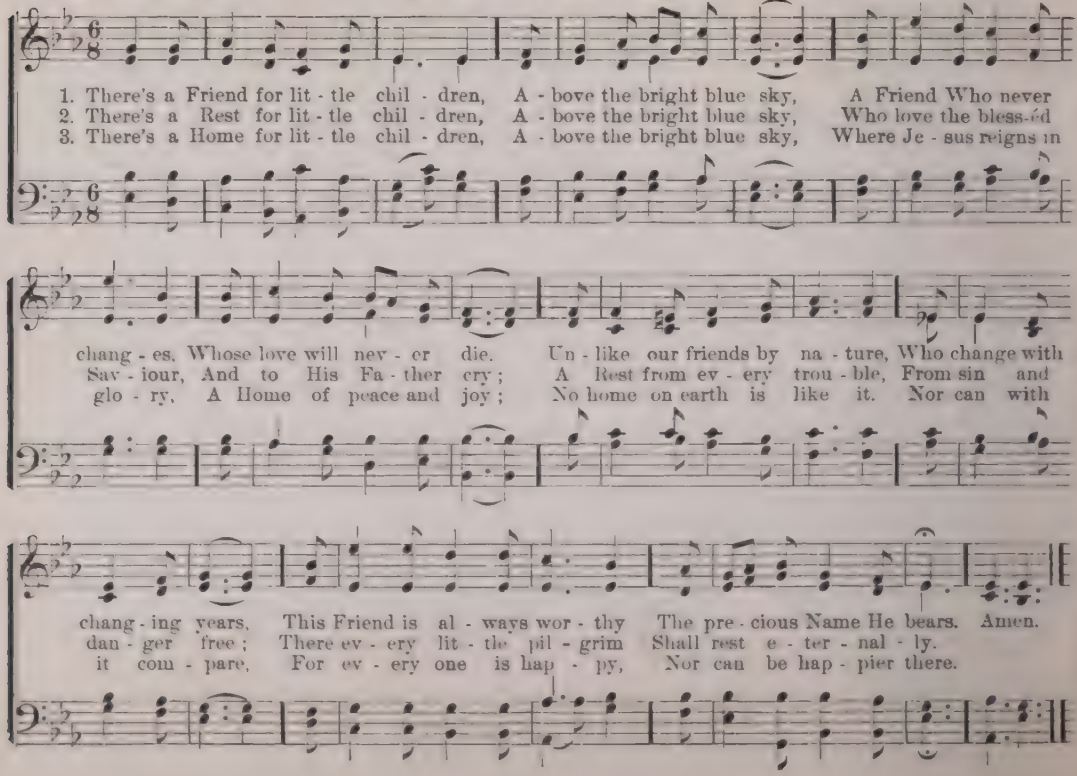
W. C. Bryant, LL.D. "*Lead me to the Rock, that is higher than I.*" J. Booth. 1887.


1. Standing forth on life's rough way, Fa - ther, guide them; O, we know not what of harm
2. When in prayer they cry to Thee, Thou wilt hear them: From the stains of sin and shame
May be - - tide them; 'Neath the shadow of Thy Wing, Fa - ther, hide them;
Thou wilt clear them; 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks, Thou wilt steer them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray, Go be - side them.
In temp-ta - tion, tri - al, grief, Be Thou near them. A-men.

Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
Trustful, in Thy Hands of love
We must leave them.
Amen.

252. IN MEMORIAM. 8,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.

A. MIDLANE. 1860. Abr. *"Of such is the Kingdom of God."* Sir J. STAINER, Mus. D. 1875.


1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend Who never
2. There's a Rest for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, Who love the bless-ed
3. There's a Home for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns in
chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with
Sav - iour, And to His Fa - ther cry; A Rest from ev - ery trou - ble, From sin and
glo - ry, A Home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it. Nor can with
chang - ing years, This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious Name He bears. Amen.
dan - ger free; There ev - ery lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
it com - pare, For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier there.

IN MEMORIAM. Concluded.

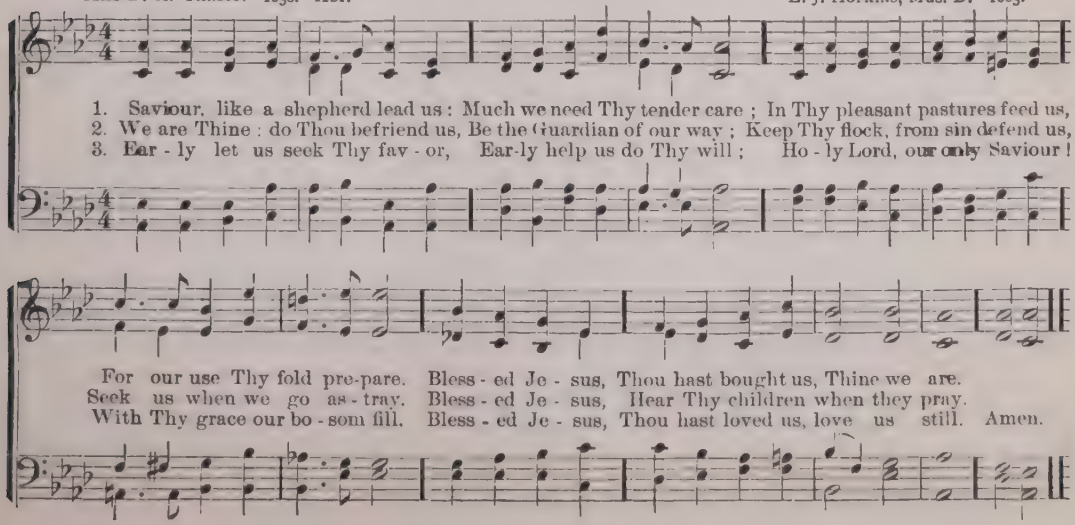
4 There's a Crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A Crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a Song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A Harp of sweetest music
For hymns of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. Amen.

253. ST. RAPHAEL. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

"*For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His Hand.*"

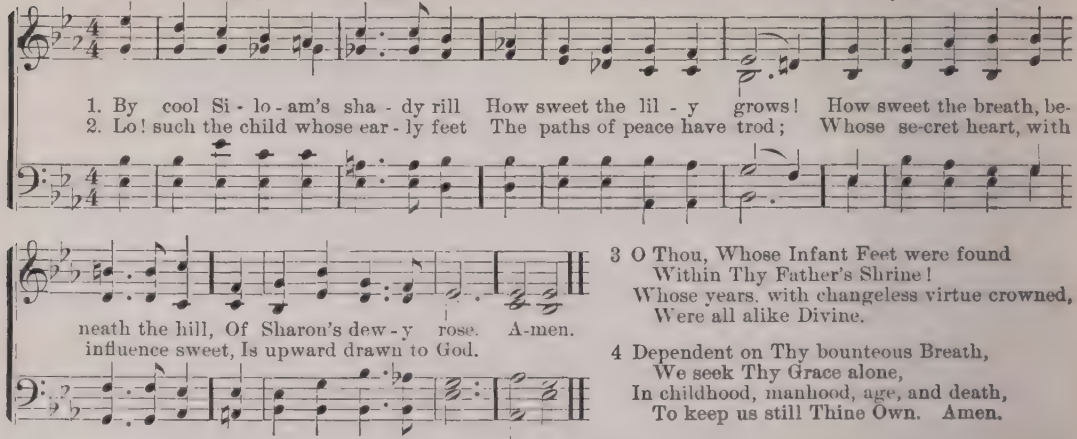
Miss D. A. THRUPP. 1830. Abr. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. D. 1863.


1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us: Much we need Thy tender care; In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
2. We are Thine: do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
3. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fav-or, Ear-ly help us do Thy will; Ho-ly Lord, our only Saviour!
For our use Thy fold pre-pare. Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Seek us when we go as-tray. Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear Thy children when they pray.
With Thy grace our bo-som fill. Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. Amen.

254. HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

"The Child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and the grace of God was upon Him."

The Rt. Rev. R. Heber, D.D. 1812. Abr. J. Barnby. 1861.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How sweet the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, be-
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose se-cret heart, with
neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose. A-men.
influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

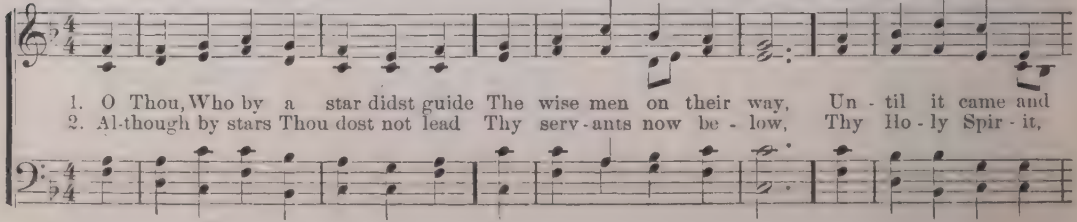
3 O Thou, Whose Infant Feet were found
Within Thy Father's Shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike Divine.

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous Breath,
We seek Thy Grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine Own. Amen.

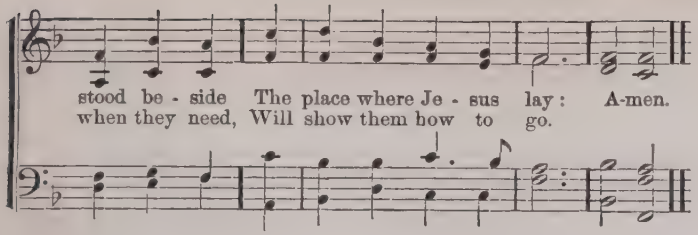
255. ST. ETHELDREDA. C. M.

"The Dayspring from on High hath visited us, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

The Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. 1842. The Rt. Rev. T. Turton, D.D. 1862.


1. O Thou, Who by a star didst guide The wise men on their way, Un - til it came and
2. Al-though by stars Thou dost not lead Thy serv-ants now be - low, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it,

ST. ETHELDREDA. Concluded.

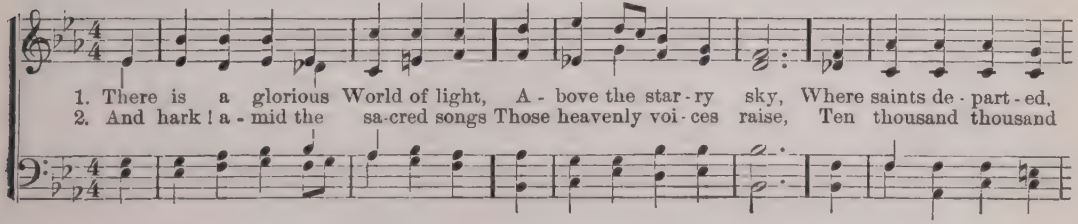


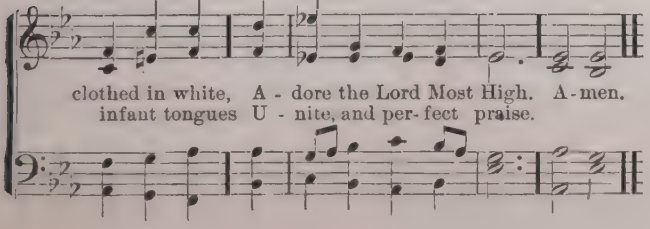
3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy Word,
That blesséd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee Face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art. Amen.

256. COELI GAUDIA. C. M.

Miss J. TAYLOR. 1810? Abr. "*A multitude which no man can number.*" W. SPARK, Mus. D. 1872.


1. There is a glorious World of light, A - bove the star - ry sky, Where saints de - part - ed,
2. And hark! a - mid the sa-cred songs Those heavenly voi - ces raise, Ten thousand thousand



3 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop and pass away.

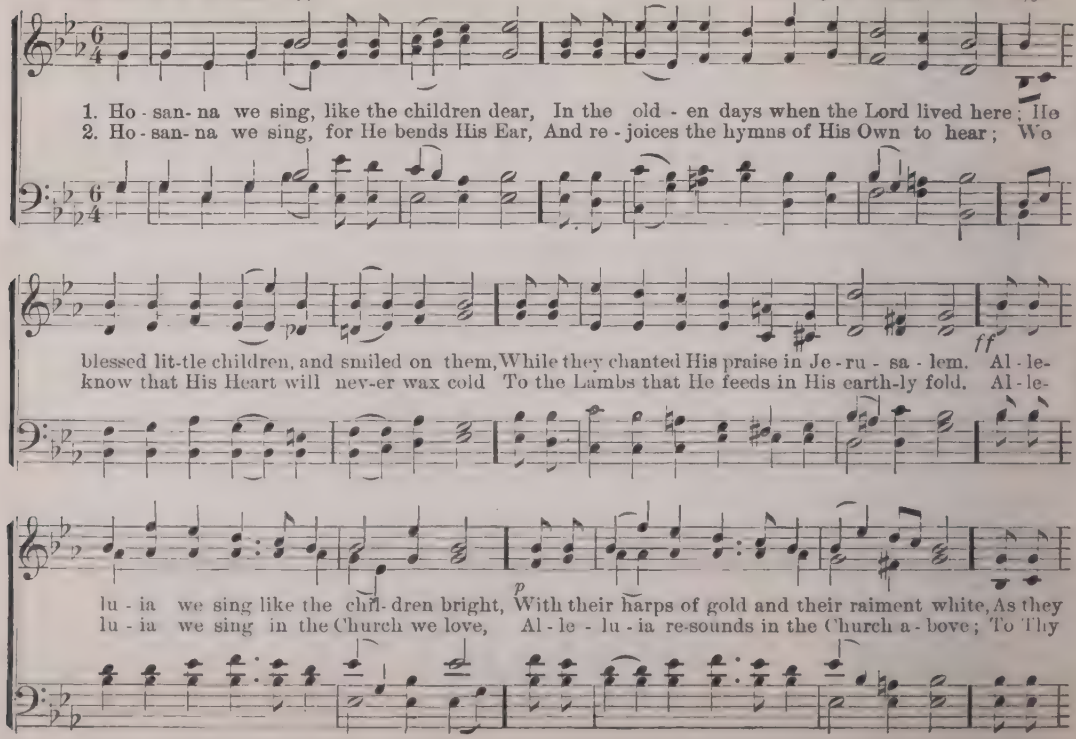
4 Great God! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast:
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to Thy Rest. Amen.

257. HOSANNA WE SING. 10,10,10,11,11,10,11,11.

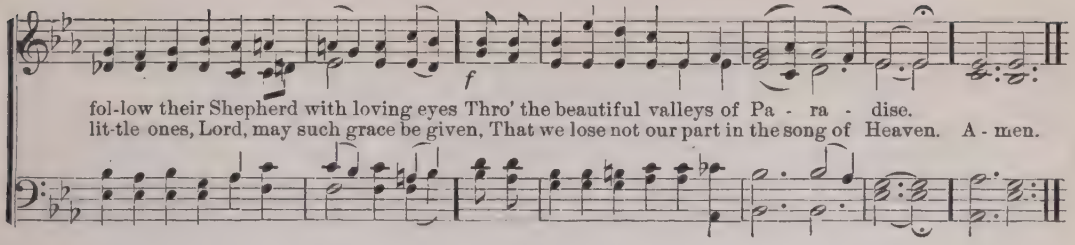
"*The children crying in the Temple, and saying, Hosanna.*"

The Rev. G. S. HODGES. 1874?

The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1875.

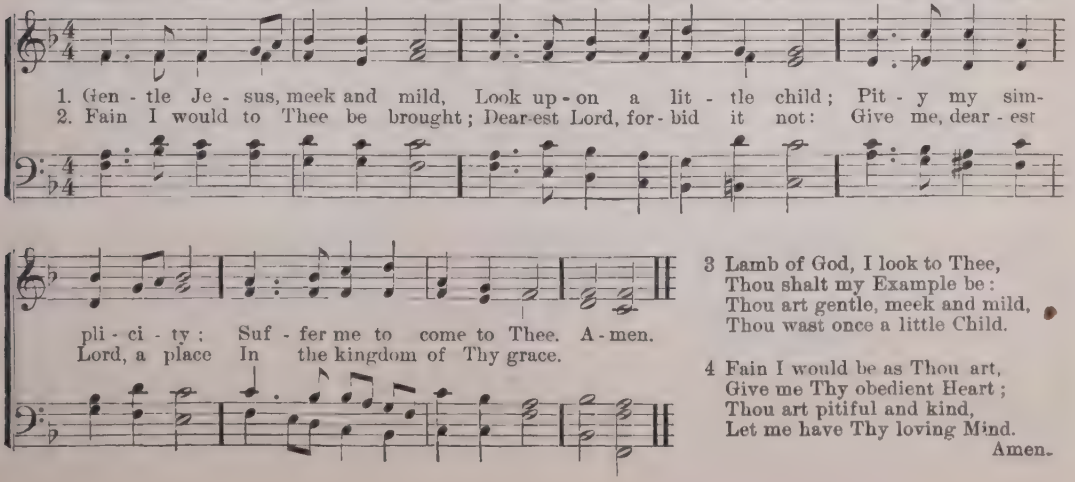

1. Ho - san- na we sing, like the children dear, In the old - en days when the Lord lived here; He
2. Ho - san- na we sing, for He bends His Ear, And re - joices the hymns of His Own to hear; We
ff
blessed lit-tle children, and smiled on them, While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem. Al - le-
know that His Heart will nev-er wax cold To the Lambs that He feeds in His earth-ly fold. Al - le-
p
lu - ia we sing like the chil- dren bright, With their harps of gold and their raiment white, As they
lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le - lu - ia re-sounds in the Church a - bove; To Thy

HOSANNA WE SING. Concluded.


f
fol-low their Shepherd with loving eyes Thro' the beautiful valleys of Pa - ra - dise.
lit-tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of Heaven. A - men.

258. GLEBE FIELD. 7,7,7,7.

The Rev. C. Wesley. 1742. Abr. *"Jesus called a little child unto Him."* The Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. D. 1874.


1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child; Pit - y my sim-
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Dear-est Lord, for - bid it not: Give me, dear - est
pli - ci - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee. A - men.
Lord, a place In the kingdom of Thy grace.

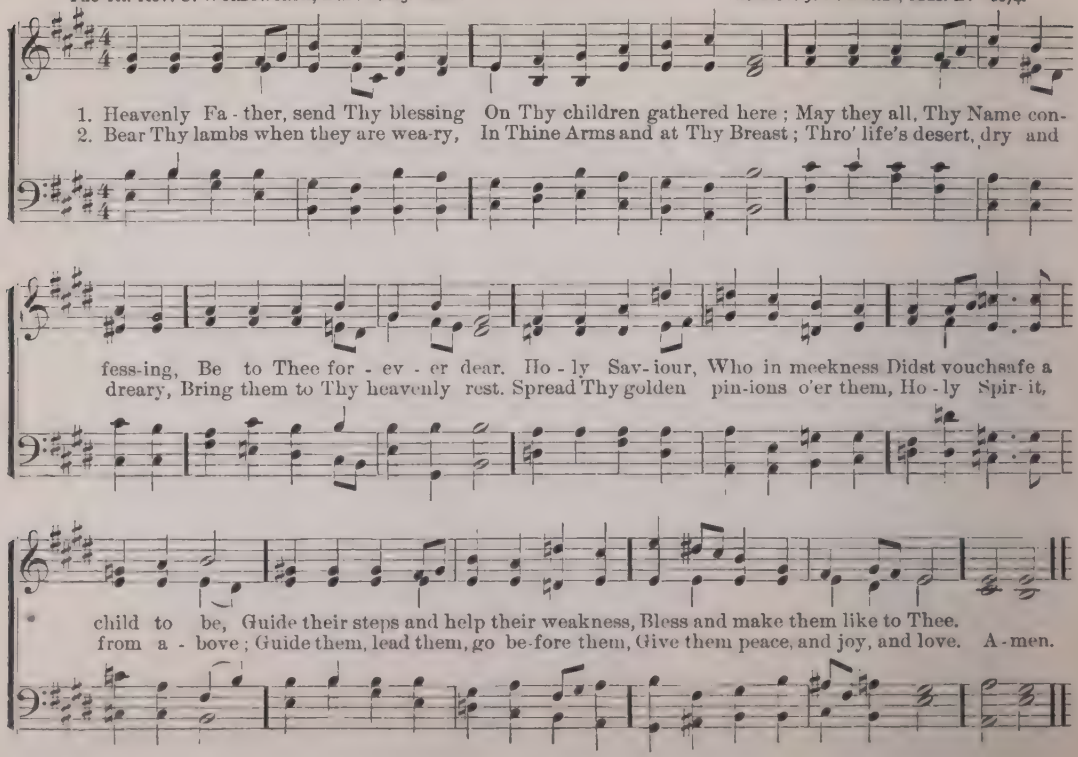
3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be:
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little Child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient Heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving Mind.
Amen.

259. CHARITAS. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"*Be ye followers of God, as dear children.*"

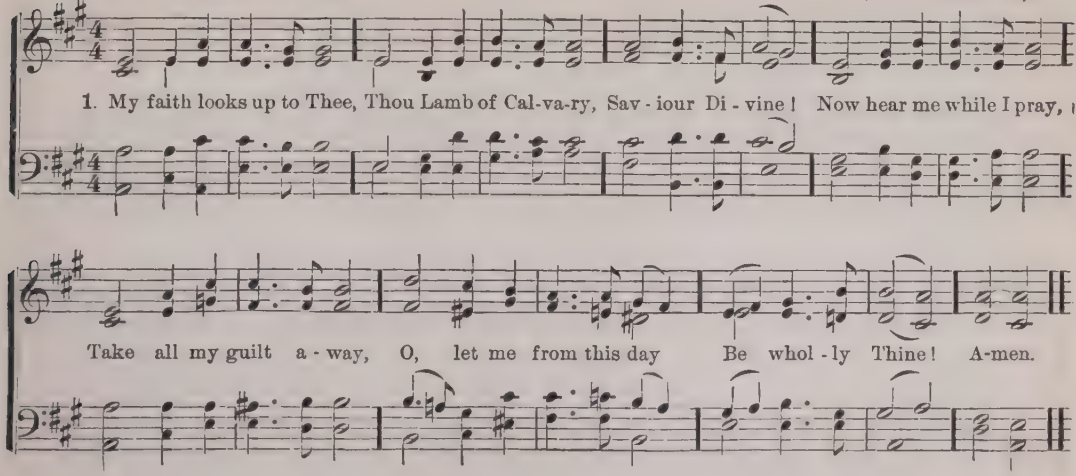
The Rt. Rev. C. WORDSWORTH, D.D. 1865. Abr. The Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. D. 1874.


1. Heavenly Fa - ther, send Thy blessing On Thy children gathered here ; May they all, Thy Name con-
2. Bear Thy lambs when they are wea-ry, In Thine Arms and at Thy Breast ; Thro' life's desert, dry and
fess-ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear. Ho - ly Sav-iour, Who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a
dreary, Bring them to Thy heavenly rest. Spread Thy golden pin-ions o'er them, Ho - ly Spir-it,
child to be, Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee.
from a - bove ; Guide them, lead them, go be-fore them, Give them peace, and joy, and love. A-men.

FAITH. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.*

"*Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith.*"

The Rev. R. PALMER, D.D. 1830. J. H. CORNELL. 1872.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav - iour Di - vine! Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt a - way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine! A-men.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

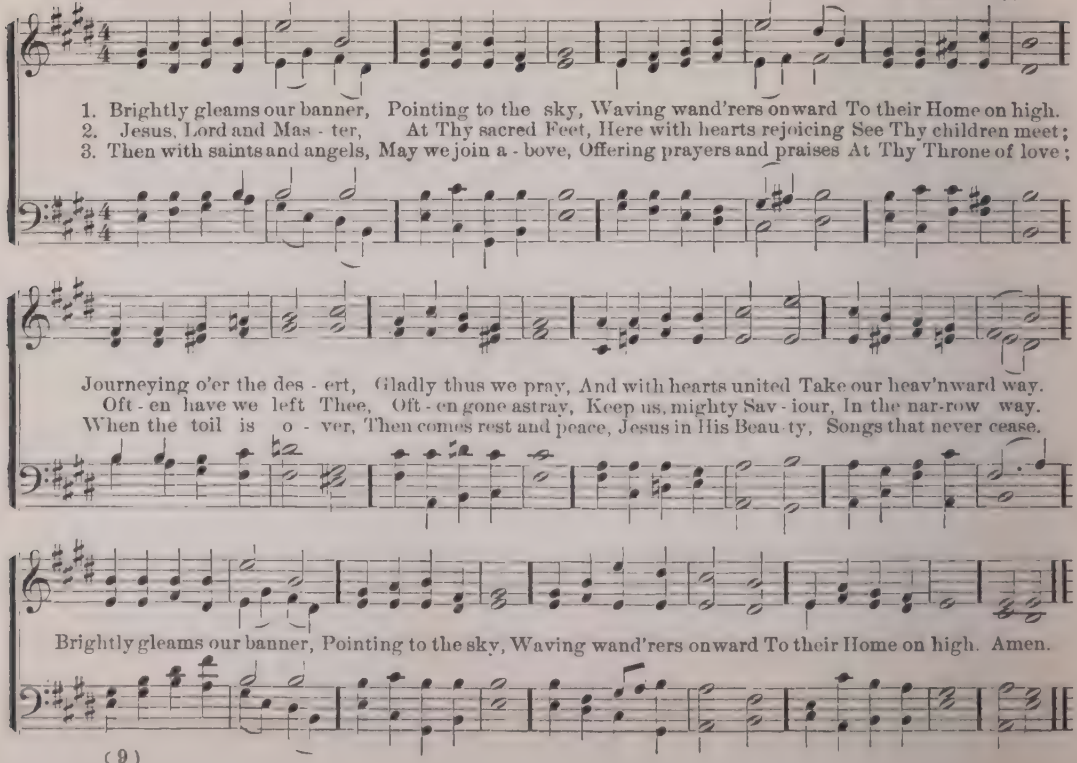
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!
Amen.

* For Tune "OLIVET" (Dr. MASON) see No. 164.

VEXILLUM. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"*Behold, I have given Him * * * for a Leader and Commander to the people.*"

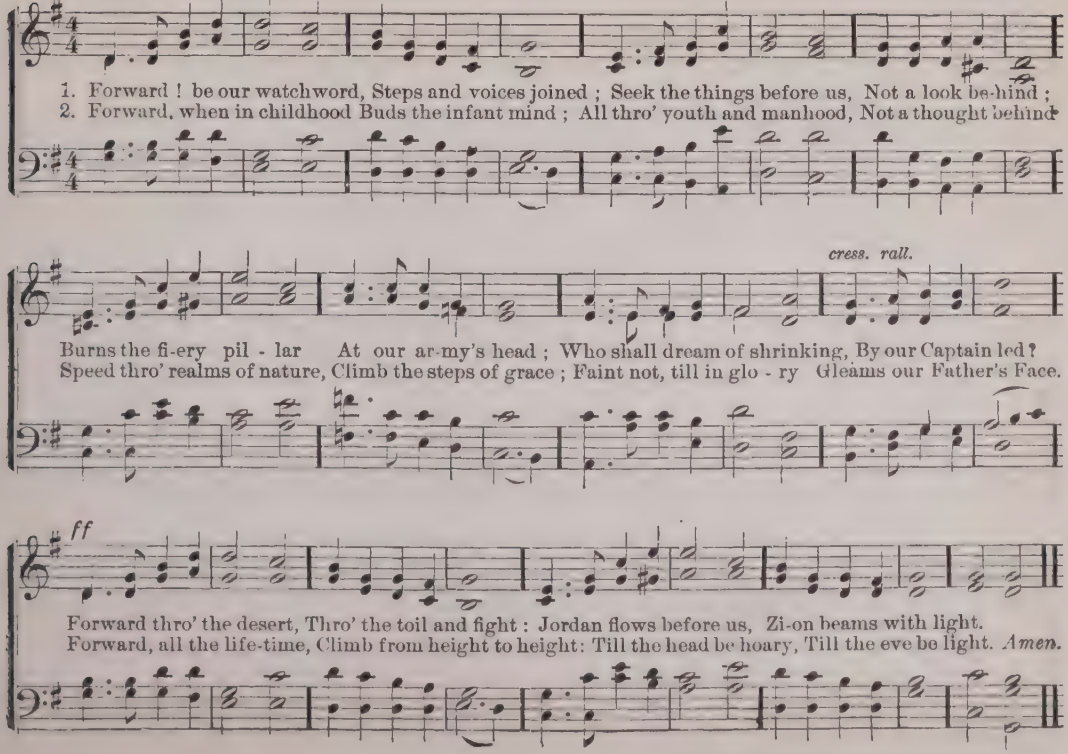
The Rev. T. J. POTTER. 1862. Abr. H. SMART. 1874.


1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their Home on high.
2. Jesus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sacred Feet, Here with hearts rejoicing See Thy children meet;
3. Then with saints and angels, May we join a - bove, Offering prayers and praises At Thy Throne of love;
Journeying o'er the des - ert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone astray, Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the nar-row way.
When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace, Jesus in His Beau - ty, Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their Home on high. Amen.

262. FORWARD. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"*Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*"

The Very Rev. H. ALFORD, D.D. 1865. Abr. H. GADSBY.


1. Forward ! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined ; Seek the things before us, Not a look be-hind ;
2. Forward, when in childhood Buds the infant mind ; All thro' youth and manhood, Not a thought behind
cress. rall.
Burns the fi-ery pil - lar At our ar-my's head ; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led ?
Speed thro' realms of nature, Climb the steps of grace ; Faint not, till in glo - ry Gleams our Father's Face.
ff
Forward thro' the desert, Thro' the toil and fight : Jordan flows before us, Zi-on beams with light.
Forward, all the life-time, Climb from height to height: Till the head be hoary, Till the eve be light. Amen.

[For the 3d and 4th verses see next page.]

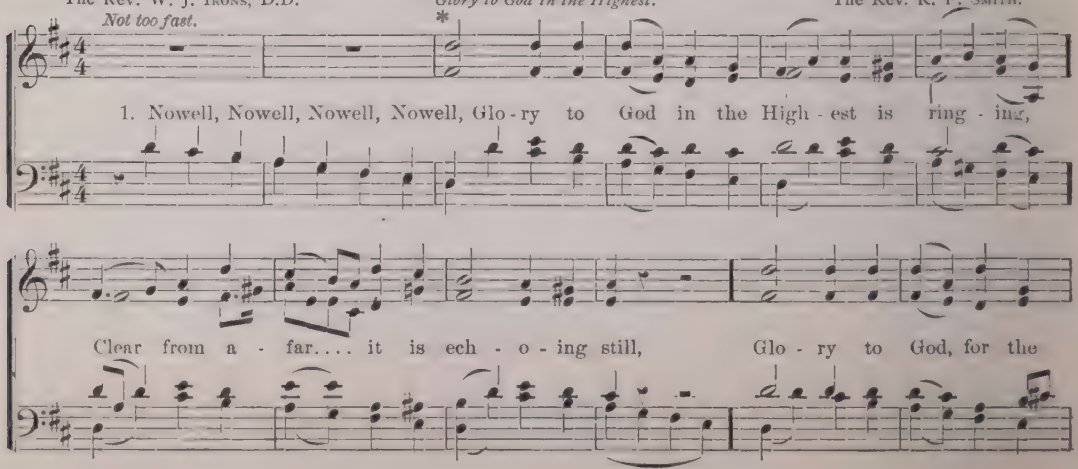
FORWARD. Concluded.

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the Heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

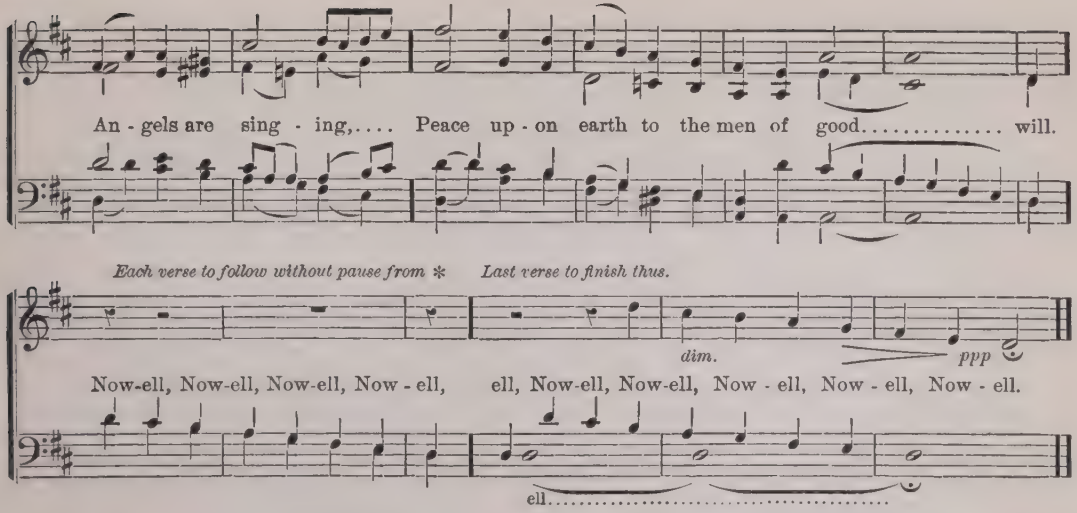
4 To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs and praise:
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises
Dull the songs of night,
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light! Amen.

263. NOWELL. 11,10,11,10.

The Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D. "*Glory to God in the Highest.*" The Rev. R. F. Smith.


Not too fast.
1. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Glo - ry to God in the High - est is ring - ing,
Clear from a - far.... it is ech - o - ing still, Glo - ry to God, for the

NOWELL. Concluded.


An - gels are sing - ing,.... Peace up - on earth to the men of good..... will.
Each verse to follow without pause from *
Last verse to finish thus.
dim.
ppp
Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell.
ell.....

2 Glory to God, as the Prophets foretold it,
Over the ages the Promise was cast;
Paradise heard it, and now we behold it,
Seed of the Woman, we hail Thee at last.
Nowell, Nowell, etc.

3 Glory to God, for, as dews of the morning,
Songs of Thy Birthday are filling the air;
Shepherds of Bethlehem give us the warning,
Child of the Virgin, we welcome Thee there.
Nowell, Nowell, etc.

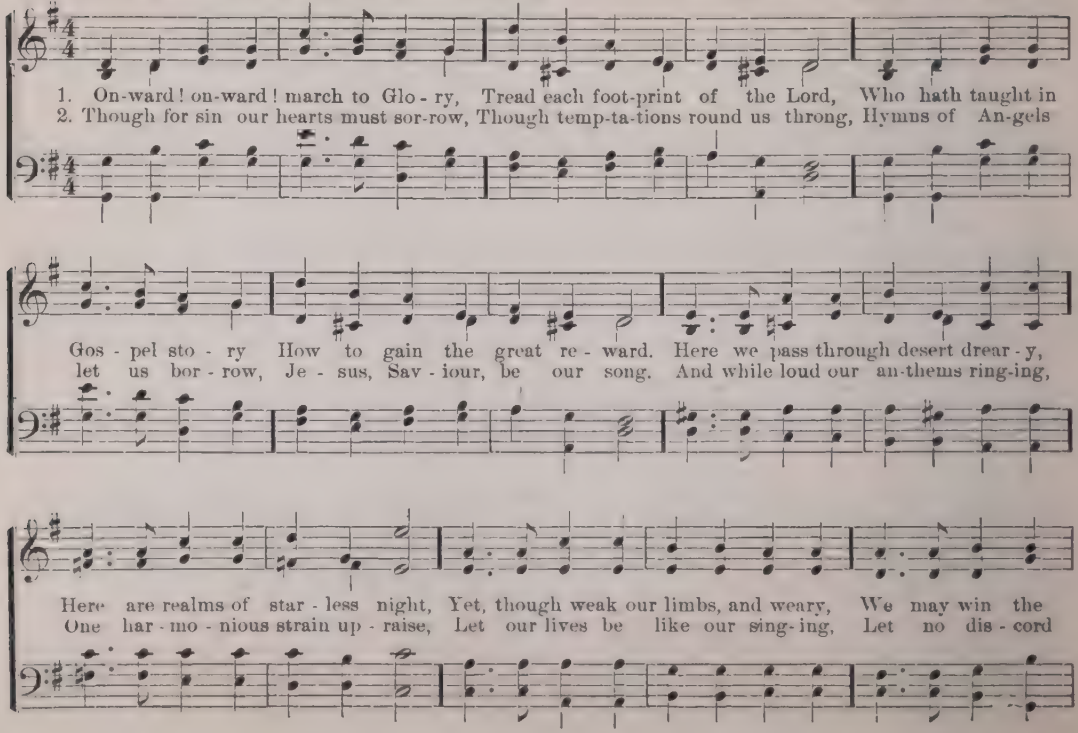
4 Glory to God, let the glad exultations [the wise,
Sound through the world, bringing peace to
Joy for all people,—Desire of the Nations!—
Echo the tidings in songs to the skies!
Nowell, Nowell, etc.

5 We, too, with Shepherd and Magi and Angel,
Prostrate before Thee our homage would bring;
Hail Thee the *Saviour*, the *Christ*, the *Emmanuel*,
Own Thee our *Prophet*, our *Priest*, and our *King*.
Nowell, Nowell, etc.

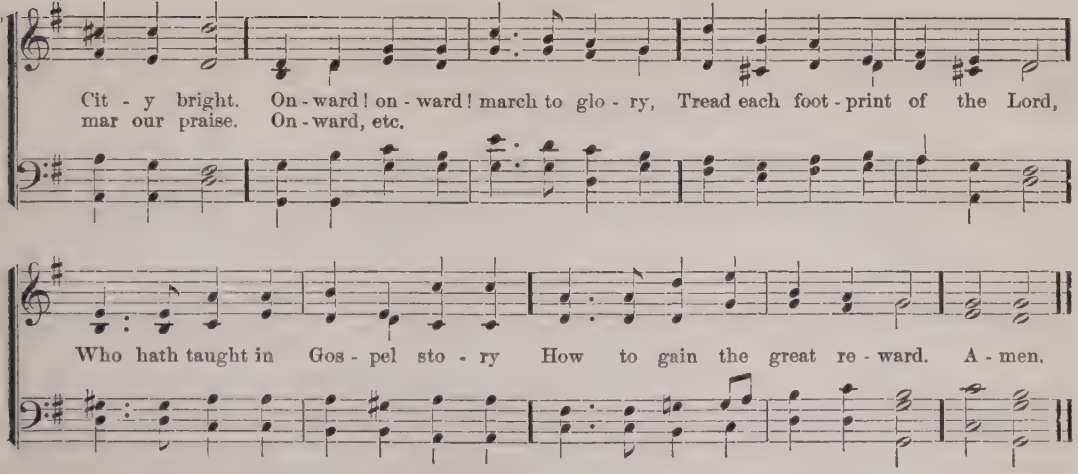
264. ONWARD! ONWARD! 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

"Follow His steps."

The Rev. C. W. Power and The Rev. C. G. Browne. 1877. C. H. Lloyd, M.A., Mus.B., Oxon. 1877.


1. On-ward! on-ward! march to Glo-ry, Tread each foot-print of the Lord, Who hath taught in
2. Though for sin our hearts must sor-row, Though temp-ta-tions round us throng, Hymns of An-gels
Gos-pel sto-ry How to gain the great re-ward. Here we pass through desert drear-y,
let us bor-row, Je-sus, Sav-iour, be our song. And while loud our an-thems ring-ing,
Here are realms of star-less night, Yet, though weak our limbs, and weary, We may win the
One har-mo-nious strain up-raise, Let our lives be like our sing-ing, Let no dis-cord

ONWARD! ONWARD! Concluded.


Cit - y bright. On - ward! on - ward! march to glo - ry, Tread each foot - print of the Lord,
mar our praise. On - ward, etc.
Who hath taught in Gos - pel sto - ry How to gain the great re - ward. A - men.

3 Let us march to take our station
With the white-robed choirs on high,
Out of every age and nation
Who to God's high Throne are nigh;
We on earth like worship leading
Lives like theirs must strive to live,
And, His merits always pleading,
Unto CHRIST our being give. Onward, etc.

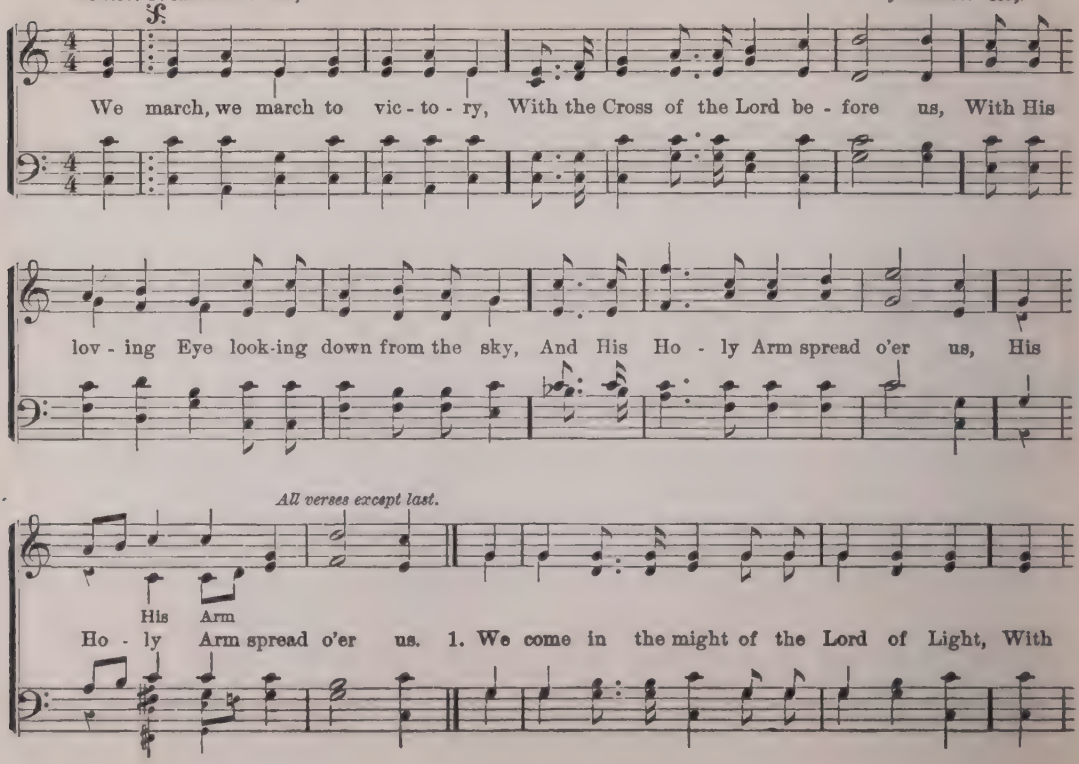
4 First in earliest childhood's morning,
From our sins He sets us free,
And, with all His grace adorning,
Chooses us His Own to be;
Then, when Satan's hosts would steal us
From His fold with envious might,
With His SPIRIT He doth seal us,
Strengthen, arm us for the fight. Onward, etc.

5 Onward then, nor faint, nor falter,
Onward to the rest above;
Christ His promise will not alter,
But will meet us in His love.
Now with voice and understanding,
Psalms and hymns of joy upraise,
And with choirs of Angels banding,
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT praise. Onward, etc.
Amen.

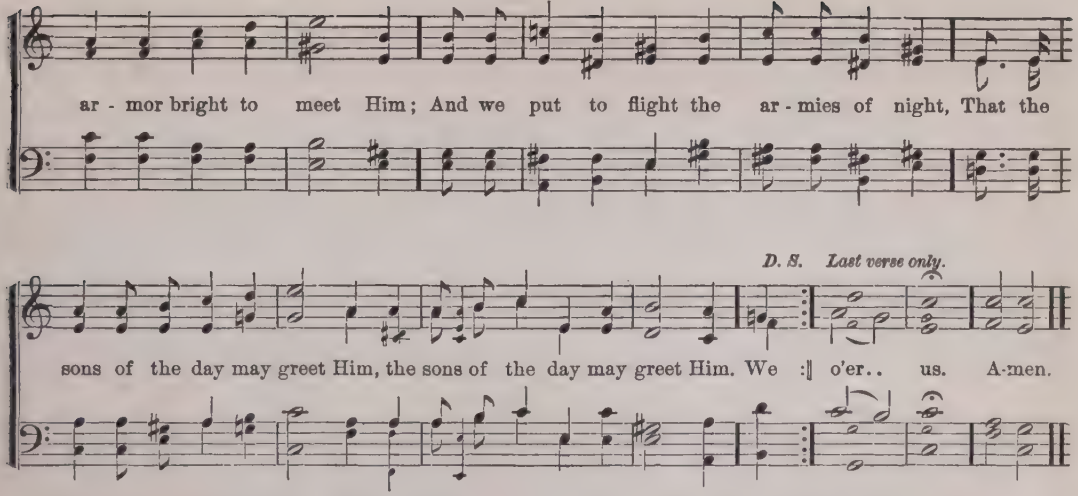
265. **VICTORY.** Irregular.

"Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord."

The Rev. G. MOULTRIE. 1867. Abr. J. BARNBY. 1869.


We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His
lov - ing Eye look-ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His
All verses except last.
His Arm
Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. 1. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, With

VICTORY. Concluded.


ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the
D. S. Last verse only.
sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him. We o'er.. us. A-men.

2 Our Sword is the Spirit of God on High,
Our Helmet His Salvation;
Our Banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our Watchword—the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

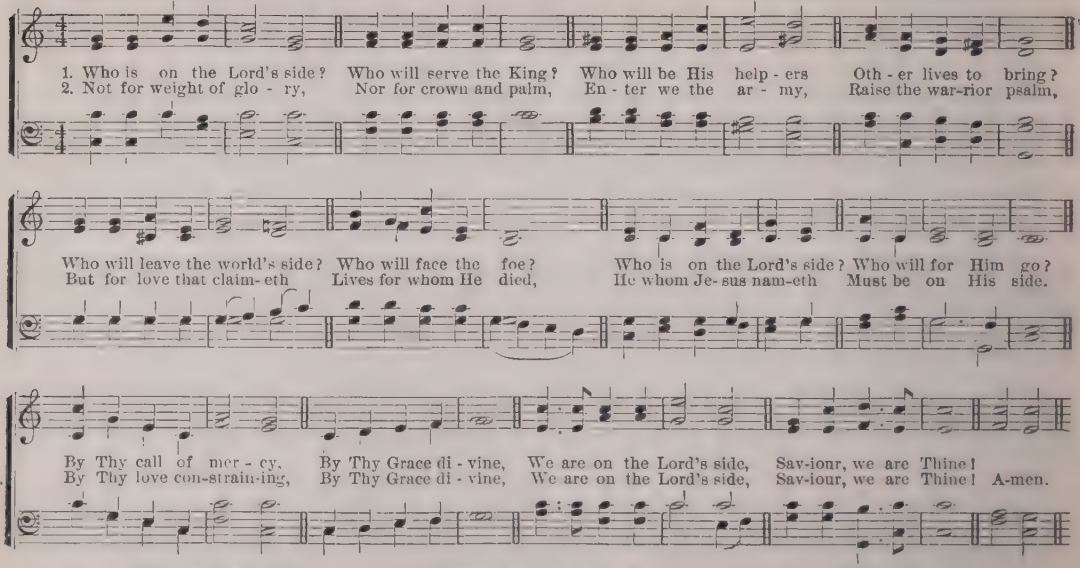
3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His Eye of Love looking down from above,
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc. Amen.

266. ARMAGEDDON. 6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.

"*Who is on the Lord's side?*"

Miss F. R. Havergal. Adapted by Sir J. Goss, Mus. D.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Nor for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war-rior psalm,
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him go?
But for love that claim- eth Lives for whom He died, He whom Je- sus nam-eth Must be on His side.
By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy Grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine!
By Thy love con-strain-ing, By Thy Grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine! A-men.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem.
But with Thine Own life-blood,
For Thy diadem
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand Redemption,
By Thy Grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

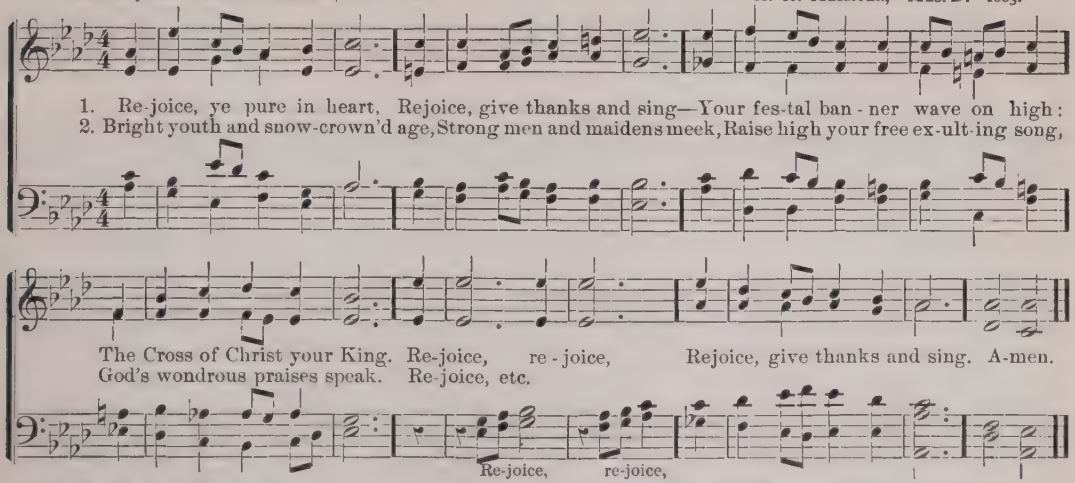
4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard raging,
Vict'ry is secure!
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy Grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, faithful,"
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold:
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy Grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine! Amen.

267. MARION. S. M.

"My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the Courts of the Lord."

The Very Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D. Abr. A. H. Messiter,* Mus. D. 1883.


1. Re-joice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing—Your fes-tal ban-ner wave on high:
2. Bright youth and snow-crown'd age, Strong men and maidens meek, Raise high your free ex-ult-ing song,
The Cross of Christ your King. Re-joice, re-joice, Rejoice, give thanks and sing. A-men.
God's wondrous praises speak. Re-joice, etc.
Re-joice, re-joice,

3 Yes onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and column'd aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

4 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

5 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

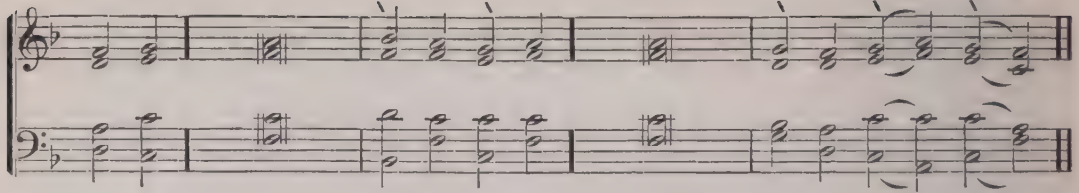
7 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's House,
Jerusalem the blest.

8 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ, your King. Amen.

* Dr. Messiter has kindly permitted the use of this tune for the "Choral Hymnal."

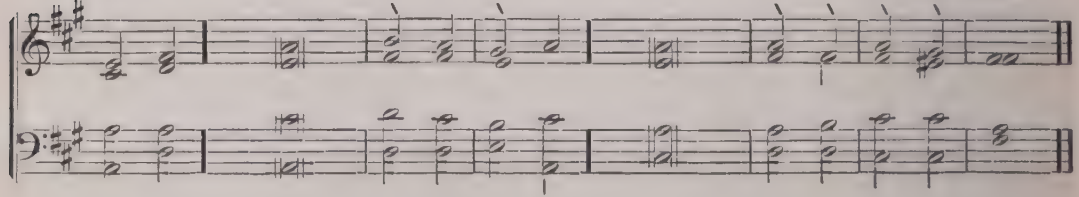
No. I.

Tone I, 1st ending.



No. II.

Tone III., 1st ending.



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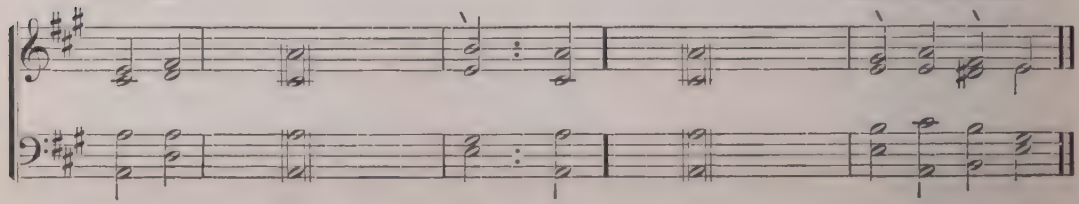
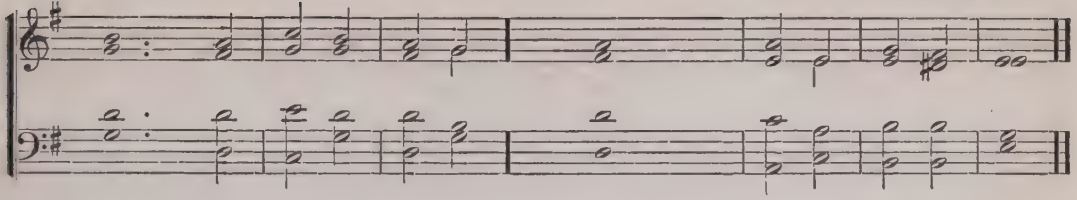
Tone VIII, 1st ending.



No. IV.

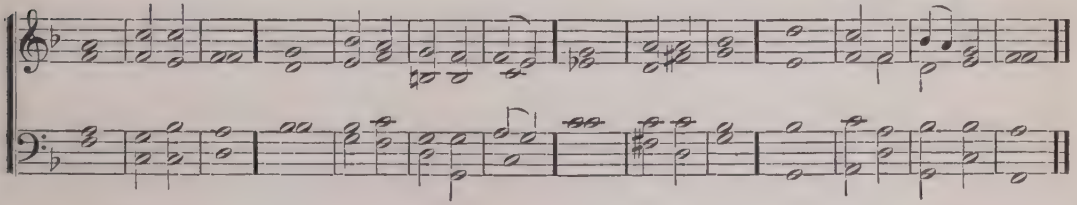
TONUS PEREGRINUS.



ANGLICAN CHANTS.

No. V.

E. J. HOPKINS, MUS. D.



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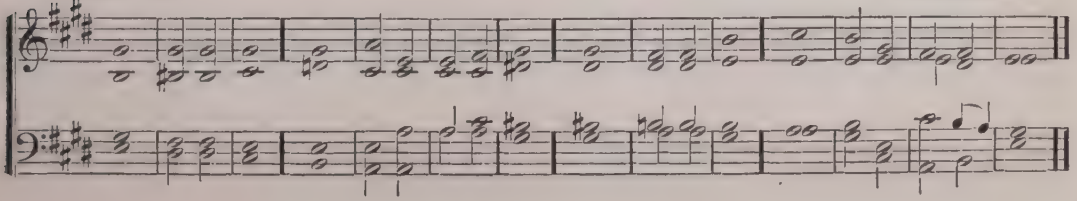
T. ATTWOOD.



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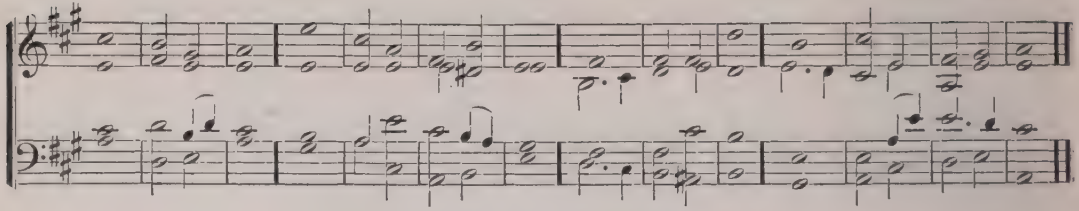
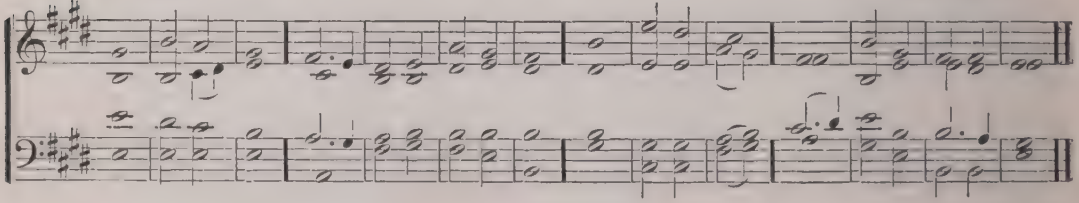


No. VIII. Sir J. Goss, Mus. D.



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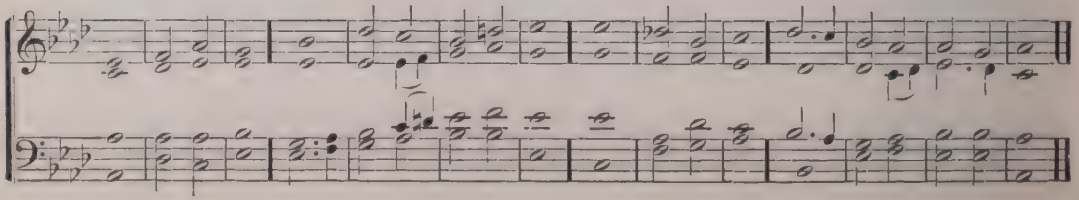

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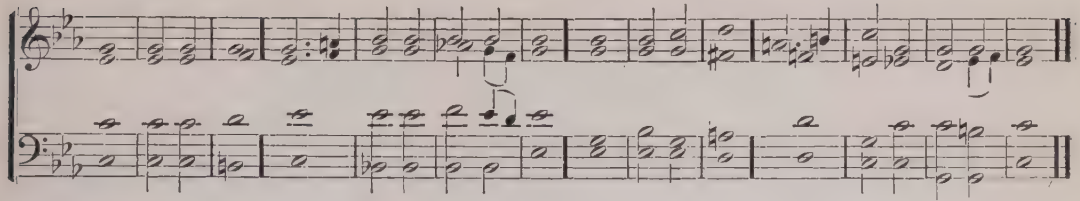
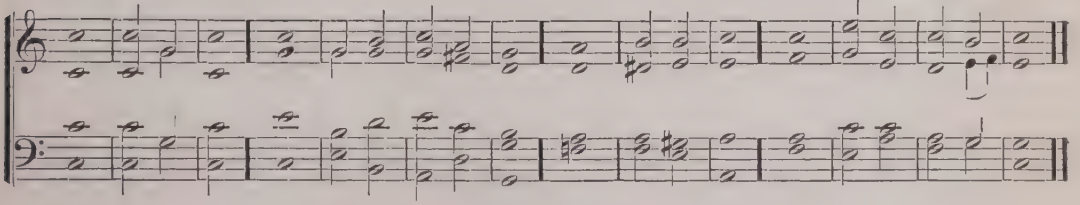
Arr. from BEETHOVEN. Sir J. Goss, Mus. D.



No. XI.

Arr. "Ein' feste Burg."



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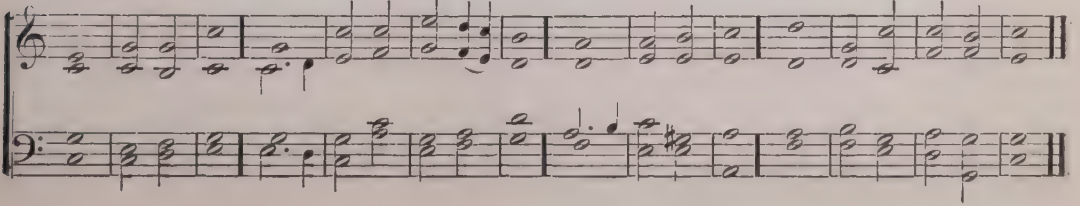
J. TURLE.



INDEX OF TUNES.

	No.
ABBEYCOMBE	37
Adeste Fideles	97
Agnus Dei	242
Ainger	146
Alford	233
Alleluia, Dulce Carmen	112
Alleluia Perenne	211
All Hallows	50
All Saints	55
Ambleside	244
America	237
Amsterdam	243
Anglican Chants..pages 265–267	
Antioch	103
Armageddon	266
Artavia	118
Ascension	134
Aurelia	197
Austria	225
BARMOUTH	5
Barnby	43
Beaconhill	141
Beatitudo	188
Bentley	191
Bethany	96
Bethel	251
Bethlehem	88
Bonar	232
Bracondale	42
Breedon	170
Bristol	63
Burton Agnes	185
CANITZ	2
Canonbury	74
Canterbury Precincts	132
Chants..pages 264–267	
Chantwise	211, 228
Charitas	259
Charity	136
Children's Voices	239
Christ Church	131
Christmas	190
Christmas Carol	94
Christmas Day	91
Christmas Morn	102
Christmas Song	104
Cloisters	41
Coeli Gaudia	256
Come unto Me	143
Come ye Lofty	99
Constance	172
Corde Natus	86
Crasselius	6
Creation	39
Credo	111
Crucifixion	120
Crusaders' Hymn	60
Crux Beata	117
Culford	214
DAY of Rest	154
Desire	186
Diademata	59
Dix	89
Dominus Regit Me	184
Duke Street	3
Dulcis Memoria	76
Dundee	47
Durham	72
Dykes	84
EDEN	246
Edina	56
Edlingham	121
Elvet	139
Eton	223
Eventide	14
Ewing	227
Ewyas Harold	181
Exaltation	119
Excelsius	189
Expectation	85
FAITH	260
Farrant	29
Fatherhood	159
Feniton Court	162
Ferrier	249
Fiat Lux	198
Formosa	38
Forward	262
French	47
GERMANY	175
Gerontius	213
Glastonbury	188
Glebe Field	258
Gloria Tibi	219
Gloucester	9
Gopsal	58
Gregorian Chants. pages 264–265	
Groningen	205
HAMMERSMITH	174
Hanover	53
Harewood	196
Heathlands	208
Heber	221
Heinlein	115
Hermas	133
Hoboken	26
Hollingshide	68
Holy Childhood	240
Holy Night	101
Holy Peace	209
Holyrood	182
Holy Trinity	254
Holy War	151
Horbury	169
Hosanna we Sing	257
Hursley	17
Hymn for Christmas Day	105
ILKLEY	19
In Memoriam	252
Innocents	72
Innocents' Day	248
In sweet Consent	228
Intercession	163
Irby	107
Isca	135
Italia	48
Italian Hymn	33
LANCASHIRE	83, 200
Langran	142
Laud	75
Lauda Anima Mea	54
Laudate Dominum	235
Laudes Domini	61
Lindisfarne	129
Litlington Tower	8
Lux Benigna	173
Lux Matutina	7
Lux Mundi	108
MAGDALEN	160
Magdalena	21
Marenzo	238

	No.
Marion	267
Mear	193
Melcombe	1
Merrial	18
Messiah	64
Monkland	158
Monsell	177
Moscow	150
NAYLAND	66
Nazareth	1
Neumarck	180
Newington	156
Nicæa	32
Nowell	263
Nuremburg	24
OLIVET	164
Onward Christian Soldiers	148
Onward, Onward	264
O Quanta Qualia	229
Oswestry	81
Overstrand	69
PALESTRINA	128
Palmæ	206
Paradise	230
Park Street	168
Pascal	77
Passion Chorale	114
Passover	113
Pastor Bonus	245
Paulinzelle	51
Pax Dei	28
Pearsall	222
Peniel	40
Penitente	78
Pilgrims	231
Prayer	167
RAMOTH	71
Regent Square	31
Requiem	250
Requiescat	216
Requiescat In Pace	194
Resurrection	130
Rivaulx	73
Rockingham	203
Rock of Ages	70
Rosslyn	218
Rotterdam	123
Russian Hymn	201
SAFE Home	220
Saints of God	217
Salvete Flores	241
Salzburg	195
Savoy Chapel	145
Snaresbrook	65
Stephanos	178
Suther	127
Sychar	34
S. Agatha	36
S. Agnes	224
S. Alban's	212
S. Aloysius	49
S. Alphege	226
S. Anatolius	12
S. Andrew of Crete	151
S. Anne	84
S. Augustine	161
S. Athanasius	30
S. Basil	98
S. Bede	155
S. Bees	79
S. Casimir	109
S. Chad	35
S. Charles	126
S. Cross	116
S. Cuthbert	138
S. Drostane	122
S. Elizabeth	171
S. Etheldreda	255
S. Fidelis	13
S. Fulbert	44
S. Gabriel	176
S. George's, Windsor	236
S. Godric	192
S. Hugh	166
S. Innocents	95
S. Jerome	165
S. John	179
S. Joseph	67
S. Joseph of the Studium	210
S. Kevin	125
S. Lawrence	110
S. Leo	16
S. Leonard	207
S. Mary Magdalene	149
S. Matthias	27
S. Monica	52
S. Ninian	106
S. Peter	57
S. Polycarp	46
S. Raphael	253
S. Salome	93
S. Stephen	66
S. Stephen the Martyr	90
S. Theodulph	153
S. Thomas	140
S. Timothy	10
S. Winifred's	45
S. Zacharias	87
TEMPLE	15
Tenbury	11
Thatcher	157
The Stilt	23
Thornton	215
Toronto	20
Triumph	92
Trust	62
UPLIFT the Banner	204
VENI, Creator Spiritus	137
Veni, Emmanuel	80
Vexilla Regis Prodeunt	152
Vexillum	261
Victory	265
Vox Dilecti	144
WAREHAM	55
Warwick	4
Webb	199
Welcome, Happy Morning	124
Wentworth	187
We Plough the Fields	234
Wessex	25
Westminster	22
When Christ was born	100
Wiltshire, New	147
Winchcombe	82
Winchester, New	6
Winchester, Old	247
Windle	3
Worms	202
YORK	23

INDEX OF HYMNS.

	NO.
A CHARGE to keep I have	157
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide	14
Above the clear blue sky	239
Alleluia! song of sweetness	112
Alleluia! the crown is on the victor's brow	126
Alleluia! the strife is o'er	128
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	75
And did'st Thou love the race?	118
Angels holy, high and lowly	45
Art thou weary, art thou languid?	178
As helpless as a child who clings	159
As with gladness men of old	89
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay	5
At Thy feet, our God and Father	209
At the Name of Jesus	212
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	190
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays	55
BEHOLD the radiant sun on high	9
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea	50
Brief life is here our portion	226
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	106
Brightly gleams our banner	261
By cool Siloam's shady rill	254
CALM me, my God, and keep me calm	171
Child Jesus comes from heavenly Heights	94
Christ is our Corner-stone	196
Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day	130
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	26
Christian, dost thou see them? (Dykes)	151
Christian, dost thou see them? (Booth)	151
Christians, awake! salute the happy morn	102
Christian, seek not yet repose	218
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	137
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	63
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	2
Come Thou, O come	141
Come, Thou Almighty King	33
Come unto Me, ye weary	143
Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints	66
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	85
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	125
Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly	99
Come, ye thankful people, come	236
Conquering kings their titles take	172
Crown Him with many Crowns	59
Chants—Gregorian, I-III ... Page	264
" IV ... "	265
Anglican, V. VI ... "	265
" VII-IX ... "	266
" X-XII ... "	267
" XIII-XV ... "	268
" XVI-XVIII ... "	269
DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel	80
ETERNAL Father! Thou hast said	203
Eternal light! eternal light	49
FAIREST Lord Jesus	60
Father, I know that all my life	155
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	188
For all the saints, who from their labors rest	216
For the beauty of the earth	208
Forty days and forty nights	115
Forward be our watchword	262
Framer of the light	7
From Greenland's icy mountains	200
From Egypt lately come	181
GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild	258
Give to our God immortal praise	206
Glorious things of thee are spoken	225
God of the morning, at Whose voice	6
God, That madest earth and heaven	15
God the Lord is King before Him	37
God, Who hath made the daisies	240
Go forward, Christian soldier	153
Golden harps are sounding	133
Good Christian people all	87
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	250
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	136
Great God! how infinite art Thou	47
HAIL the day that sees Him rise	134
Hark, a voice divides the sky	195
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling	231
Hark! hear ye not the angel-song?	93
Hark! the herald-angels sing	88

	NO.
Hark! the voice eternal	81
Hark! what mean those holy voices?	96
Hark! the sound of holy voices	223
Head of the Church Triumphant	219
Hear us, Thou that broodedst	135
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing	259
Holy Father, great Creator	31
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord	30
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty	32
Holy night! peaceful night	101
Hosanna we sing, like the children dear	257
How bright these glorious spirits shine	224
How precious is the Book Divine	29
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	57
I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be	160
I heard the Voice of Jesus say	144
I know that my Redeemer lives	64
I lay my sins on Jesus	150
I think when I read that sweet story of old	241
I was a wandering sheep	242
If thou but suffer God to guide thee	180
In the field with their flock abiding	95
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer	165
In sweet consent let all the anthem sing	228
I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend	172
JERUSALEM the Golden	227
Jesus, high in Glory	245
Jesus, holy, undefiled	249
Jesus, I love Thy charming Name	147
Jesus, I my cross have taken	146
Jesus is God! the solid earth	65
Jesus, King of Glory	244
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	129
Jesus! Lover of my soul	68
Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace	205
Jesus! Name of wondrous love	79
Jesus! tender Shepherd, hear me	248
Jesus! the very thought is sweet	74
Jesus! the very thought of Thee	76
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	103
Just as I am, without one plea	77
LAMB of God! Whose bleeding love	113
Lead, Kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom	173
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us	162
Let our choir new anthems raise	210
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	170
Like silver lamps in a distant shrine	90
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious	121
Lord God of morning and of night	8
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	140
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear	4
Lord, it belongs not to my care	166
Lord, in this, Thy mercies' day	78
Lord, lead the way the Saviour went	207
Lord of my life, Whose tender care	25
Lord of the worlds above	192
Lord, the heavens declare Thy glory	51
Lord, to Thee alone we turn	71
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee	35
Love Divine, all loves excelling	67
MIGHTY Lord, while angels bless Thee	46
More love to Thee, O Christ	186
Much in sorrow, oft in woe	158
My country! 'tis of thee	237
My Father, for another night	10
My faith looks up to Thee. (Olivet—Dr. L. Mason.)	164
My faith looks up to Thee. (Faith—J. H. Cornell.)	260
My God and Father, while I stray	176
My God, is any hour so sweet?	167
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made	187
My God, my King, Thy praise I'll sing	42
My song is love unknown	179
NEARER, my God, to Thee	169
New every morning is the love	1
Now join we all with holy mirth	98
Now thank we all our God	238
Now the day is over	18
Now the laborer's task is o'er	194
Now when the dusky shades of night retreating	11
Nowell! Nowell!	263
O COME and mourn with me awhile	116
O come, all ye faithful	97
O day of rest and gladness	21
O for a closer walk with God	193
O for a heart to praise my God	185
O God, Thou art my God alone	73
O God, Thy power is wonderful	44
O Jesus, I have promised	154
O Jesus, Thou art standing	108
O Lord, how good, how great art Thou	41
O Lord, the heav'n Thy power displays	36
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art	182
O Master, it is good to be	109
O Paradise! O Paradise	230
O praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice	53

	NO.
O Sacred Head, now wounded	114
O Thou, Who by a star didst guide	255
O timely happy, timely wise	3
O what the joy and the glory must be	229
Of the Father's love begotten	86
Once again, O blessed time	104
Once in royal David's city	107
Onward, Christian soldiers	148
Onward! onward! march to glory	264
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	138
Our God stands firm, a Rock and Tow'r	202
PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Sion waits	168
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven	54
Praise the Lord, His glories show	24
Praise the Holiest in the height	213
Praise the Lord! ye Heavens adore Him	38
Praise to the Lord, the Almighty King	235
Purer yet and purer	149
QUIET, Lord, my froward heart	188
REJOICE, all ye believers	83
Rejoice, the Lord is King	58
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	267
Ride on, ride on in majesty	122
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise	201
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	189
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	70
Round the Lord in glory seated	34
SAFE home, safe home in port	220
Safely through another week	20
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name	28
Saviour, blessed Saviour	56
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	16
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	253
Saviour, now the day is ending	19
Saviour, Source of every blessing	62
See amid the winter's snow	105
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing	92
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise	211
Soldiers of Christ, arise	215
Sometimes a light surprises	191
Songs of praise, the angels sang	214
Standing forth on life's rough way	251
Still we trust, tho' earth seem dark and dreary	161
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	17
Sweet is Thy mercy, Lord	177
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	27
TEN thousand times ten thousand	233
Th' atoning work is done	131
The Bridegroom comes	82
The Church's one Foundation	197
The day is past and over	12
The Day of Resurrection	123
The King of Love my Shepherd is	184
The morning light is breaking	199
The saints of God! their conflict past	217
The Son of God goes forth to war	84
There's a friend for little children	252
The spacious firmament on high	39
The starry firmament on high	174
The royal banners forward go	152
The world is very evil	222
There is a glorious world of light	256
There is a Green Hill far away	120
There is a happy Land	246
Thine forever! God of love	156
This is the day the Lord hath made	23
Thou art gone up on high	132
Thou art, O God, the life and light	10
Thou only Sovereign of my heart	175
Thou, Who didst stoop below	69
Thou, Whose Almighty word	198
Thro' all the changing scenes of life	43
To God on high be thanks and praise	52
To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour	145
UPLIFT the banner! let it float	204
Upward where the stars are burning	232
WAKE all music's magic power	91
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	142
Welcome, happy morning	124
Welcome, thou Victor of the strife	12
We march, we march to victory	265
We plough the fields and scatter	234
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come	111
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth	48
When Christ was born of Mary free	100
When His Salvation bringing	248
When I survey the wondrous Cross	117
When Jesus left His Father's Throne	247
When like a stranger on our sphere	110
When morning gilds the skies	61
When shades of night around us close	13
When the weary seeking rest	163
When through the torn sail	221
Who is this, so weak and helpless?	119
Who is on the Lord's side?	266
Why should the children of a King?	139
With joy we hail the sacred day	22

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